Oct. 27, 1956

THE NEW YORKER

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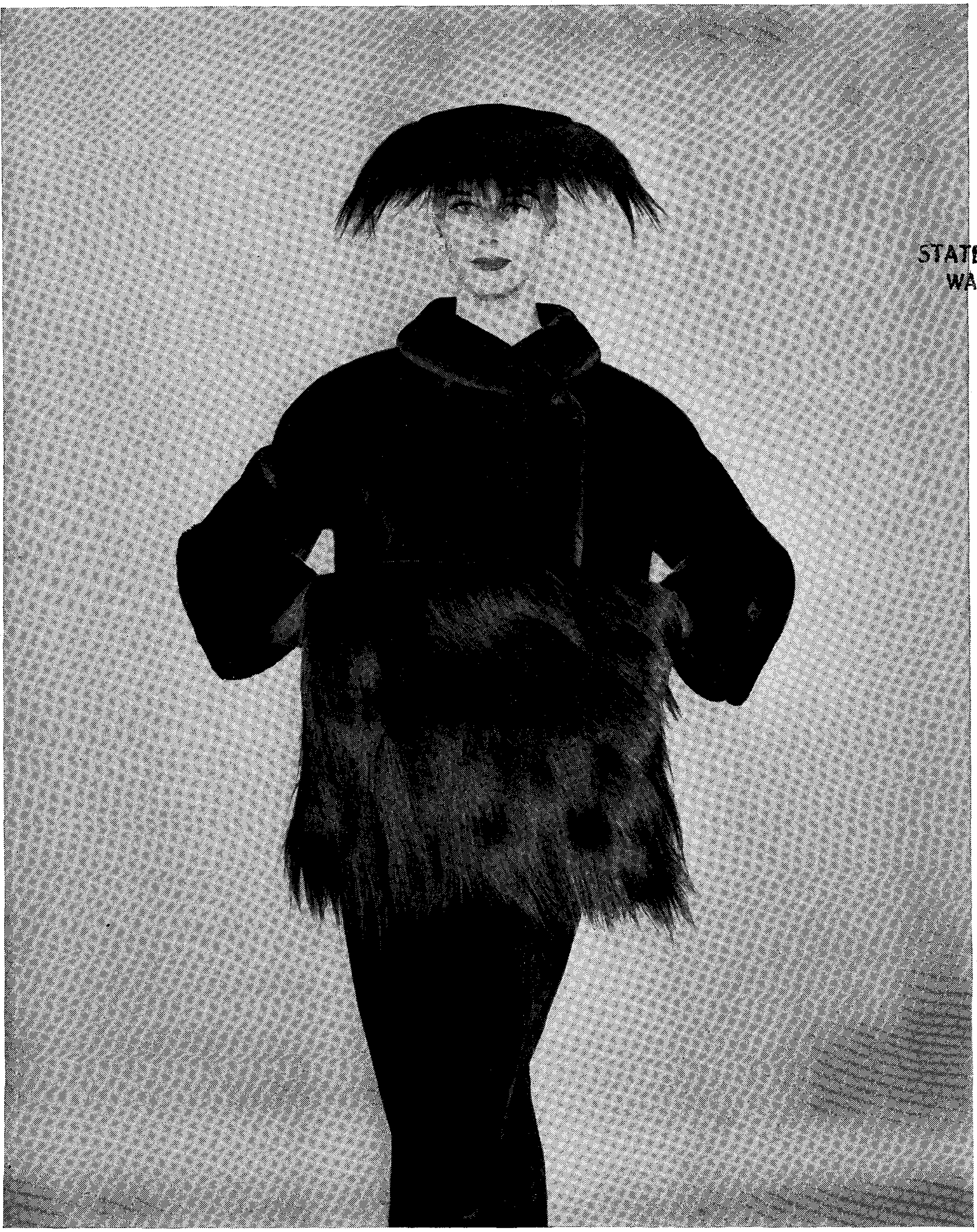

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BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Apple Cart—Maurice Evans plays a future British king in this Shaw revival, and while his performance, as usual, is immaculate, the play itself seems a bit thin and dated. Signe Hasso, Claudia Morgan, Mercer McLeod, and Charles Carson are also in the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Loud Red Patrick—A rather wheezy item, which has little to recommend it except the amiable performances of Arthur Kennedy and David Wayne. The play, which deals with an Irishman and his four very bouncy daughters, was adapted by John Boruff from a novel by Ruth McKenney. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Middle of the Night—Edward G. Robinson is very persuasive in this piece centering on a romance between a fifty-three-year-old man and a twenty-four-year-old girl, but the script—the work of Paddy Chayefsky—doesn't give him much to go on. Gena Rowlands, June Walker, and Patricia Benoit also figure in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Old Vic Company—A twelve-week repertory of four Shakespearean plays, presented by S. Hurok, in association with the Arts Council of Great Britain. The schedule: "Romeo and Juliet," with John Neville, Claire Bloom, and Paul Rogers, Thursday matinée and evening, Oct. 25; Friday evening, Oct. 26; Saturday matinée and evening, Oct. 27; Thursday and Friday evenings, Nov. 1-2; and Saturday matinée and evening, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ "Macbeth," with Paul Rogers and Coral Browne, opens Monday evening, Oct. 29. Other performances on Tuesday evening, Oct. 30, and Wednesday matinée and evening, Oct. 31. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Evenings at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées at 2:30.)

The Reluctant Debutante—Adrianne Allen, Wilfrid Hyde White, Anna Massey, Brenda Forbes, and John Merivale have leading roles in this extremely minor comedy about marrying off a seventeen-year-old girl. Gilbert Miller brought it over from London, and the director is Cyril Ritchard. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Too Late the Phalarope—Barry Sullivan gives a remarkably sensitive performance in Robert Yale Libott's occasionally faulty adaptation of Alan Paton's tragic novel about a young white man's fatal involvement with a native South African girl. The fine supporting cast includes Finlay Currie, Alan Napier, Laurinda Barrett, and Ellen Holly. John Stix directed, and George Jenkins designed the superb sets. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**cat on a hot tin roof:** A drama by Tennessee Williams about a tribe of powerful and self-tormented landowners in the South. Marjorie Steele, Thomas Gomez, and Alex Nicol currently head the cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 17.) . . . **the diary of anne frank:** Frances Goodrich's and Albert Hackett's dramatization of the record left by a young victim of the Nazis. Susan Strasberg, Joseph Schildkraut, and Gusti Huber appear in it. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **inherit the wind:** A reconstruction of the Scopes evolution trial, with Paul Muni and Ed Begley as the two celebrated orators. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the matchmaker:** Ruth Gordon in Thornton Wilder's period farce about a woman who arranges a number of marriages to her own satisfaction. Loring Smith and Eileen Herlie co-star, and Arthur Hill and Patrick McAlinney are in the supporting cast. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **no time for sergeants:** Ira Levin's stage version of Mac Hyman's novel having to do with a draftee whose kindness almost kills the Air Force. Charles Hohman is now playing the hillbilly hero, and Myron McCormick and Arte Johnson fill subsidiary roles. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **will success spoil rock hunter?:** A kind of Faustian legend involving a worker in the Hollywood vineyard who sacrifices his soul for assorted emoluments, including a delectable blonde. At present with Jane Kean, Martin Gabel, and Tom Poston. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 10.)

MUSICALS

Mr. Wonderful—Sammy Davis, Jr., is the center of all this disturbance about a night-club entertainer and his struggle to reach the top. Joseph Stein and Will Glickman turned out the simple-minded book; Jerry Bock, Larry Holofcener, and George Weiss did the songs. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Most Happy Fella—Frank Loesser, who had a hand in such miracles as "Guys and Dolls" and "Where's Charley?," wrote the music and the lyrics and adapted the book for this operatic version of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." He has done an accomplished job, though there may be a few who question whether it was worth doing. Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson head the talented cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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My Fair Lady—Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews are absolutely enchanting in this stunning adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Alan Jay Lerner wrote the book and lyrics; Frederick Loewe composed the music; Oliver Smith designed the sets and Cecil Beaton the costumes; Hanya Holm staged the dances; and Moss Hart directed the cast, which also includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New Faces of '56—Leonard Sillman's latest revue is very pleasant, and its leading performer, T. C. Jones—a female impersonator, of all things—is very comical as he portrays Miss Tallulah Bankhead in various moods. Among other diverting people on hand are Billie Hayes, Jane Connell, Johnny Haymer, John Reardon, Virginia Martin, and Bill McCutcheon. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**damn yankees:** Gwen Verdon plays a demon, Ray Walston her employer, and Stephen Douglass her earth-bound suitor in this version of the novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **fanny:** A big plot-and-character musical show based, a little obscurely, on the doings of some poor but tuneful folk in Marseille, two of whom are Lawrence Tibbett and Billy Gilbert. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **the pajama game:** Love and labor relations in a pajama factory. In the cast now are George Wallace, Julie Wilson (who will be replaced by Fran Warren starting Monday, Oct. 29), and Jack Goode. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Separate Tables—Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton in Terence Rattigan's double bill, imported from London. Directed by Peter Glenville and presented by the Producers Theatre, in association with Hecht-Lancaster. Opens Thursday, Oct. 25. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Best House in Naples—F. Hugh Herbert's adaptation of an Italian play by Eduardo de Filippo; Katy Jurado and Rino Negri have the leading roles. Produced and directed by Nick Mayo. Opens Friday, Oct. 26. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Major Barbara—A revival of George Bernard Shaw's comedy, with Charles Laughton, Burgess Meredith, Glynis Johns, Eli Wallach, and Cornelia Otis Skinner. Staged by Mr. Laughton and produced by Robert L. Joseph

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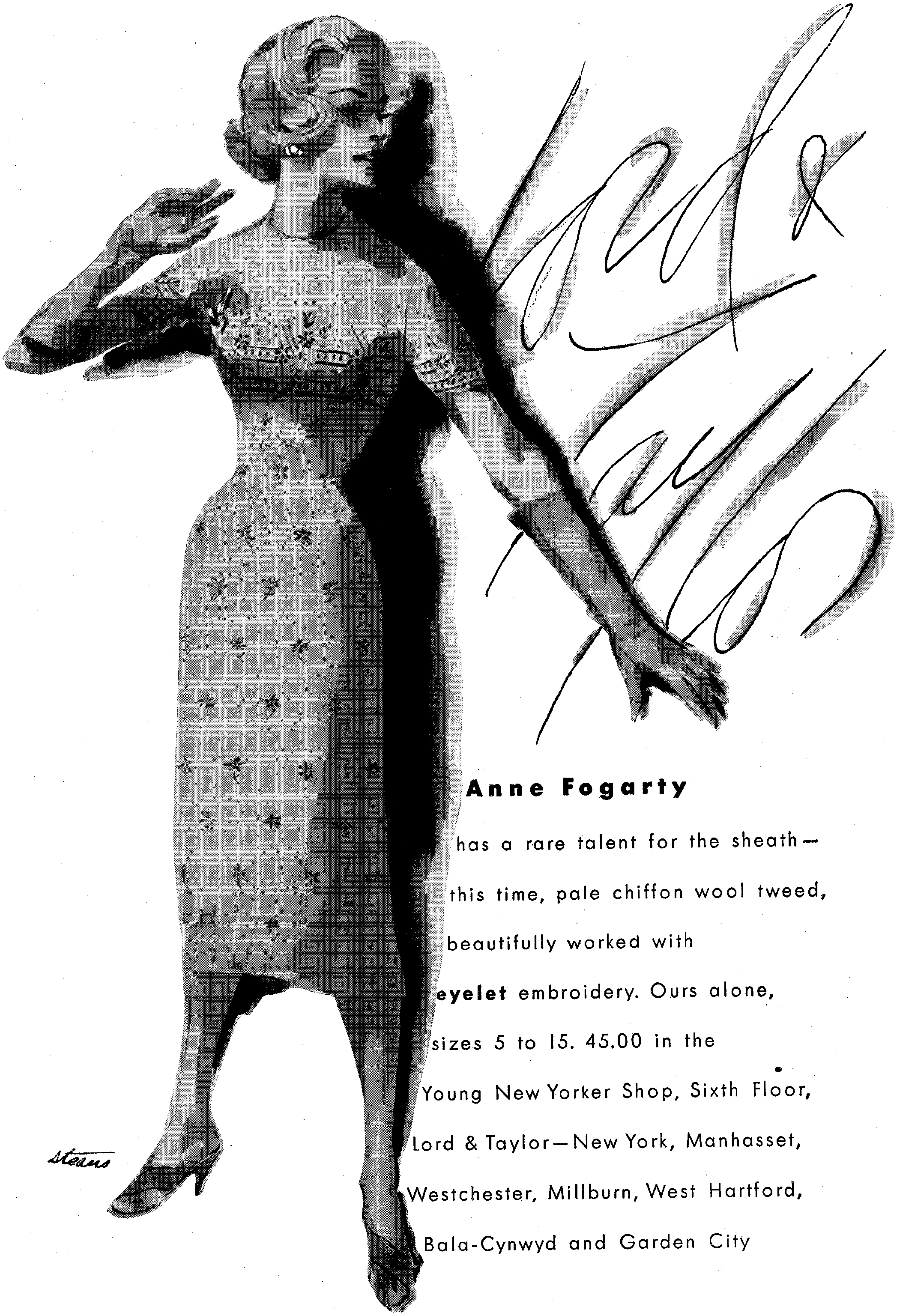

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and the Producers Theatre. Opens Tuesday, Oct. 30. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

AUNTIE MAME—Rosalind Russell in a comedy by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, based on Patrick Dennis's novel of the same name. Morton Da Costa directed, and Robert Fryer and Lawrence Carr are the producers. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 31. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE SLEEPING PRINCE—Terence Rattigan's London comedy, with a cast headed by Michael Redgrave (who also directed it), Barbara Bel Geddes, and Cathleen Nesbitt. Presented by the Producers Theatre and Gilbert Miller. Opens Thursday, Nov. 1. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

ROYAL DANISH BALLET—Sunday, Oct. 28, at 2:30: "Konservatoriet" and "Coppélia."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 28, at 8:30: "La Ventana," "La Sylphide," and Act III of "Napoli." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

MAY O'DONNELL—With her company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—"La Traviata." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

CARNEGIE HALL PLAYHOUSE—"Johnny Johnson," the 1936 musical play by Paul Green and Kurt Weill. James Broderick heads a cast under the direction of Stella Adler. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, 889 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. CI 6-6630. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—A triple bill: Tennessee Williams' "This Property Is Condemned," William Saroyan's "Once Around the Block," and Lee Pogostin's "Sidewalks and the Sound of Crying." Previews Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 25-27, at 8:40. Opens officially on Sunday, Oct. 28. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

FOURTH STREET THEATRE—Chekhov's "The Sea Gull," translated by Constance Garnett, with Betty Field, Shepperd Strudwick, and Jacob Ben-Ami. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

JAN HUS HOUSE—Bill Gunn in a revival of Louis Peterson's "Take a Giant Step." Ira Cirker is the director. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LY 6-8947. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

THEATRE DE LYS—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava and James Mitchell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THEATRE EAST—Jean-Paul Sartre's "No Exit." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sunday at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Oct. 28.)

MISCELLANY

DRAMATIC READINGS—Sean O'Casey's "Pictures in the Hallway," read by Aline MacMahon, Staats Cotsworth, and others. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:30.)

JUDY GARLAND—With dancers Giselle and François Szony, comedian Alan King, and others, in a variety show. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

PAUL DRAPER AND ROSARIA MEIRILES—He, of course, is a tap dancer, and she is a Portuguese singer. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call EL 5-5372.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Embassy Club, where the *plat du jour* is usually a fashion plate, Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing after ten. Up to then, the music is solely for listening purposes. Closed Mondays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The Bowman Room, at last rescued from the gloom of night, is a comfortable and entertaining splash of period décor. Emery Deutsch and his corps of violins charge like the Light Brigade at seven, Russ Morgan and his large, decorous dance band come aboard at seven-thirty, and a floor show that would never be missed occurs at nine and midnight. All this takes place Tuesdays through Saturdays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A sort of "This Is Show Business," done live, not a kinescope. Music for dancing by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Charles Holden's orchestra.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Caterina Valente, who up to now has been just a tense voice on a phonograph, is visible and audible at dinner and supper. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Alan Logan's quartet turn out dance music all evening. Closed Sundays.... ¶ There's dancing in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is generally Stanley Worth's.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The dessert for dinner and supper in the Persian Room is Eartha Kitt, who sometimes likes to hide her talent to amuse under a bushel basket of fox, otter, and mink. Whenever she gets out from under, she's still a beguiling nightingale. Ted Straeter leads his combined orchestra and glee club through a light, fantastic potpourri of dance music; Mark Monte runs a smaller unit of bandsmen. Closed Sundays.... ¶ A life of luxury and ease is within grasp at the Rendez-Vous, a dining room of long standing, where the dance music of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen starts at eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's string orchestra plays at the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.... ¶ In the Edwardian Room, the LeFleur group does a reprise at the dinner hour. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Eddie Lane's orchestra is burbling away in the great big Grill, which is closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The regal Fernanda Montel, who'd be at home in any situation, is naturally most at home in the Maisonette, a comfortable lap of luxury. Her songs usually discuss the problems ladies have in getting on and off similar laps. Waltzing by the customers is encouraged the rest of the time by the little bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day of the week in the Café Lounge, from cocktails to dinner and supper, Irving Conn's orchestra takes care of anyone in a mood for motion.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, who've invented a process for removing the glue and beet sugar from popular music, are letting their big band ride in the Café Rouge. Charlie Shavers is their Gabriel. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A cigarette factory as old as the one where Carmen was in charge of sales. Dancing in one of the sample rooms.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, the celebrated French tragedienne, whose chansons oft remind us that the paths of love lead but to the grave, performs the obsequies at dinner and supper every night. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra play for dancing after eight.

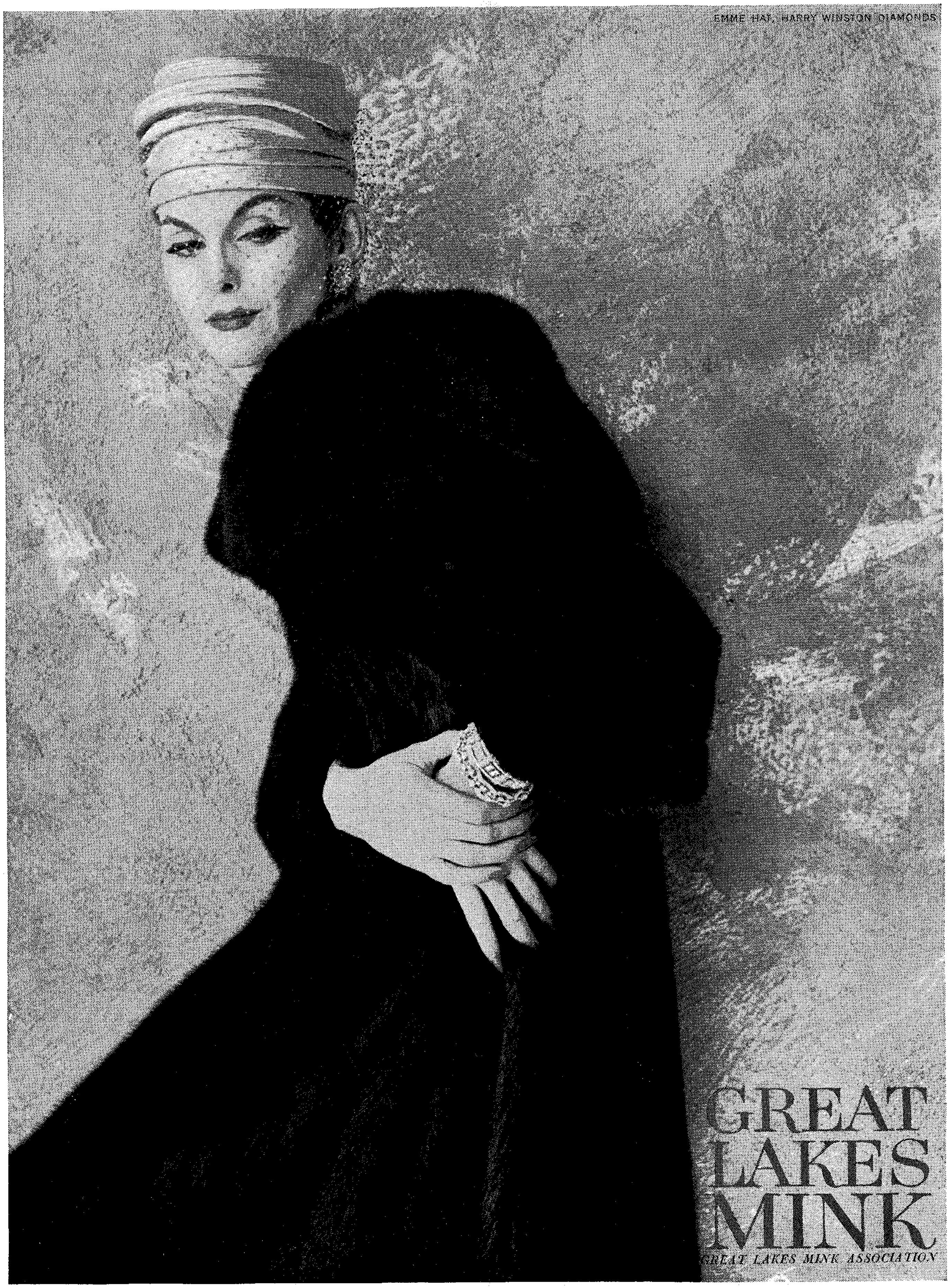
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Empire Room, Lisa Kirk rises, something like Aphrodite, from an onstage shower bath and sings songs suggesting that she's a girl who likes to get around. The orchestras of Nat Brandwynne and Mischa Borr all evening minister to the needs of the dancers. Closed Sundays. ... ¶ In an estuary of the voluminous Peacock Alley, Jozsi Ribari's boys, who are Old Guard Viennese, plunk down music for listening from cocktails to eight-thirty, and for dancing from eight-thirty until one. On Sundays, from eight to twelve, Mr. Borr's band provides music for dancing.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, a chalet at the summit of the Rockefeller Range, presents hushed non-dance tunes and cocktails from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): In this *grande-luxe* stage set, Addison Bailey, who has a Texas accent but a New York repertoire, is at the concert grand during cocktails, dinner, and supper, except Sundays, when Paul Morse drops in.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A nineteenth hole, a sportsman's preserve, a stamping ground. The accompaniment is Kurt Maier's mixture of European and Broadway piano, from eight to ten and from eleven to the finish. Closed Mondays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Louis (or Goldie) Hawkins—pianist, newscaster, and Southern gentleman—is the principal gadfly in his own excellent notion of what a beach resort should be. It's neat, rather than gaudy, but the old Rover Boys spirit prevails at times. Wayne Sanders, who does his best to inject a note of romance, helps out at the piano after nine; Mr. H. is there after six.... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The chef's in his heaven, and all's well. Herman Honigsberg's violin and Paul Schlesinger's piano, both of which have made the Grand Tour of Europe, spin their tales of the Vienna woods and other glades from dinnertime until past the supper hour. Closed Sundays.... **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): From nine to one, in an amphitheatre of some elegance, Renato Rossini's guitar tells one eloquent Spanish love story after another. Closed Sundays.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain was never sunnier, which explains why the Andalusian singing and dancing on display are so cheerful. The patrons may join in the second sport from time to time. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Almost as quiet as a night at home. The sole interruption is Jules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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Kuti, whose tinkling piano (Budapest with an American accent) is on tap in the bar from cocktails until midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): A mere slip of an avant-garde hideaway, where Don Evans and Carl Norman do mood piano through the evening. After the theatre, Ada Moore, who's as much a wry comedienne as she is a singer, chimes in. Closed Sundays. . . . **LE PÉRIGORD CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 5-0650): It's actually the Sherry-Netherland bar, where there's piano off and on from dinner until after one every night but Sunday. . . . **LITTLE BOHEMIA,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): You know—happy villagers making song and music at their work. A restaurant and bar are provided for the audience. It all starts around seven-thirty and goes on until the small hours. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): This particular operetta sings impartially the praises of Hungarian composers and Hungarian chefs, and does it both quietly and well. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): Music, music everywhere, all night long. The best of it is produced by a six-man band in the *zwei-Herzen* tradition. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after eight every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely song and piano, in an extremely relaxed youth hostel.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Joe E. Lewis, a type of rugged individualist (one who always puts pleasure before business), is philosophizing out loud in an establishment where it is impossible to philosophize sotto-voce. His last night is Wednesday, Oct. 31. Next evening, Nat King Cole, assisted by his fiddlers three, will resume his series of hypnotic birdcalls. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

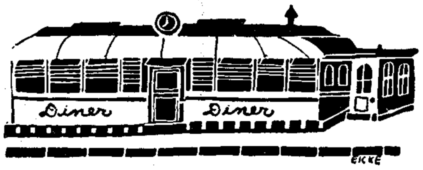
BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Martha Davis and Spouse (i.e., Calvin Ponder) are feuding and fussing like turtledoves in the back room, where T. C. Jones, the transvestite funnyman of "New Faces of '56," dissects some first ladies of stage and screen with a verve that may well scare the daylights out of not only his subjects but some of his audience. Jill Corey's message, delivered in a chipper soprano, is that love's the thing that counts. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements are a perfect backdrop. The Davises spend Mondays at home, by the way, and Mr. Jones is absent Sundays. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Saturdays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; except Saturdays and Mondays, there's rumpus-room music by the Lyons trio and the Davis family from 2 to 4 A.M. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Bring your special-reference library to this little cellar, where Julius Monk, an old hand at the game, is putting on a revue rife with the spirit of mockery. His principal *feuilletonists* are Ronny Graham and Bud McCreery. The thing is played to the hilt by four merry young scamps—June Ericson, Ceil Cabot, Gerry Matthews, and Jack Fletcher. Stan Keen and Joe Lawlor are at the plural pianos. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Helen Merrill, a cool customer when it comes to jazz singing, departs on Sunday, Oct. 28. The Tarriers, whose voices and guitars lend both dignity and buoyancy to songs of the hills, will stay on, and so will Meade Lux Lewis, who is still able to skin a piano alive. As always, the dance music will continue to be the task of Clarence Williams' trio, which has Carl Lynch on guitar. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The management believes in letting joy be unconfined, not to say unrefined. The resultant pillow fight involves Jorie Remus, a broody *diseuse* who won't even take yes for an answer; Tony and Eddie's roustabout parodies; the shattered songs of Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames; and Bruce Kirby's pratfalls. Slightly more on their dignity are Portia Nelson, whose treatment of both sad and sardonic songs leaves nothing to be desired; Jimmie Daniels, the establishment's perennial man-about-town; and Warren Vaughan, who plays real pretty piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): The unself-confident Phil Leeds, whose *apologia pro vita sua* is one of the jolliest on record, makes the midnight hour happier; earlier arrivals are Betty Reilly, a handy girl with a song or a gag; Robert Maxwell, whose harp is almost too hot to handle; and the Norman Paris trio, whose modern chamber music has few equals. Miss R. and Mr. M. will retire on Wednesday, Oct. 31; next evening, Ethel Waters, who needs no introduction, and Nancy Andrews, a wild and woolly comedienne, are expected. Closed Sundays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): A one-of-a-kind *boîte* and *salle à manger* that brings together Mabel Mercer, the leading influence on a whole generation of calm, collected ballad singers, and Cy Walter, the leading influence on a whole generation of drawing-room pianists. She appears after ten-thirty; he shows up at dinner and supper. Sam Hamilton, Miss Mercer's lifetime pianist, spells Mr. Walter during the smaller hours. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): As always, Bob Downey and Harold Fonville are tinkling away at the twin pianos. In addition, a couple of times a night there are the funny sayings of Helen Halpin, a girl who is nothing if not hard-working. Sundays, when Miss Halpin stays home, there are silly old silent movies, too; Mondays are budding-talent nights.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The clangor in this Village smithy is the handiwork of Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon, all of whom belong to the Chicago school of fundamentalists. Between sets, Johnny Varro and Buzzy Drootin keep the piano and drums warm as toast. Tuesdays, which are visiting days, are often real hurricanes. Thursdays, Bud Freeman joins in with the Messrs. Varro and Drootin. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): About equal portions of room noise and bandstand noise. Dorothy Donegan's trio and Jonah Jones' quartet, which can rampage with the best of them, set to around nine. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day, and on Sundays Jack Elliott's topnotch vanguardist trio is the main event of the evening session. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): An excellent excuse for weekending in town. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 26-28, two thoughtful quartets will be at work—one run from the piano by solemn little Jutta Hipp, head of the progressive German party, girls' division; the other run from the electric guitar by Johnny Smith, technician, gentleman, and scholar. Sonny Stitt's foursome is also on the list. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): A hardy collection of veterans going buckety-buckety down the road to Dixie. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris, a prophet not without honor anywhere in the world, and his band of faithful followers (Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, Benny Moten, and Sonny White) are at their old homestead. Every one of them believes in the great American past. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Jam sessions on Mondays; closed Sundays. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): You'd be wise to duck the hail-fellowship at the bar and join the advanced thinkers in the music room, where Billy Taylor, whose fingers and imagination race neck and neck on the keyboard, and Don Elliott, master of many instruments, are celebrating. Mr. T. owns a trio, Mr. E. a quartet, and they start around nine. The Taylors are absent Sundays, the Elliotts Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, the eminent Juilliard pedagogue, delivers his thoughtful piano études earlier, from six to around nine, every evening but Saturday, when he rests up; Sundays and Mondays he's there most of the night. . . . **CAMEO,** 139 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-5285): Barbara Carroll, a young lady on her way to the Hall of Fame, plays crisp, forward-looking, yet emotional piano at the head of our trio; Teddy Wilson, an early settler in the Hall, heads another trio, playing piano that was good enough for two generations and is good enough for several more. Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Reopens Thursday, Nov. 1, with our Ambassador at Large, Dizzy Gillespie, and his sixteen little diplomats. His splendid cacophony will be supplemented by Horace Silver's quintet. Mondays are guest nights. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Joe Castro, the young West Coast pianist who captains the trio inside the circular bar, is still in between influences, but it is clear that he has been to a good progressive school. Ten is the zero hour. No music Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): If you're able to make yourself heard in here, you belong up on the back bar with Tony Parenti, Ken Kersey, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, and Claude Hopkins, who sound off in the course of a staggering day that starts at 3:30 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) and ends at 3 A.M. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Muscular weekend music from away back—the kind with a chip on its shoulder. Saturday, Oct. 27, the roster should include Bobby Hackett, Buck Clayton, Coleman Hawkins, Bud Freeman, Vic Dickenson, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Marsala, Cliff Jackson, and Jimmy Rushing. Starting time is nine. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another weekend sand pile for small fry. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 26-27, there will be unsupervised play by the Conrad Janis tailgaters, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, Zutty Singleton, Dick Wellstood, Willie the Lion Smith, Johnny Windhurst, Pee Wee Erwin, Danny Barker, and Panama Francis. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): A world of its own, with its own odd customs and musical verities. The dissonances are now the work of the Miles Davis quintet, which should be around through Monday, Oct. 29, and the Randy Weston quartet. There'll be another shuffle soon. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **PICCADILLY HOTEL,** 227 W. 45th St. (CI 6-6600): Bird walkers with a taste for adventure might stop in at the Circus Lounge between seven and one, except Sundays, to listen to Cy Coleman's trio, which is rather futurist for this setting. The Colemans move out on Saturday, Nov. 3.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

CHARLES ADDAMS—About fifty black-and-white drawings, all of which appeared in this magazine at one time or another. The theme is New York City, where, if Mr. Addams is to be believed, some very odd things go on. Through Dec. 2. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

PAUL CADMUS—Tourists in Italy are depicted in his latest paintings and drawings; through Nov. 17. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

GEORGE CATLIN—A large and highly interesting exhibition, for the benefit of the American Museum of Natural History, of on-the-spot studies of American Indian life done by this early-nineteenth-century artist; through Wednesday, Oct. 31. (Kennedy, 785 Fifth Ave., at 60th St.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

one of the younger French artists; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

JEAN DE MARCO AND CLARA FASANO—Sculptures in stone by Mr. de Marco and in terra cotta by Miss Fasano, who is his wife; through Nov. 10. (Wellons, 17 E. 64th St. Weekdays, noon to 8.)

FREDERICK FRANCK—Landscapes, figures, and still-lifes by an American artist who was born in Holland; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

LE-THI-AN—A group of Japanese scroll paintings, or *kakemonos*, in which traditional subjects are treated with quite modern vigor and originality; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Argent, 236 E. 60th St.)

EDWARD MILLMAN—Abstractions (paintings and drawings) dealing with plant and flower forms; through Nov. 10. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

AMEDEO MODIGLIANI—Thirty-five water colors and drawings, hitherto unshown, from the collection of the late Sydney G. Biddle, of Philadelphia; through Nov. 10. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

CLAUDE MONET—Fourteen oil studies, all of them variations of the well-known water-lily panels hanging in the Orangerie; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

BEN NICHOLSON—Abstract oils, reliefs, and water colors done this year and last; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

KENZO OKADA—Gently poetic abstractions by a Japanese artist now living in this country; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

ABBOTT PATTISON—Abstract sculptures, for the most part in bronze or brass and widely varied in design; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5, and, except Saturdays, 8 to 10.)

ALFRED ROGOWAY—Small paintings in a cheerful mingling of the Expressionist and the naïve; through Nov. 8. (Barone, 202 E. 51st St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

KURT SCHWITTERS—Fifty-seven collages, dated 1919-47; through Nov. 17. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

TOTI SCIALOJA—Sinuously patterned Abstract Expressionist paintings, by a contemporary Italian artist; through Nov. 10. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

HARRY STERNBERG—More than fifty oils by this artist, teacher, lecturer, and author; through Nov. 10. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

WANG CHI-YUAN—Ink-and-wash paintings, traditional in style, plus some interesting examples of Chinese calligraphic patterns; through Nov. 9. (China House, 125 E. 65th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

ZAO WOU-KI—A brief retrospective, 1950-56, of paintings by this Chinese artist, now one of the leaders of the younger Paris abstractionists; through Nov. 10. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

"SALUTE TO 'MODERN ART USA' "—A series of exhibits arranged in conjunction with the publication of Rudi Blesh's book on modern American art—At the DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: Recent paintings and sculptures by, among others, Stuart Davis, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, and Ben Shahn; through Saturday, Nov. 3. . . . DUVEEN-GRAHAM, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: New paintings, richly varied in color and pattern, by Stanton Macdonald-Wright, a founder of the early Synchronist movement in Paris; through Saturday, Nov. 3. . . . GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: An exhibition celebrating the opening of their new gallery and their tenth anniversary, with paintings and sculptures by Arthur Osver, George Morrison, Byron Browne, and other members; through Nov. 14. . . . JACKSON, 32 E. 69th St.: Marsden Hartley, John Hultberg, David Smith, and Sam Francis are among those showing one oil or sculpture apiece; through Saturday, Oct. 27. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: William Glackens, George Luks, John Sloan, and the other members of the group known as the Eight; through Saturday, Nov. 3. . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Marsden Hartley, Alfred Maurer, Balcomb Greene, and three other painters; through Saturday, Oct. 27. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: Oils and water colors by Mary Cassatt, Thomas Eakins, Winslow Homer, and Eastman Johnson make up the exhibit here; through Saturday, Oct. 27. . . . WILLARD, 23 W. 56th St.: Works by members of the gallery, as well as by Lyonel Feininger, Morris Graves, Richard Lippold, and Mark Tobey; through Saturday, Oct. 27.

SCULPTURES—At the FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES, 41 E. 57th St.: Part II of a showing of works ranging in point of time from Rodin to Lipchitz; through Saturday, Nov. 3. . . . GALERIE CHALETTE, 45 W. 57th St.: Fifty-odd pieces by eleven modern British sculptors, many of them little known here; through Nov. 10. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 6.)

YOUNG ARTISTS OF THE NEAR EAST—A travelling exhibition of paintings, textiles, ceramics, and sculptures from eight countries (Greece, Turkey, Syria, Lebanon, Iraq, Bahrein, Egypt, and Ethiopia), sponsored by the Near East College Association; through Nov. 7. (Carnegie Endowment International Center, 345 E. 46th St. Daily, 10 to 6.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the BABCOCK, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: The opening exhibition at the new Babcock Galleries comprises oils and water colors by regular members, including Samuel Adler, John Costigan, Sol Wilson, and George Ratkai; through Nov. 30. . . . BORGENICHT, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: "Prospectus '56-'57" is the initial exhibition at this gallery's new quarters and offers one oil or sculpture by each of the members, among them Milton Avery, Jimmy Ernst, and Lee Gatch; through Saturday, Oct. 27. . . . HEWITT, 29 E. 65th St.: New paintings by George Tooker, John Wilde, and others, plus new sculptures by Victor Colby; through Saturday, Oct. 27. . . . MILCH, 55 E. 57th St.: Such contemporaries as Stephen Etnier, Ogden Pleissner, and Leon Kroll; through Wednesday, Oct. 31. . . . NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: The forty-third annual exhibition of oils, water colors, and sculptures by the Allied Artists of America; through Sunday, Oct. 28. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the FEIGL, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Oils by, among others, Afro, Oskar Kokoschka, and Marino Marini, in addition to drawings by Paul Klee; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . FRIED, 40 E. 68th St.: Works in various mediums by such modern masters as François Kupka, Fernand Léger, and Gino Severini; through Nov. 30. . . . SAIDENBERG, 10 E. 77th St.: Canvases by de Staël, Giacometti, Jawlensky, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 27. . . . E. & A. SILBERMAN, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Twelve contemporary British painters and sculptors, from Francis Bacon to Graham Sutherland, in a large and interesting showing; through Thursday, Nov. 1.

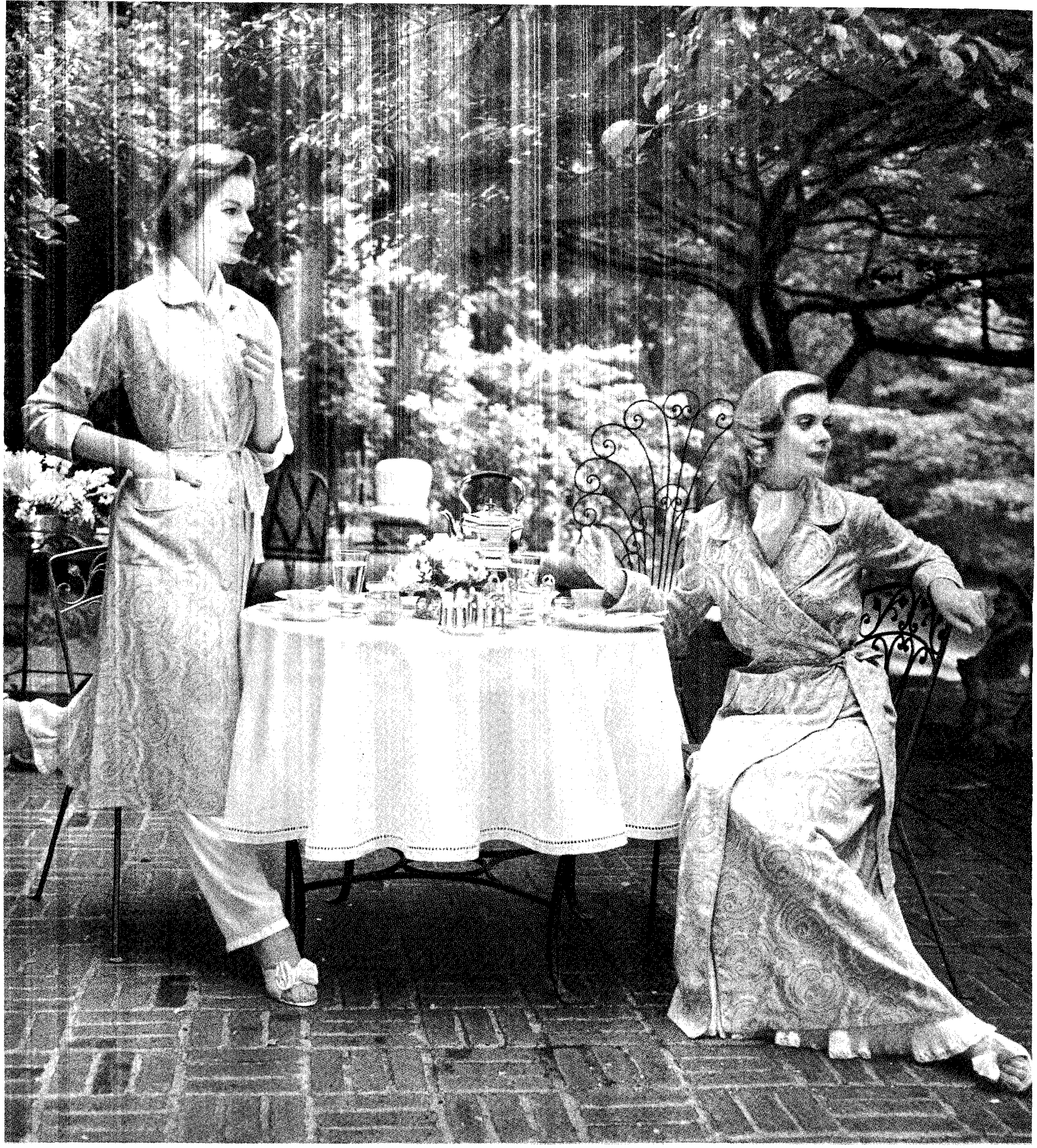
FRENCH; GROUP SHOW—Jacus, Jansem, and Marie Laurencin are three of the artists whose paintings are being exhibited; through Tuesday, Oct. 30. (Galerie Hervé, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At THE CONTEMPORARIES, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: José de Creeft; starting Monday, Oct. 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9. . . . GALLERY 75, 30 E. 75th St.: Campagnola; starting Thursday, Nov. 1. . . . JACKSON, 32 E. 69th St.: William Scott; starting Monday, Oct. 29. . . . KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.: Rufino Tamayo; starting Tuesday, Oct. 30. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57th St.: Eugene Ludins; starting Monday, Oct. 29. . . . SAIDENBERG, 10 E. 77th St.: Vieira da Silva; starting Monday, Oct. 29. . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Balcomb Greene; starting Monday, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Group shows at the DURLACHER, 11 E. 57th St.: Drawings; starting Tuesday, Oct. 30. WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: "The Nude in Painting;" starting Thursday, Nov. 1. For the benefit of Recording for the Blind, Inc.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A circularly mounted hundred-and-sixty-five-foot-long panorama of the palace and gardens of Versailles, painted by the American John Vanderlyn in 1818-19, and, in an adjoining room, related exhibits of prints and drawings. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Masters of British Painting, 1800-1950," some



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Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A loan exhibit of religious paintings, from the fifteenth through the nineteenth centuries, by such artists as Giovanni Bellini, Titian, Rubens, and El Greco; through Nov. 13. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A series of thirty-one Tibetan tankas, or banner paintings, done by Buddhist priests in the early eighteenth century; through Nov. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection; through Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Sculptures, constructions, paintings, and drawings are included in a retrospective of the work of Theodore Roszak; through Nov. 11. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Saturday, April 20—Monday, Oct. 29, at 8: "Norma," with Maria Meneghini Callas, Fedora Barbieri, Mario Del Monaco, and Cesare Siepi. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 7:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Lucine Amara, Martha Lipton, Albert Da Costa, Otto Edelmann, Giorgio Tozzi, and Gerhard Pechner. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Soirée," a ballet, with Mary Ellen Moylan and Pierre Lacotte; and "Don Pasquale," with Hilde Gueden, Fernando Corena, Cesare Valletti, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 3, at 2: "Norma," with Maria Meneghini Callas, Fedora Barbieri, Mario Del Monaco, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Laurel Hurley, Daniele Barioni, and Enzo Sordello. (A benefit for the Mizrachi Women's Organization of America; for tickets, call GR 7-4720 Mondays through Thursdays, 9 to 5:30, and Fridays, 9 to 2.)

New York City Opera Company—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, Oct. 25: "Carmen." (A benefit for the Morningside Community Center.) . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 26: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 27: "Orpheus in the Underworld" (in English). . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 31: "The Moon" and "L'Histoire du Soldat" (both in English). . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 1: "Rigoletto." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 2: "Orpheus in the Underworld" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 3: "Rigoletto." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. A day-to-day check with the newspapers is advisable, since the company has been having programming difficulties.)

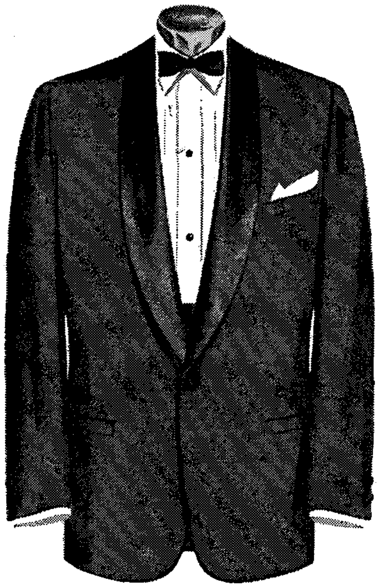
ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8:45, and Friday, Oct. 26, at 2:30 (no soloists); Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8:45 (with Ruth Slenczynska, piano); Sunday, Oct. 28, at 2:30 (no soloists); and Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 2, at 2:30 (both with Robert Casadesus, piano). . . . ¶ André Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:45 (no soloists).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Guiomar Novaes, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

Saidenberg Little Symphony—Daniel Saidenberg conducting, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8:40.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Jean Morel conducting. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Nov. 2, at 8:30. A lim-



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ited number of free tickets are available on written request.)

RECITALS

Marais and Miranda—Balladeers, in the second and third programs in a series called "Creative Minstrelsy and the World of Folk Song." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Oct. 25, and Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

Maria Luisa Faini—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

José Iturbi—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The New York Woodwind Quintet, with Leopold Mannes, piano. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. SP 7-2000, Ext. 618. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

Twilight Concerts—Patricia Hoffman, soprano, with Carlton Sprague Smith, flute, and Arpad Sandor, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 5:30.)

Quintetto Boccherini—Chamber music. (High School of Fashion Industries, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau—Baritone. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8:30.)

Joan Field—Violin, in a recital postponed from Thursday, Oct. 18. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

Claudette Sorel—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

Leon Fleisher—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.)

Parrenin Quartet—Chamber music by a group from Paris. (High School of Fashion Industries, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

New York Pro Musica Antiqua—A program of Tudor and Elizabethan music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Calypso Programs—The Trinidad Steel Band. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30.)

Jazz Concert—Dave Brubeck's quartet and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Tony Gonzalez vs. Yama Bahama, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 26. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—**saturday, oct. 27:** Columbia vs. Army, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Lehigh vs. Rutgers, at Bethlehem, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 2. . . . **saturday, nov. 3:** Army vs. Colgate, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Baltimore, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lafayette, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 1:30.

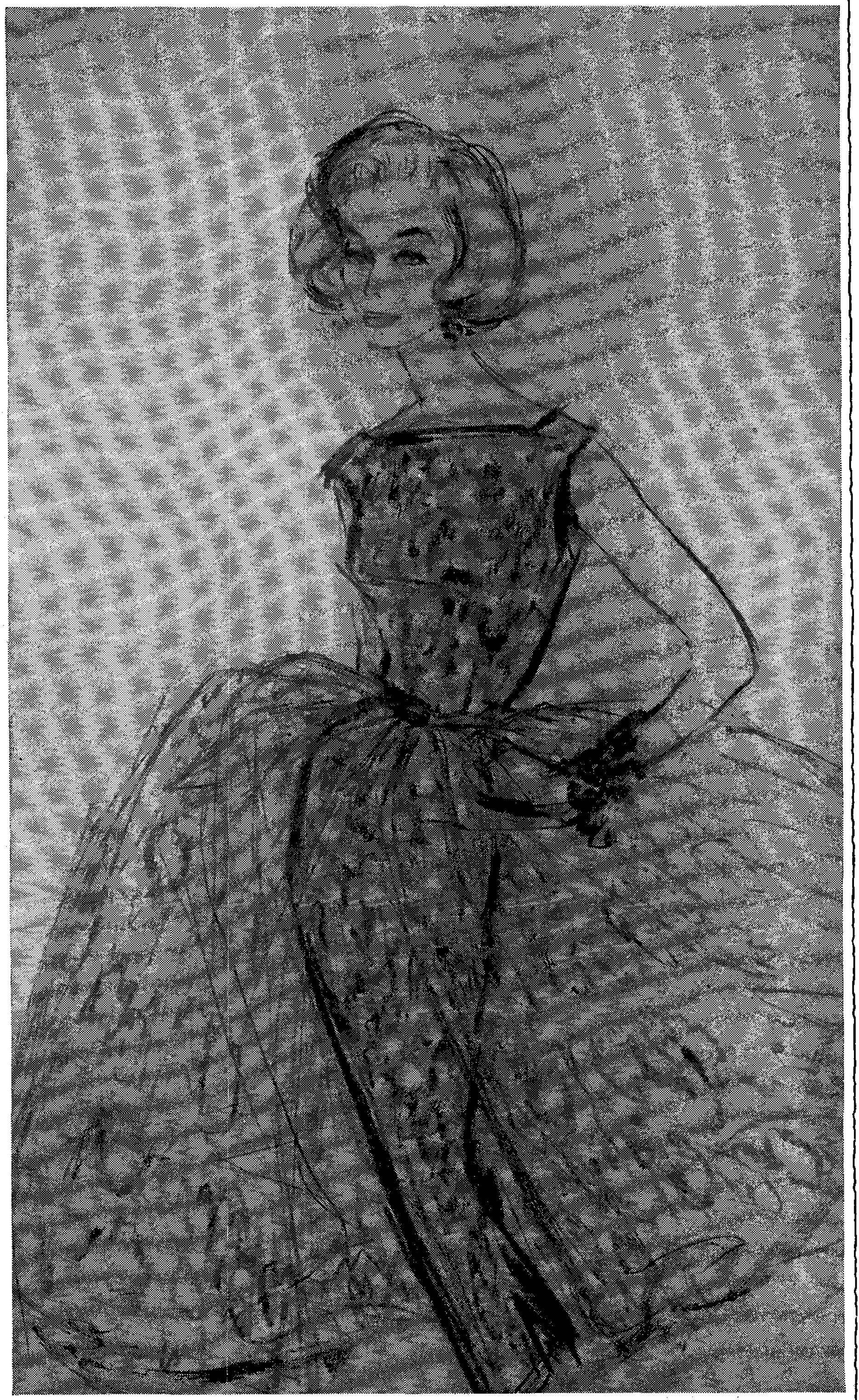
Professional Football—Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 2:05.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 7.)

Horse Shows—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Through Saturday, Oct. 27.) . . . ¶ National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Oct. 30, through Tuesday, Nov. 6. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:45.)

Hunt Racing—Monmouth County Hunt Racing

De Pinna
SOFTENED SILK
FROM OUR NEW RESORT COLLECTIONS



Mollie Parnis designs a sheath of silk printed surah . . . blossoming into a diaphanous overskirt of silk organza. Crimson or peacock. Misses' sizes.
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Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 27.)...¶ Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Nov. 3.)

Racing—At **jamaica**: Weekdays at 1:15; through Thursday, Nov. 15. The Firenze Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 27, and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 3. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)... **garden state park**, Camden, N. J.: Weekdays; last day Tuesday, Nov. 6. Through Saturday, Oct. 27, post time will be at 1:30; after that, it will be at 1. The Garden State, Saturday, Oct. 27. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia; starting Monday, Oct. 29, it will leave at 9:30.)... **laurel**, Md.: Weekdays at 1 (E.S.T.); through Monday, Nov. 12.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:30; through Friday, Nov. 30. (Buses for the track meet New York Central trains at Mount Vernon.)

FOR CHILDREN

Variety Show—"Robin Hood," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus a magician and other attractions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 3.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Exploring the Milky Way," views the stars and nebulae in that vast system. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)...¶ Every night, except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

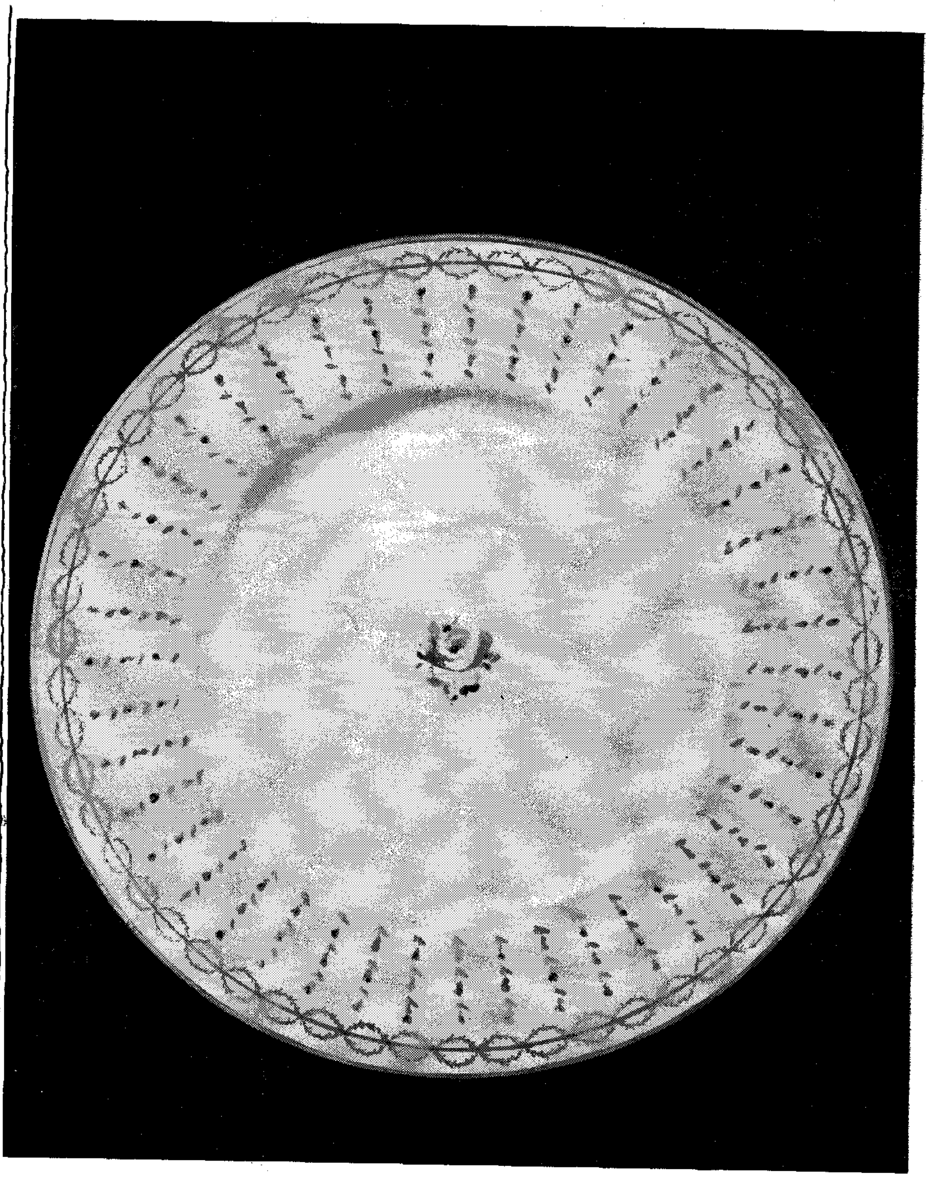
Local Manifestations of the Presidential Campaign—President Eisenhower addressing a Republican rally at Madison Square Garden on Thursday, Oct. 25, at 9 P.M. The speech will be carried on WRCA-TV and the WRCA radio network.

United Nations—Except for the Jordan-Israel dispute, which is before the Security Council, the organization's activities are more or less quiescent, and are likely to remain so until Nov. 12, when the General Assembly is scheduled to convene. Some of the Security Council meetings are open, and there are also regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

Poetry Readings—At **kaufmann auditorium**, Y.M.H.A.: Stephen Spender in a program called "The Three Main Techniques of Modern Poetry." (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 8:40.)... **donnell regional branch**, New York Public Library: Siobhan McKenna and Basil Langton reading selections from British poetry. (20 W. 53rd St. Monday, Oct. 29, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, Oct. 25-26, at 1:45: Part III of the sale of items from the collections of the Metropolitan Museum of Art—Paintings, including primitives, Old Masters, and nineteenth-century canvases; portrait miniatures of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; chess sets; decorative porcelains; gold and enamel snuffboxes and other bibelots; and Continental silver....¶ Saturday, Oct. 27, at 1:45: French period furniture and decorations, early German and Dutch engraved glassware, and a group of Oriental and other rugs; the property of Alfons Landa and others.

Daylight Saving Time—Ends on Sunday, Oct. 28, at 2 A.M. Turn the clock back an hour.



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NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A big, splashy, funny adaptation of the Jules Verne fantasy. Written by S. J. Perelman and produced by Michael Todd, the film has a huge cast, headed by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. The actors are all fine, and the scenic effects are tremendous. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Attack!—Not a top-drawer military film by a long shot, but an unusual one in that an American officer who is a deplorable poltroon figures as one of the principal characters. As played by Eddie Albert, the coward is unhappily plausible, but he is offset by a true-blue lieutenant, depicted by Jack Palance. The film gets off to a brisk start, but becomes a bit silly in its final reels. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

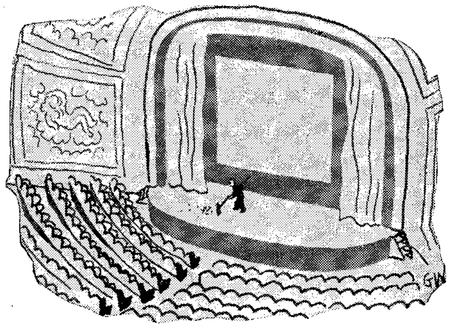
The Ballet of Romeo and Juliet—A Russian picture that numbers among its assets the dancing of Galina Ulanova, the music of Prokofieff, and some very striking color photography. On the debit side, there is a good deal of pantomime, which becomes tiresome in time, and an almost total absence of Shakespeare's poetry. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Oct. 31.)

Giant—Texas and all that in an adaptation of the Edna Ferber novel. Sprawling all over the place, the picture never quite gets into focus, but there's plenty of the whoop-de-do we've come to expect in descriptions of the Lone Star State. The film was directed by George Stevens, and the cast includes Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, and James Dean. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

The King and I—Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr are appealing as the leading figures in this adaptation of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, and among its other advantages the film can boast of lovely color, pretty dances, and lilting melodies. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Oct. 31.)

Lust for Life—A splendid color film that reviews the career of Vincent van Gogh with quite a bit of perception. As the Dutch Master, Kirk Douglas is estimable, and Anthony Quinn, as Gauguin, is right up to the mark, too. A good many of van Gogh's works are exhibited in the course of the film, and they are wonderful to see. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Moby Dick—John Huston's interpretation of the Melville novel. While Mr. Huston's work is considerably less profound than the original, it does add up to an exciting trip far out on the deep blue. Richard Basehart, Leo Genn, Bernard Miles, and Friedrich Ledebur play Ishmael, Starbuck, the Manxman, and Queequeg, respectively, and they are all admirable. As Captain Ahab, however, Gregory Peck is rather wooden, which is most unfortunate. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Oct. 27.... ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Oct. 27, tentative.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 30, tentative. ... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Oct. 31.)



The Phantom Horse—A Japanese film that's as handsome as you could ask for. The plot, about a small boy and a horse, is standard yard goods, but that shouldn't bother you, for the boy, as played by Yukohiko Iwatare, is utterly engrossing, and so, for that matter, are the others in the cast. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Oct. 27.)

Private's Progress—This really first-class British comedy finally proves that there's a lot of humor to be found in the military life. The hero is Ian Carmichael, who plays a scholarly and bemused private; he is assisted skillfully by Richard Attenborough and Dennis Price. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Silent World—Interesting doings underwater as recorded by Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau, dean of the frogmen, whose explorations have taken him beneath the surface of half a dozen seas. A French picture. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

La Strada—A topflight Italian film whose director, Federico Fellini, demonstrates an ability to see the Italian scene steadily and whole. The leading actors—Anthony Quinn and Richard Basehart—do well by the enterprise; the only trouble with it, in fact, is that Giulietta Masina, the heroine, is a rather limited actress. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Tea and Sympathy—A sensitive, courageous adaptation of the Broadway play of three years ago that dealt with a youth falsely accused of homosexuality and a woman who was able to convince him of his normality. Directed by Vincente Minnelli, the film is superbly enacted by Deborah Kerr, John Kerr, and Leif Erickson. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600; through Oct. 31.)

War and Peace—Many hands and many heads have combined to translate the Tolstoy book into a long, long film, with some stunning snow scenes, Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda, Mel Ferrer, and the Grand Armies of France and Russia. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

Wee Geordie—How a ninety-seven-pound weakling becomes one of the strongest men in Scotland and the best hammer thrower on earth. A pleasant British film in which Bill Travers, Alastair Sim, Norah Gorsen, and Paul Young perform happily against some beautiful Scottish scenery. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

REVIVALS

Carmen Jones (1954)—Oscar Hammerstein's way-down-South version of the Bizet opera. Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonté play the lovers. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 28-29.)

Encore (1952)—Three Maugham stories. An English film, with Nigel Patrick, Kay Walsh, and Glynis Johns. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Oct. 30-31.)

The Life of Emile Zola (1937)—Paul Muni and the Dreyfus case. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 28-30.)

Men of the Fighting Lady (1954)—Van Johnson as a naval pilot in action during the Korean War. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Oct. 29-30.... ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; and Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Oct. 30.)

Pépé le Moko (1941)—Life in the Casbah. A French film, with Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 25.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 28-30.)

The Prisoner (1955)—Alec Guinness, as an incarcerated cardinal, and Jack Hawkins, as his Communist inquisitor, in a Balkan country the Reds have taken over. An English film. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; starting Oct. 31.)

The Yearling (1947)—An adaptation of the novel about a boy and a fawn in the Florida hinterlands. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Oct. 30-31.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Oct. 27: "En Natt" (1931), a Swedish film, directed by Gustav Molander; no English titles.... ¶ Oct. 28-31: "The Golem" (1920), directed by Paul Wegener. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Bad Seed," Nancy Kelly, Patty McCormack.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
WAR AND PEACE.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Pillars of the Sky," Jeff Chandler, Dorothy Malone.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
ATTACK!

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Oct. 31: **TEA AND SYMPATHY.**

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Oct. 25: "Toward the Unknown," William Holden, Lloyd Nolan.
From Oct. 26: "The Girl He Left Behind," Tab Hunter, Natalie Wood.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
GIANT.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Oct. 31 (tentative): "Between Heaven and Hell," Robert Wagner, Terry Moore.

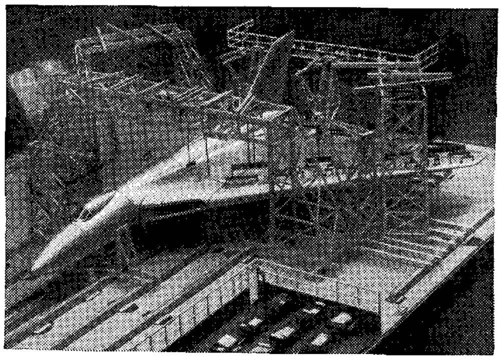
Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Solid Gold Cadillac," Judy Holliday, Paul Douglas.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through Oct. 31: "The Game of Love" (in French), revival, Edwige Feuillère, Nicole Berger; and "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.

PROBING THE FUTURE OF AVIATION
No. 2 in a series

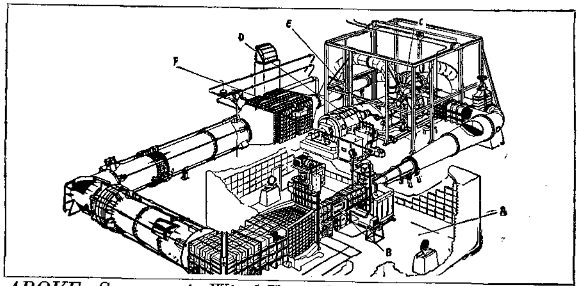
Tools—for the Unknown



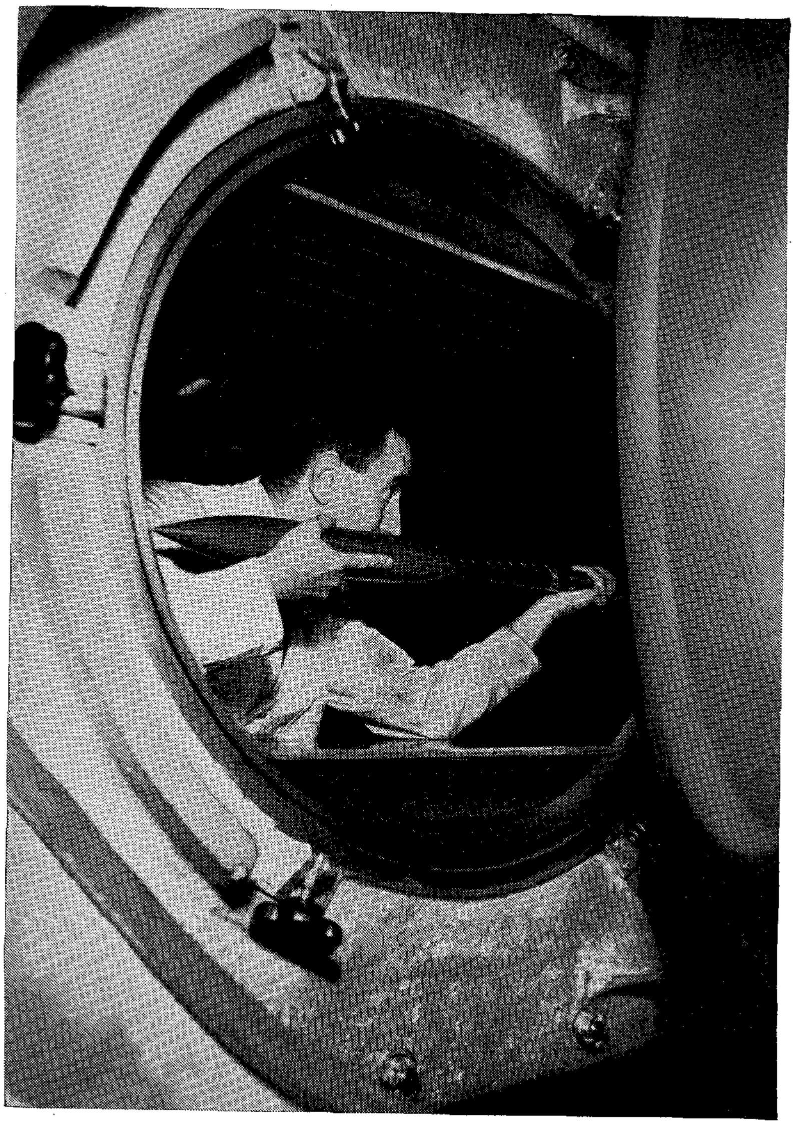
Aircraft tested to destruction on massive test rigs get more punishment than they will ever face in the air.

In less than a generation aircraft design has moved from the workshop into the laboratory. Today, the tools for aeronautical development are complex scientific instruments—wind tunnels through which air races at upwards of 4,000 miles an hour, rooms capable of freezing complete aircraft at around −65°C for days on end. From these and many other complex instruments thousands of test readings have to be reduced into usable engineering data. This is the work of electronic machine calculators, that perform in minutes calculations which would normally take years.

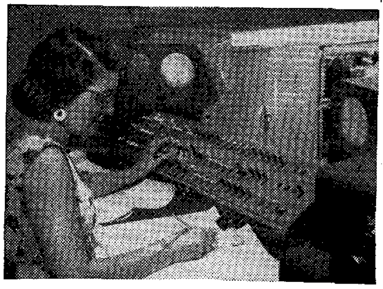
But that is not all: more must be known about how the human body reacts to high-speed high-altitude flight if man's endurance is to keep abreast of his aircraft. It is a quest for knowledge that goes on continuously. Solving such design problems and shaping the planes of the future is the work of the aeronautical engineers of the Hawker Siddeley Group. Men who in the short span of 50 years have progressed from speeds not much greater than that of a fast car to beyond the speed of sound. These efforts are vital—if we as a nation are to be equipped and ready to meet any threat to our existence, and if we are to remain leaders in a world at peace.



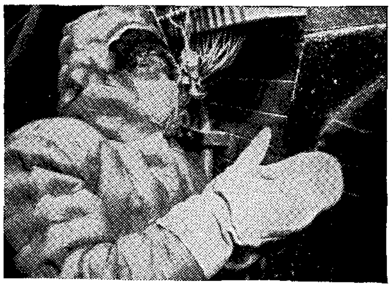
ABOVE: Super-sonic Wind Tunnel capable of operating from 1½ to 3½ times the speed of sound, facilitates research into problems of high-speed flight. (A) Control Room. (B) Working Section. (C) Compressors. (D) 10,000 H.P. Motor (E) Gearbox. (F) Cooler.



BELOW: Digital Computer working out the lengthy mathematical problems involved in designing modern aircraft.



BELOW: High-altitude Test Chamber which reproduces conditions of flight in the upper atmosphere—on the ground.



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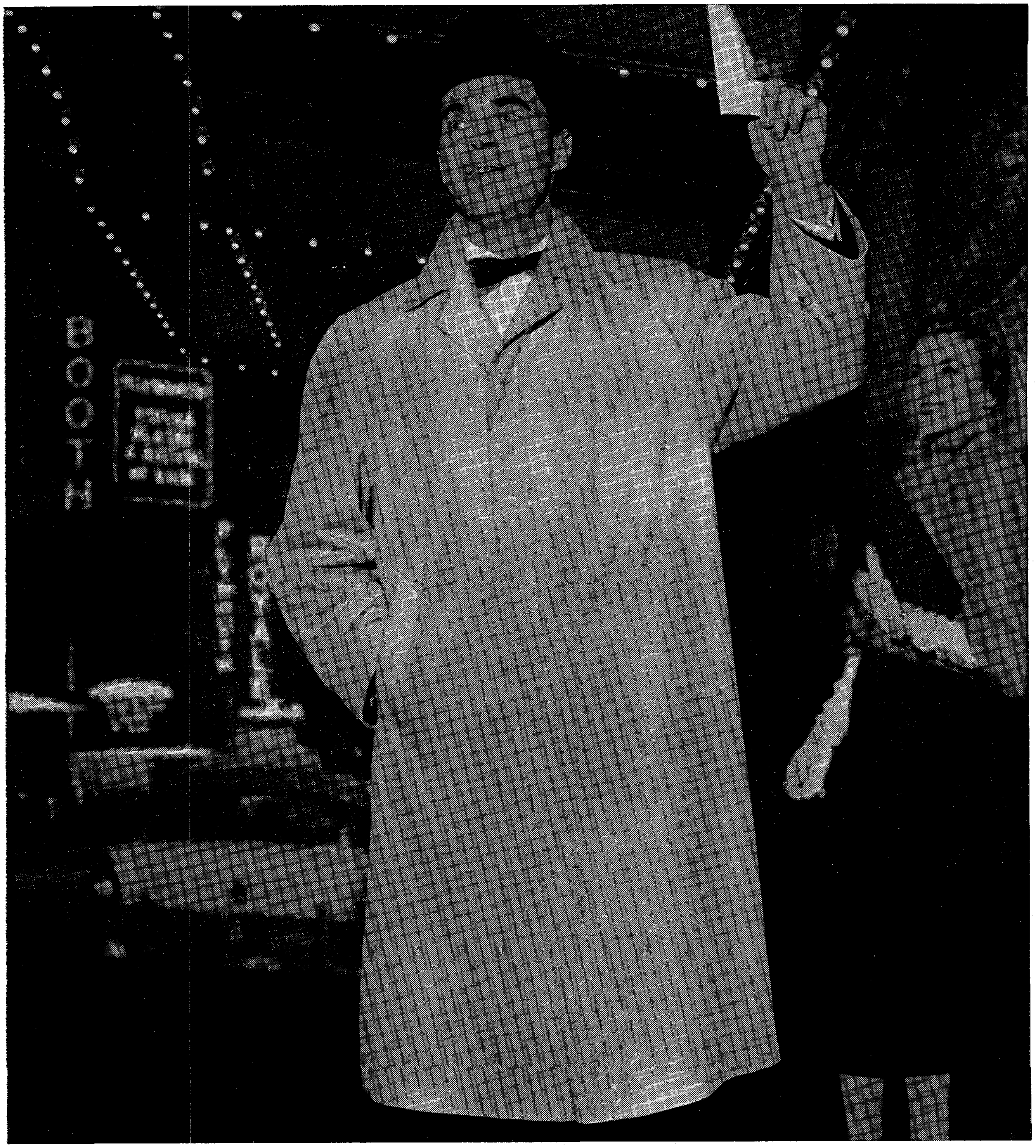

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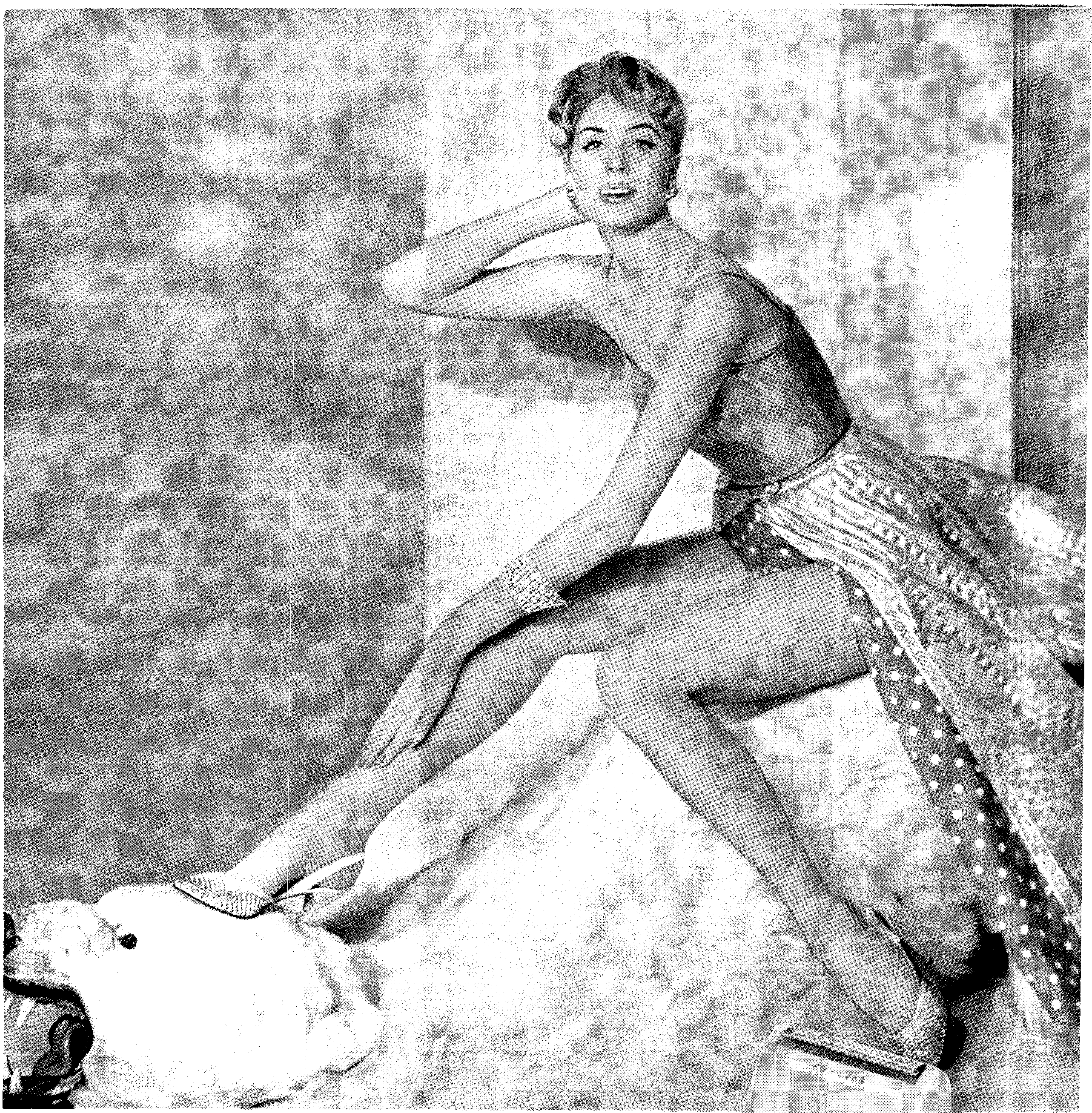

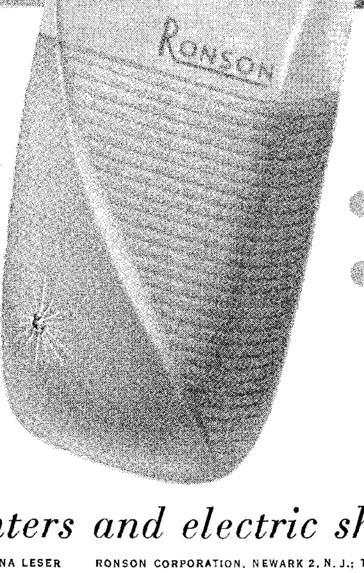

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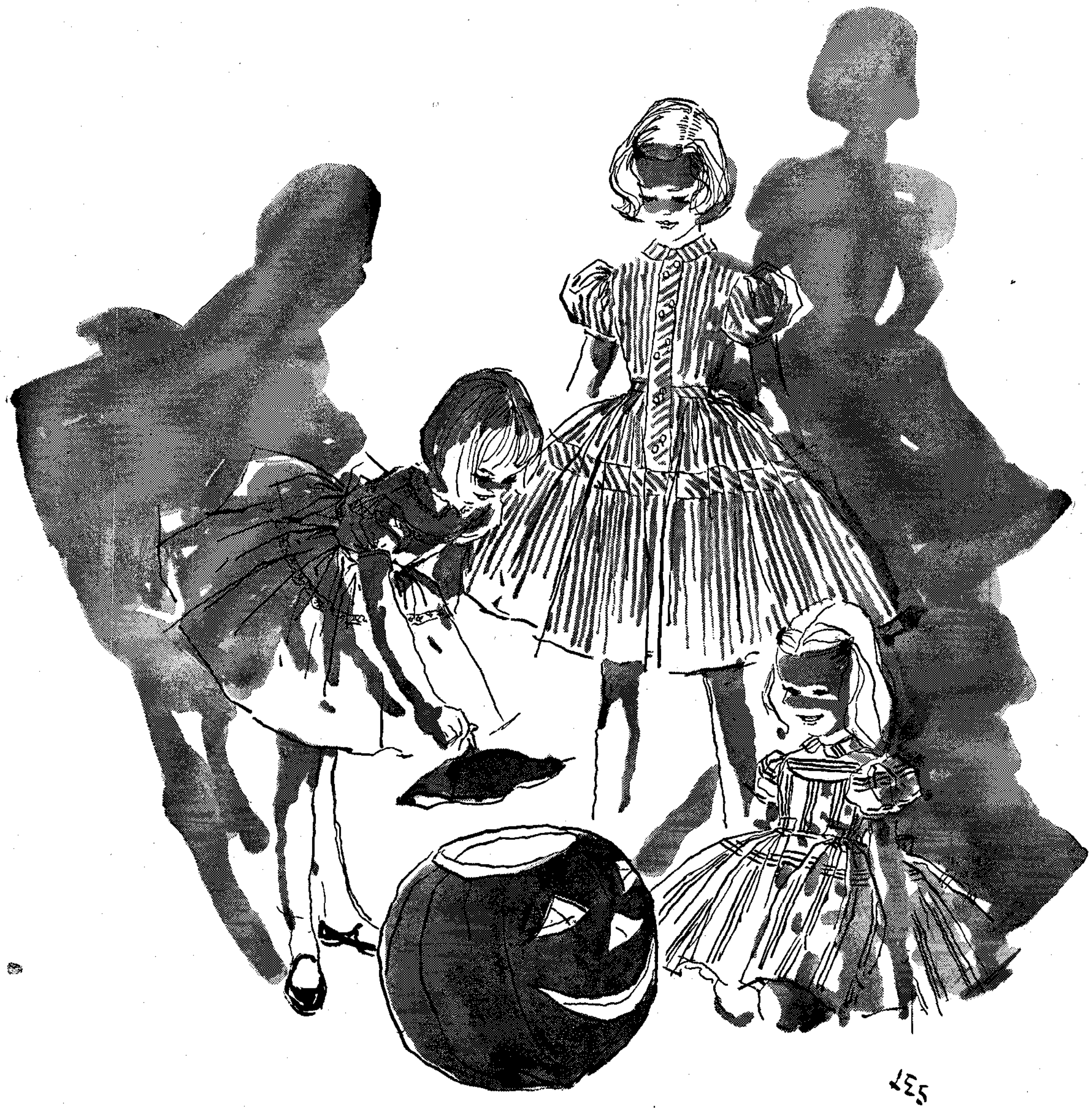

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THERE were some true Indian-summer days last week—mid-autumn days of mild weather, following the first frost, with clear blue skies above and a gray-orange haze hovering below. Indian-summer days have always delighted us (they are an unexpected premium, a last, grasping reminiscence), and on one of those eighty-odd-degree days we left our hat on a wintry hook in the office and headed down toward the Battery. Don't ask us why we headed down toward the Battery. It was Indian summer, and we headed down toward the Battery. Water had something to do with it, we suppose, and the sense of living on an island, and reaching out and back on such a lovely day. It seemed as though the people we passed along the street were abstracted in a happy, quiet way, as though they, too, were thinking of far-off places and pleasant things done long ago. We collided with a young man down near Bowling Green (he wasn't looking where he was going), and he said, quite solemnly, "I beg your pardon." It had been a long time since anybody had said "I beg your pardon" to us on a New York street. There was something in the air. Indian summer. The windows of the Isbrandtsen Line, on lower Broadway, were filled with sleek models of freighters, and the freighters looked as though they wanted to steam right out through the windows and head for the sea. We walked into Bowling Green Park and looked at the statue of Abraham de Peyster, a plump Dutch chap from the old, old days when Bowling Green was Rockefeller Center. He sits placidly watching the Custom House. De Peyster was just about everything one could be around Nieuw Amsterdam when there were Indians on hand for the Indian summers: alderman, mayor, comptroller, acting governor of the province—a sort of Robert de Moses. The Sara Woodard Memorial Chrysanthemum Planting in the park was still alive, and deceptively soft in color, since it was prepared to survive Indian summer, and Halloween, and Thanksgiving.

Our steps turned south again, to Cass Gilbert's lump of a Custom House, and up to the huge, buzzing rotunda on the second floor, where hundreds of exporters were having their export declarations declared, or checked, or scrutinized, or whatever one has done to an export declaration. The exporters stood in front of the clerks at an elliptical desk a city block long, and looking down on all of them were the harbor murals of Reginald Marsh: the giant three-stackers, the squat tugs, the cargo being unloaded, the celebrity (Greta Garbo) being interviewed on shipboard, the longshoremen, the smoke, the sea, Ambrose Lightship—the whole salty wonderworld of the Port of New York. How Marsh did it we will never know, but he did it, *a secco*, on a ceiling with concave surfaces that curve both horizontally and vertically. A clerk noticed us craning our neck. He was a romantic-looking fellow. A long line of exporters were awaiting his attention, but he forgot them. "Like the murals?" he asked.

We nodded.

"Marsh was very popular down here with everybody," he said. "He was willing to work for ninety cents an hour to do these murals for the Federal Arts project, because he wanted to perpetuate his work. He was an artist, all right. He lived on Fourteenth Street and he knew the city. New Yorkers hardly ever come in here, but out-of-towners do. Big shots come through once in a while on a tour, but I notice they don't linger. I love the one up there with the car being unloaded."

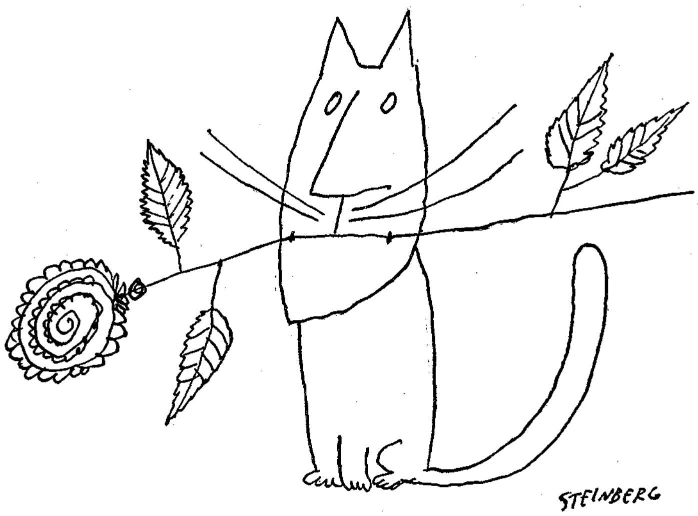
The line of exporters grew impatient.

The clerk sighed. "I love them all," he said, "but I especially love the one with the car being unloaded."

We thanked him, and left the Custom House, and walked along the sea wall near the old Battery. The old Battery is Clinton National Monument now, and rather forbidding, but there was Indian summer in the air, and haze, and the sun trying to beat its way through, and gulls just sitting and bobbing up and down on the water, and foghorns, and a Turnerlike orange mist all over the harbor. We stopped by a souvenir stand and bought a rabbit-foot attached to a button that was also orange. The button read, "New York." The concessionaire was talking to a small man in a bowler hat. "You see my silvery models of the Statue of Liberty?" he was saying. "Well, they're not real silver, but do you remember a poem called 'The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere'?"

The man in the bowler hat said he did.

"Well, Revere was a silversmith," said the conces-



sionaire, "and he put his mark on the bottom of his silverwork, and sometimes people come across one and it's worth a hundred dollars."

The man in the bowler hat nodded appreciatively and looked out across the harbor.

"I think I know the name of the period," the concessionaire said. He was looking out over the harbor, too. "It was Colonial. The Colonial period."

"Yeh, yeh, that's right," said the other man.

We walked along West Street, and at Liberty Street took a ferry (the Wilkes-Barre) to Jersey City. We wanted to be out on the water, if only for a few minutes. The city was meshed in haze. Indian summer. There was an autumn tinge in the air, a hint of what was coming, and the river had a swell to it. We walked around the terminal on the Jersey side for a few minutes, and came back to Manhattan on the ferry Red Bank, and it wasn't until we were out on West Street again that we realized nobody had asked us for any money. A beautiful ride, and a free one.

Nobody really knows how Indian summer got its name, but we like to think that it has something to do with the Indians' giving us summer back for a few restful, easy days and then taking it away again before people get too many notions.

Multiple Reception

THE fact is we are nothing if not game. Scarcely had we rested up from our recent tour of vegetable-seed lunches, fashion shows, and American-Scandinavian Foundation get-togethers when off we taxied to the nether regions of Fifth Avenue in response to the Oxford University Press's invitation to its "Reception and Cocktail Party in honor of the authors of Oxford's Fall Books." Of the eighteen guests of honor listed on the invitation, five—among them Arnold Toynbee—were marked with asterisks, indicating that they would be "unable to attend," but fourteen showed up, including the asterisked Donald E. Worcester, author of "The Growth and Culture of Latin America." We greeted Dr. Harry L. Shapiro, chairman of the Department of Anthropology of the Museum of Natural History and author of the Fall Book "Man, Culture, and Society," and fell into conversation with Dr. Peter Gray, a jolly-looking, deep-voiced man with a British accent, heralded as author of "The Mistress Cook."

"I was born in London in 1908," Dr. Gray said, and popped a devilled egg into his mouth. "My father, Oscar Gray, was once a very wealthy man, but he lost his money with a loud bang. The most charming failure on record. Huge fellow with an immense beard. Fell on evil days and became a duck farmer. Failed at it. Who wouldn't? Retired to Paris, where he ran a gourmet column for a French paper. This enabled him to eat for nothing. Following his example, I became a gourmet, too, but at sixteen, when he went broke, I was left with no cook and an educated palate. I have great family connections with the Bank of England. My grandfather was a governor of it."

"What was his name?" we asked.

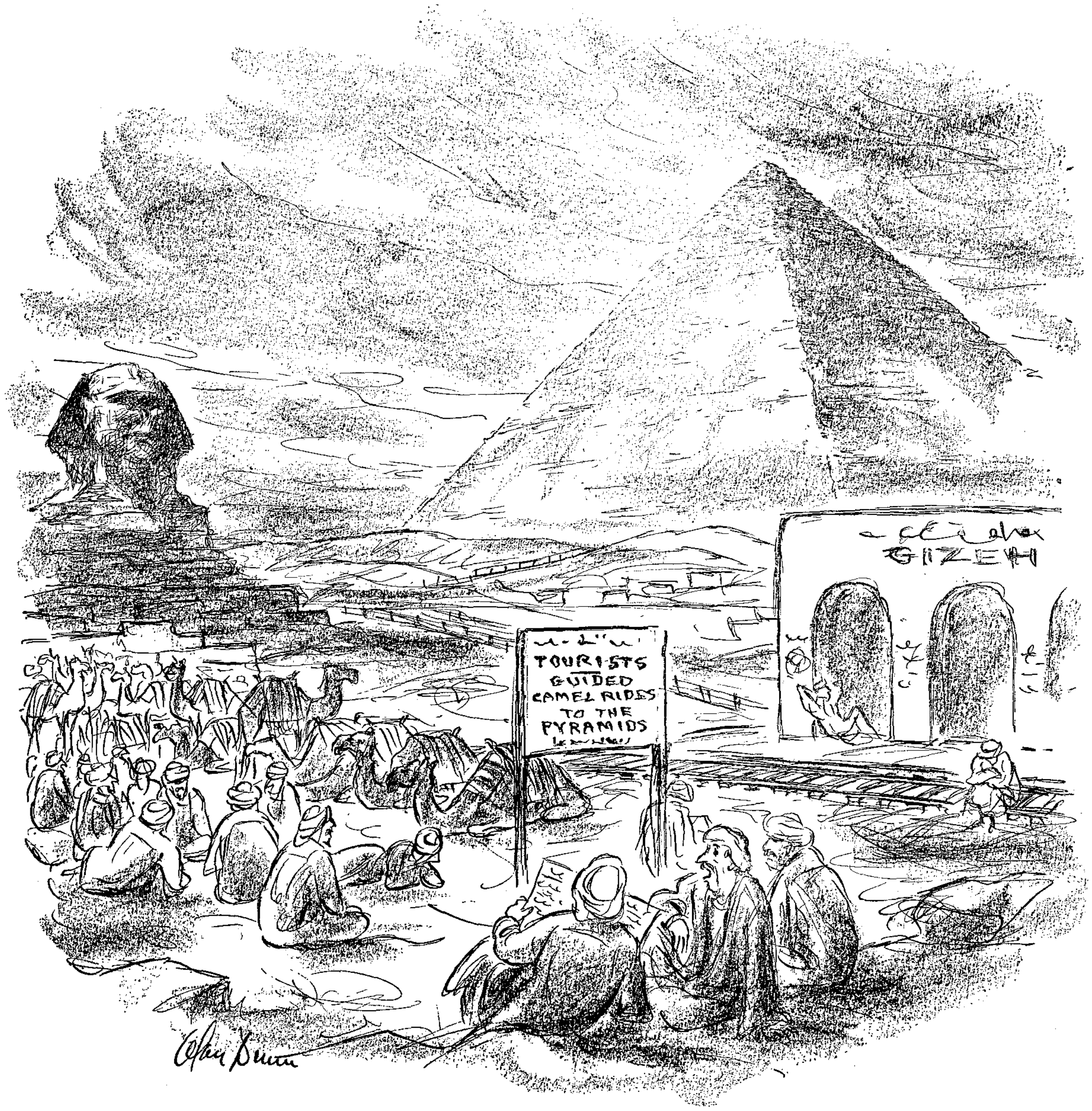
"I *think* it was Samuel Frederick Gray," Dr. Gray said, spearing a sausage on a passing tray. "On second thought, he wasn't a governor; he was chief cashier. Well, be that as it may, I always wanted to be a zoologist. I took a Ph.D. in zoology at the Imperial College of Science of the University of London, lectured on chick embryology at the University of Edinburgh, and in 1937 came to the University of Rochester on a Rockefeller Foundation fellowship. I later joined the University of Pittsburgh as an associate professor of zoology, and I have headed its Department of Biological Sciences since 1947. A resounding title with a small salary attached. American citizen. I've written a number of technical books, including 'The Microtomist's Formulary and Guide.' My present book is a cookbook."

"How come?" we asked.

"Damn it all, surely a man is entitled to do what he likes!" he said, and swallowed a chicken sandwich. "I had an overwhelming urge to write a cookbook. The unusual thing is that it has found a publisher. It's appallingly learned. *I'm* appallingly learned. Do you know they haven't got a decent public restaurant in Pittsburgh? It's a city of clubs. Very good food at the University Club. Rochester, on the other hand, has half a dozen first-class restaurants. The finest steak I ever ate was in a tiny place in South Dakota. I can't even remember its name. Talk about New Orleans! Mostly tourist traps. But in other parts of Louisiana there are excellent restaurants. If you really want to eat well and cheaply, go to Athens. You can get a whole roast partridge on toast with trimmings there for a dollar."

"Yugoslavia isn't bad," said Victor Weybright, the publisher, who had joined us. "I was there this summer. I'm here as an Oxford author—'Buffalo Bill and the Wild West,' which Henry Sell and I wrote—and as a reprinter, through Signet and Mentor, of some of Oxford's best books."

We turned to another guest of honor—Robert Halsband, author of "The Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu." "It was a long project," he said. "To get the material, as well as the landscape atmosphere, I travelled to places where she lived—France, Italy,


GIZEH
TOURISTS GUIDED CAMEL RIDES TO THE PYRAMIDS

"I dread to think what his next brain wave will be."

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Istanbul. I'm now editing her letters. Her descendants have been very kind; they let me microfilm a lot of her correspondence."

"At a conference on the arts at the Institute of International Education, on East Sixty-seventh Street, it was recommended that there should be emphasis on jazz in terms of exchanging students and performing artists," still another honoree, Marshall W. Stearns ("The Story of Jazz"), said to us. "I have just come from a meeting there. I recently made a tour of Lebanon, Syria, Turkey, Yugoslavia, and Greece with Dizzy Gillespie for the State Department. The Turks know and love modern jazz. My book is the first objective, impartial account of jazz. I've been kicking it around for twenty-five years."

An Oxford Press lady introduced us to Dr. Arthur H. Compton, the atomic scientist, who was on hand as the author of "Atomic Quest: A Personal Narrative." "I've tried to get some character sketches in the book," he said. "Many scientists are sensitive souls with a heart. Dr. Volney C. Wilson, for example, who was in our University of Chicago physics laboratory before the war, asked to be taken off atomic-energy work because of its terrible aspects. After Pearl Harbor, he asked to be taken back, and went to Los Alamos to help build the bombs. When the war was over, he accepted an industrial job. The struggle within a man's soul! I've tried to reflect that type of thing in the book."

"My wife is mad as a wet hen because she couldn't get away from Pittsburgh for this party," Dr. Gray said as we left. "She's assistant head of the reference department of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh. We have an amicable cooking agreement at home—I do the meats and sauces, and she does the salads and desserts. Sometimes we're both too tired to cook, but what can we do? There's no place to go."

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SIGN in a Los Angeles used-car lot: "No car over $200 and up."

Theatre Parties

MANY of the shows coming to town these days, especially musicals and light comedies, have had a large proportion of their seats sold in advance to theatre parties—parties for the benefit of college alumni funds, hospitals, political groups, and even poets, who doubtless need the money most of all. This marriage of charity and the theatre is presided over by a dozen-odd specialists known as theatre-party agents. Dealing exclusively in big blocks of seats, they aren't to be confused with theatre-ticket brokers, who sell individual tickets and who, to tell the truth, have a low opinion of theatre-party agents. Why? Mainly because they make it so hard for the brokers to round up ample supplies of seats early in the runs of the more popular shows. Not that ticket brokers are the only people who are suspicious of theatre-party agents and their massive operations. Actors have long maintained that theatre parties chatter more, cough more, and sit on their hands more than regular audiences do. Producers and theatre owners *used* to be suspicious of theatre-party agents, but times have changed. Nowadays, they woo them, and the power of the party agents waxes with every season.

To learn what has caused this happy reversal of fortune, we've been to see one of the two energetic ladies—Miss Lenore Tobin and Miss Ivy Larric—who, between them, gather in the lion's share of the theatre-party business. The toss of a coin led us to Miss Tobin, who occupies an office above the St. James Theatre and spends much of her day on the phone, matching clients to shows. Between calls ("No, it's a romantic comedy," she was explaining as we came in. "Perfect for your group"), Miss Tobin said that it amused her to recall, amid a rising tide of invitations to auditions and producers' cocktail parties, that she and her colleagues had once been considered the lowest things that crawled. "Producers have discovered that if they send us the script of a show and we report back that it has a good benefit potential, they have a lot less trouble raising money and getting theatres," she said. "After all, a pre-sold benefit audience offers the best possible guarantee that a show can be kept going no matter what the critics say about it."

In the old days, this guarantee of survival was often provided by the ticket brokers. "They'd buy up blocks of seats before an opening," Miss Tobin said. "If the show was a hit, they could charge any amount they liked for them. If the show was a flop, they had to eat the tickets." In 1939, she went on, all such speculating in show futures was forbidden and the amount of markup per ticket was fixed by law. The theatre party for charity is something of a gamble, too, the tickets for a show having to be bought weeks, or even months, before the show reaches town. Still, since the charity that buys the tickets disposes of them at once to supporters of the charity and since the supporters' primary purpose is philanthropic, what's lost if the show is a flop is usually pleasure, and not money; the do-gooding members of the audience can console themselves with the thought that they have spent a wretched evening in a splendid cause. Over the past ten years, theatre parties have proved as great a boon to fund-raisers as to producers. If a whole theatre is bought out by a tax-free organization, tickets are tax-free and may be sold at any markup the organization fancies. Tickets have sold for as much as thirty-five dollars, and charities have netted as much as twenty thousand dollars from a single show. Exact figures about anything that concerns Broadway are hard to obtain, but it's estimated that charity benefits accounted for at least ten per cent of last season's box-office gross, which was thirty-five million dollars; if the average markup per ticket is two or three times the box-office price, then it would appear that theatre parties netted between three and a half and seven million dollars for charity. Not bad.

Miss Tobin's skill lies in judging which of a number of shows will best please a particular client. Needless to say, she makes a thorough analysis of the intellectual status and cultural background of every new client. "For a group with average intelligence, I always recommend a nice light comedy," she said. "Nothing sad, nothing heavy. Men's lodges love big musicals. On the other hand, a medical society wants something brainy. For a poetry society, I've recommended the Old Vic. For the A.D.A., I've recommended 'The Apple Cart.' The three biggest shows coming to town this season are 'Happy Hunting,' with Ethel Merman; 'The Bells Are Ringing,' with Judy Holliday; and 'Auntie Mame,' with Rosalind Russell. Each of them has already piled up an advance of between three-quarters of a million and a million dollars. I've sold 'Happy Hunting' to fourteen full-house parties, and I understand it's booked practically solid with benefits every night of the week except Friday and Saturday—mail orders and ticket agents get the seats those nights—from December, when it opens, until sometime late in February."

Some shows are impossible to sell in advance, Miss Tobin said. "The Madwoman of Chaillot" was nearly a total failure as far as theatre parties went. So was Arthur Miller's "The Crucible." So was "The Diary of Anne Frank." "I thought the 'Anne Frank' script was one of the finest scripts I'd ever read," Miss Tobin said. "I tried to sell it to a thousand organizations—a *thousand!*—and got not a single nibble. There's a show coming up in free verse called 'Night of the Auk,' by Arch Oboler. I like the sound of it, and it's got some fine names—Claude Rains and Wendell Corey. I could sell it on the names, but I don't know. People scare easy when it comes to free verse."

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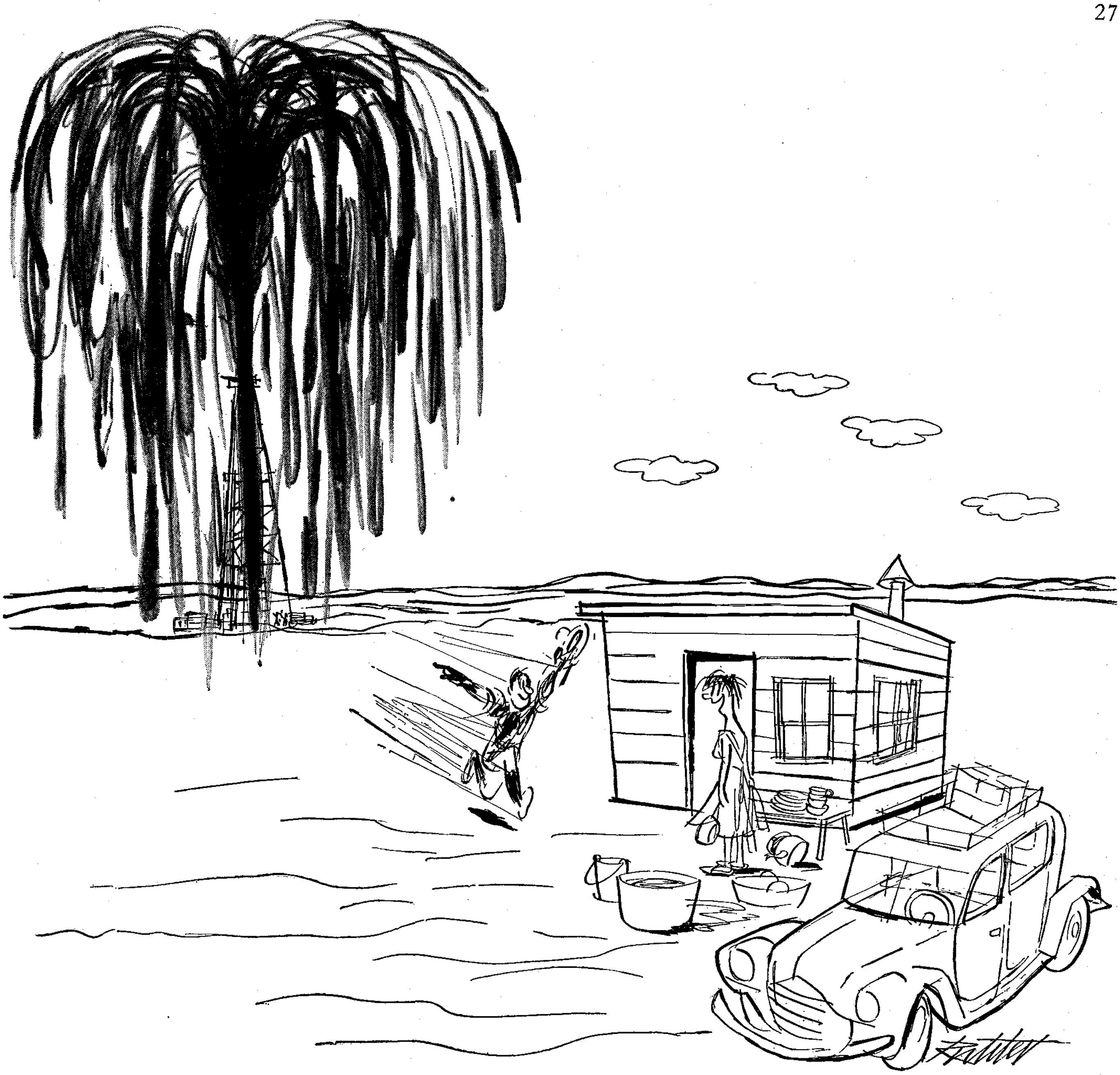
OVERHEARD in Bergdorf Goodman, mink to sable: "Oh, let's go down to Macy's and just look around."

Upper Reaches

OUR man Stanley, wearing the expression of a man who has been into something over his head, came by the office the other day and deposited the following dispatch:

"Went over to Coliseum not long ago to observe annual Instrument-Automation Conference and Exhibit. Several hundred firms, several universities, demonstrating various electronic devices. These things no longer wave of future—these things part, parcel of TODAY. Coliseum tangled mass of booths filled with instruments, clicking counters, valves, vacuum tubes, transistors, and sounds of whoosh, pop, wheeglub, golzok, and blub. Picked up some literature near entrance: 'Use of the Titrilog in Air Pollution Studies,' 'Differential Photoelectric Colorimeter for Continuous Process Control,' 'Electronic Device for Measuring Reciprocal Time Intervals,' 'The Effect of a Logarithmic Element in an Otherwise Linear Process Control System.' Big deal. Put literature in pocket for bedside reading. Crowds of scholarly-looking people surging through hall. Stopped before booth exhibiting scintillation probes for detecting gamma-emitting isotopes. 'What scintillates?' I asked scholarly-looking young man in booth. Scholarly-looking young man not amused. 'It deals with thyroid-uptake studies and radioactive iodine,' he said. Moved along. 'Try our Cutie Pie,' said scholarly-looking young man in next booth. 'Cutie Pie is an instrument for measuring radioactivity, used for monitoring radioactive areas in hospitals and industry.' Man handed me instrument resembling outsize flashlight. 'Now, watch,' said man, taking small white disc from counter and placing it directly in front of Cutie Pie. Cutie Pie instantly scintillated, went clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-click. 'The disc is radioactive,' said man. 'Safe for you to handle?' I asked. Man's eyes narrowed. He wet his lips. 'One should not keep it in one's pocket too long,' he said. Moved along rapidly to Fenwal exhibit, showing large picture of rocket on moon, earthmen swarming around rocket. 'They have landed on the moon and are about to return to the earth,' said scholarly-looking Fenwal man. 'We manufacture precise thermal instrumentation.' 'Planning any moon trips?' I asked man. 'Not me. I'm in the home office,' said man.

"Moved along. Stopped before spectrophotofluorometer. 'Activation and fluorescence,' said young man. Stopped in front of Beckman gas analyzers. 'PARAMAGNETISM,' said sign. Asked scholarly-looking young man in booth about paramagnetism. Young man looked as though he had been slapped in face. 'It's opposed to diamagnetism,' he said. Passed digital read-out computers. Computers having field day computing, clicking like Cutie Pies—22222222248, 22222222249, 22222222250. Passed machine like radar. Asked schol-



"It's wonderful, Harry! How late does Neiman-Marcus stay open?"

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arly-looking young man in booth whether this was radar. 'Heavens, no, man!' he said. 'This ferroelectric analyzer is filled with charges. An extraordinary memory machine, truly remarkable. When we want a question answered, the correct answer will show as a perfect square of green lines on the glass front.' Man went on to say machine has better memory than elephant—never forgets *anything*. 'When will it start losing its grip?' I asked. 'When someone throws it on the floor on its head,' said young man, breaking into hollow, scientific laugh. Moved along to instantaneous frequency meter displaying reciprocal intervals between pulses. Getting into swing of things now. 'This can also be used to analyze the jitters,' said scholarly-looking young man standing near meter. 'On the tape of that tape recorder on the floor are recorded the impulses from the eye of a horseshoe crab. One part of the eye is illuminated for a few seconds, giving a rapid discharge; then another part is also illuminated, giving the decrease in the frequency of discharge.' Asked young man how horseshoe crab felt about people shining lights in eye. 'Tut!' said young man. Moved along to model of monorail. 'An entirely new principle of the monorail,' said scholarly-looking young man there. 'Our monorail is on top of the rail, rather than suspended below. This monorail is gyroscopically stabilized. The problem is purely theoretical at the moment. If the electricity should go off in the hall, the monorail would come a cropper, all right. Fundamentally, this system is inherently unstable.' Scholarly-looking young man sighed. 'Of course,' he said, 'there are so many things these days that are inherently unstable.' Felt this was good time to leave. Left."

Brighter Side

AFTER watching Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt on television not long ago, the thirteen-year-old scion of a rabidly Republican family announced to his mother and father that he thought she was very nice. The father began to sputter ominously. "Now, don't get excited, dear," the mother said soothingly. "Perhaps Mrs. Roosevelt has some value in his course on current events."

THE BEST FOUR YEARS

"THE great majority of the American people have enjoyed the best four years of their lives under the Eisenhower administration," said Vice-President Nixon, in a speech at the National Airport in Washington. The occasion was described as "a kick-off breakfast," from which the President propelled Nixon and some other Republicans off into the nation on speaking tours. Nixon said exactly the same words in a speech later that same day, in Indianapolis, the *Times* noted, and he said them once again, in Whittier, California, before he went to bed that night.

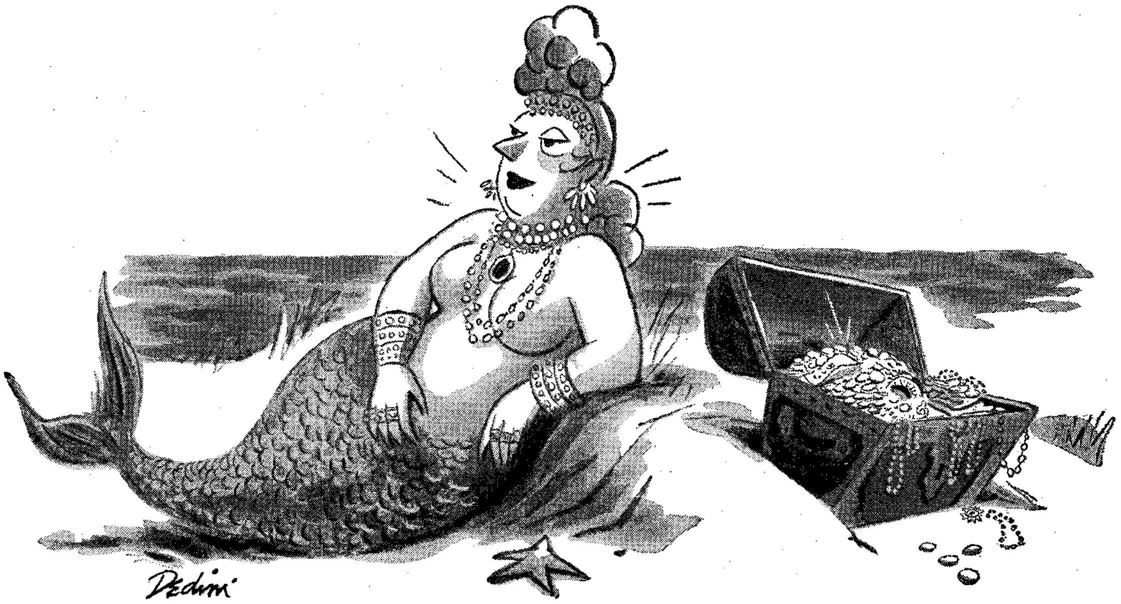
The following night, in Rhinebeck, New York, where I have settled down, I, too, went to bed, having spent only a few minutes with the *Times* earlier in the day, but I didn't sleep. I was kept awake by an effort to apportion my life into four-year periods, beginning with 1956 and moving backward. To make that effort was obviously the only thing for a conscientious citizen to do. In order to determine whether or not you belong to the great majority of the American people, you have to think about the last four years, 1956-52, and then go backward through the preceding years by fours—1952-48, 1948-44, 1944-40, and so on, depending on how old you are—and you have to think about those four-year periods and make up your mind, once and for all, which four were the best four of your life. I could stop after the 1912-08 period, because I had functioned during only three of the preceding four years, 1908-04, and, of course, you have to take the whole four years of an administration in order to come to a fair conclusion about Mr. Nixon's statement and how you stand on it. You can't take one or two, or even three, of the four years. Overlapping, either backward or forward, is not permitted. If the best four years of your life started, for example, in 1951, under Truman, and extended only until 1955, at which time you slid from "best" to "fair" or "cloudy," you can't use those four years. Naturally, you can say to yourself and your family that the best four years of your life were one-fourth under Truman and three-fourths under Eisenhower, but you can't score it. A spraddled four-year period of that sort doesn't count. The four years have to be years in which you existed under one elected President. These are known as Presidential years.

Franklin D. Roosevelt turns out to have an enormous advantage over every other President, no matter how far back you go. You can take any four years all the way from 1944 to 1932, and if those four were your best, they were Presidential years, and they go to Roosevelt. In order for Truman or Hoover or Coolidge to get any, your best four have to be 1952-48, or 1932-28, or 1928-24, with no overlapping. Truman and Coolidge themselves overlapped, of course, getting in as ex-Vice-Presidents, but that doesn't mean you can. Wilson, with two full terms, 1920-12, offers more leeway to the contestant, but few people are alive today who can remember distinctly how things were during any given four years of that administration. Before Wilson, there was Taft, with only the four years 1912-08, which, as I say, is as far back as I am allowed to go, because, although T. R. Roosevelt had four years, 1908-04, and overlapped backward, on account of McKinley having been shot, I had only three years under him when he was an elected President, because I wasn't born until 1905, and I can't use those three years.

Playing the game squarely, as I did on the night after Nixon introduced it to me and my fellow-citizens, I was forced to reconcile myself to the shameful conclusion that the best four years of my life go to Hoover. I simply have to accept the fact that I not only don't belong to the great majority of American people whose best four years were spent under the Eisenhower administration but that also I belong to a minority so minute and so palpably eccentric that members of it may easily be open to charges of disloyalty, if not treason. Even certain friends and relatives of mine who like Hoover, who pay close attention to everything he says and does, who worship the ground he walks on, don't go around claiming that they had the best four years of their lives under his administration.

The ugly truth is that I had a magnificent time and lived in an extravagant fashion to which I was not then accustomed, and am not now, almost from the day Hoover was elected until Roosevelt succeeded him. Partly by luck and partly by design, I was as far away from the Hoover administration as it was possible to get and still stay on the earth, the whole time from 1932 through 1928. I was in Bangkok, Siam, which is exactly halfway around the world from Washington. Nixon said nothing about where you have to be living during the best four years of your life. You only have to be an American citizen. I was one then, and, at this moment, still am.

IN some ways, I find it awesome how Nixon's speech got through to me, and I mean to me especially. I am referring to the first speech he made that day—the one at the kickoff. I got up out of bed about three o'clock in the morning, went downstairs and got the *Times*, and then went back to bed and read every word of the full text of it, because, having started counting backward by fours, I wanted to find out what, exactly, had led Nixon up to the statement that had caused me to start doing that. Oratory has a mysterious power all its own, which comes



across to the receptive individual even when the speech in question is only read and the sound of it can only be imagined. Nixon's speech began with an amusing anecdote about his daughter Patricia—but I'm sure everybody has heard that story by now, and in any case it has no bearing on the four-year-period system. Consequently, I won't repeat it here.

After the laughter had trickled down to occasional explosive chuckles, Nixon said:

> May I say that, Mr. President, we are glad to have you here to give us this "charge." Believe me, we are privileged to carry it out. I think that all of us should follow the advice of a man who is not a member of the Republican party, but it is good advice for Republicans or Democrats, and having in mind the fact that as in 1952 we are going to work for and we are going to get millions of Democrats as well as Republicans to support the Eisenhower ticket, I think it is well to quote the advice of a Democrat, which I have always followed and which I think is the best advice we can follow in this campaign.
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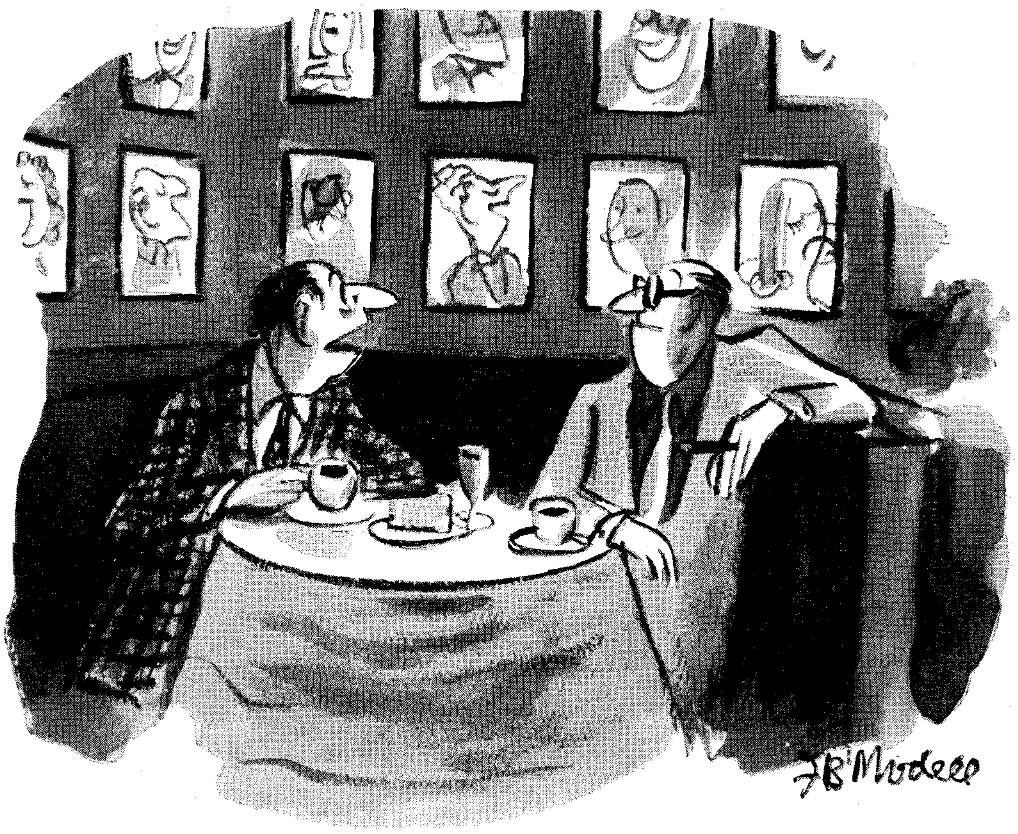
> Al Smith used to say over and over again: "Let's look at the record." And that is what...



"And then my summer replacement turned out to be my winter replacement."

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But, as far as I was concerned, he need have said no more. The mention of Al Smith brought to my mind the Presidential campaign of 1928, and it was only another pitch and a toss from that to the Hoover administration and the full realization of what a lonely position I was going to achieve in having to admit that those four years were the best Presidential years of my life.

It is not true that I left the country because Hoover, instead of Smith, was elected in 1928. It is only half true. As a newspaper reporter, I had covered part of Al Smith's campaign for the *Herald Tribune*. I admired him and wanted to see him elected President, but for one unusual reason, along with usual reasons: I had a notion that his election would weaken the grasp that Presbyterianism seemed to have on the country and on me. I was extremely self-centered in those days. I was also restless. I was twenty-three years old. The boom was on, and salaries, even on newspapers, were princely. I was making eighty-five dollars a week, plus a weekly expense allowance of fifteen dollars that could be obtained by falsehood even when I wasn't out of town on a story. When I was out of town on a story, I lived in a first-class hotel, signed for all my meals, and carried a Malacca walking stick that I used in New York only in out-of-the-way neighborhoods on my day off. I had saved several hundred dollars, simply because I had no idea what to do with it all. I was trapped by security, and besides the hotel meals were making me feel heavy. On the day Hoover was elected, I decided to take a six-month leave of absence from the *Tribune* and go around the world. Travel, I thought, would be broadening, especially for a journalist with a stick, and I would return after half a year and demand—and get—a higher salary from the *Tribune*, in view of my background of worldly knowledge and experience. Then I would go on dully saving money, and would soon be rich. To accomplish the trip, I borrowed several hundred additional dollars from a friend who had made, or thought at the time he had made, six thousand of them the day before in the stock market. The market shot up sharply because the election of Hoover was a foregone conclusion. I bought a round-the-world ticket on the Dollar Steamship Lines for something under nine hundred dollars, my first homburg, and a dark overcoat that came down to my shins. My ticket entitled me to stop off anywhere I liked on my way around the world, for as long as I liked.

The Dollar line went about circling the globe in both directions. I chose to go by way of Havana, the Panama Canal, San Francisco, Honolulu, Yokohama, Manila, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Singapore, Bombay, Suez, and on to Nice, where I intended to stop over for at least a month in order to go up to Paris and see a lot of it. It dawned on me that I wouldn't need the overcoat or the homburg in many places east of Suez, but I didn't give the matter a second thought. Having no surplus funds once I'd paid for the ticket, the overcoat, and the homburg, I planned to work on American newspapers when I stopped off, or else do correspondence for newspapers at home. With mature forethought, I wrote to American newspaper editors in Hawaii, Japan, the Philippines, and Siam. I got their names out of *Editor & Publisher*. I told them I was on my way. There seemed to be no other American newspapers in the Orient, besides those I had written to, except in Shanghai, and I was going to skip China because that country was crowded with Presbyterian missionaries who were close cousins of mine.

All the Dollar steamships, eerily enough, were named after Presidents. It was often called the President line. I got off the Cleveland at Honolulu in December, and, sure enough, got a job the same day at forty-five a week on the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin*. Within a month, I made up my mind to marry a lovely young lady who worked in the advertising department of the *Star-Bulletin.* Soon I resumed my trip around the world, having sold the one round-the-world ticket for cash in order to buy the two one-way tickets to Yokohama on the Polk. I got a job at thirty dollars a week (gold) on the *Japan Advertiser*, an American-owned English-language newspaper in Tokyo. That summer, a deferred, lengthy cable came to me in Tokyo from the American editor of the Bangkok *Daily Mail,* saying he was leaving Siam because of ill-health and offering me his job, in the name of the King of Siam. That was Prajadhipok, the one who later came to New York to have an eye operation and stayed, at a high rental, at Ophir Hall, the Westchester estate of the *Herald Tribune* Reids. The King owned the Bangkok *Daily Mail.* He usually went around barefooted. So did the foreman of the composing room, and the reporters and desk men. I kept my shoes on. The salary was one thousand dollars a month (gold), which seemed to me to be about equal to the income of Ogden Reid I when things were going well, and was, in fact, more than equal to his income after October and November of that year had gone by. That may have been one reason he was not against renting Ophir Hall to King Prajadhipok in 1931. I understand that Ogden Reid II is about breaking even these days.

In Bangkok, I received news of what was going on in this country by mail, and rather late. There was no regular air service in those days out there. When some extraordinary event occurred and I learned of it on the short-wave radio, I would stretch the editorial budget by ordering, with the permission of the King or one of his relatives, a special dispatch from Reuters in Singapore or from the United Press in Manila. Almost all the Siamese I knew were relatives of the King. They were Royal Highnesses, Serene Highnesses, or simply Highnesses, depending on the closeness of the family tie. The prince who had most to do with the paper was His Royal Highness Prince Svasti (pronounced "Sawat"). He was the King's uncle and also his father-in-law, but this is no place to go into that. After a while, all the big news stories from everywhere had to do with economics. When the United States went off the gold standard, I asked for only fifty words from Manila. No matter how many words were ordered, it was difficult to make such events understandable or interesting to my readers.

A LETTER FOR ALLHALLOWS

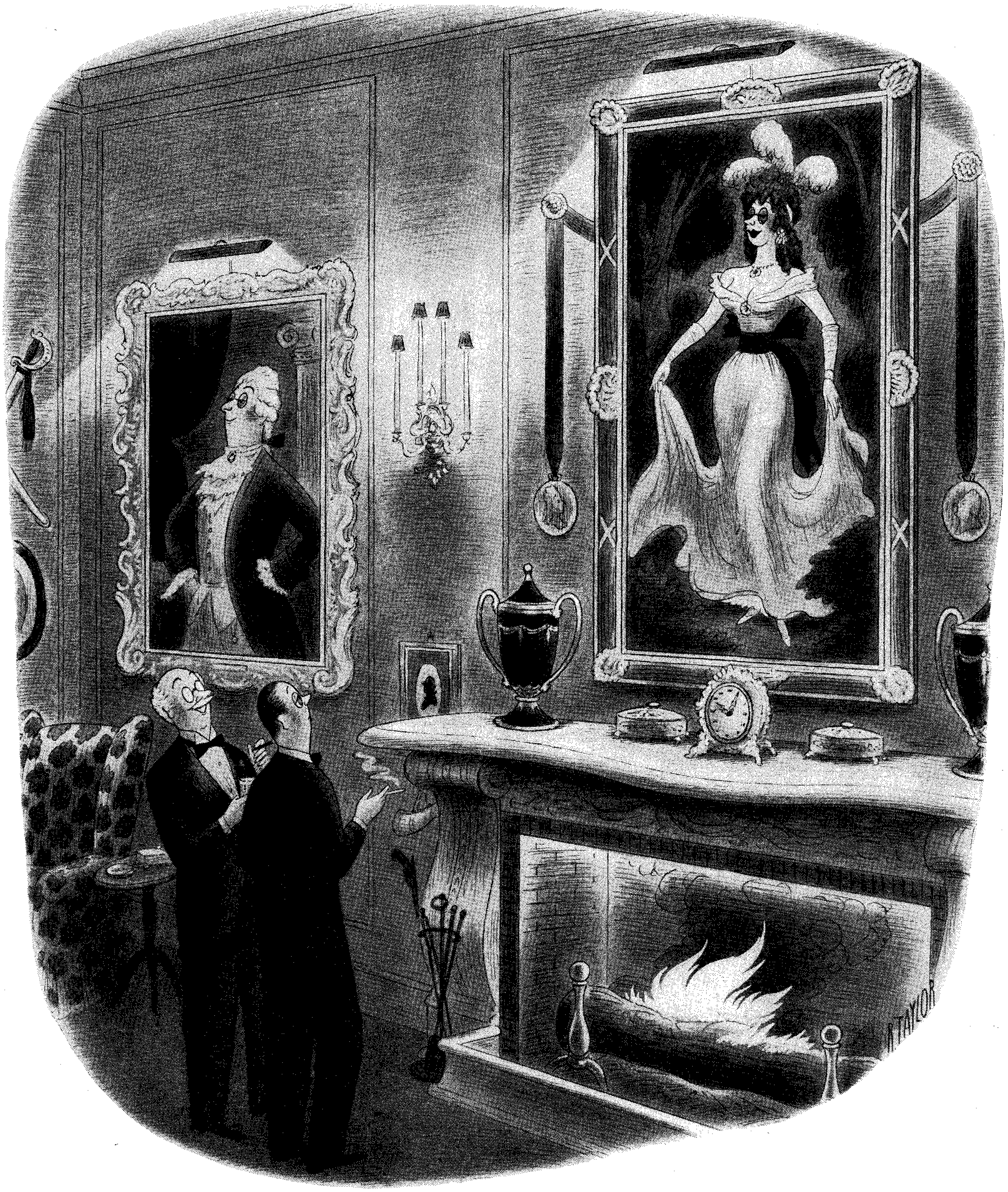
I am still hurt, Plin,
by your desertion. Now and again,
between rains, or among
sagged syllables on a page,
I am stopped by your grinning, lantern-jawed,
monkey-eared, beautiful face.
And I am hurt
because you went to war
and died right in the middle of your letters,
and never said goodbye.
And then your father followed you,
at a respectful distance,
and the great house on the hill
went for a Trappist monkery.
I hope those monks
have veneration for the juniper
and the blackberries and the frog pond
and the dust of toy soldiers in the attic
where we warred long November afternoons;
above all, for the black road that,
if I listen on All Souls' Eve, will clatter
to the gait of you riding home from the white woods
on Diamond, your horse.
The glue is long since dry
they made of him. But we mark well
he was the last of the historic horses:
Revere rode him, and Sheridan,
and Sitting Bull.
I hope the monks treat you gently, shades
galloping alongside the empty meadows,
from Concord and Lexington,
the fords of the Shenandoah,
forks of the Little Bighorn.
Surely they would not be unmerciful
and frighten away with signs and bells and torches
so young an old soldier and his friend,
who, one way or another, were made ghosts
in all their country's wars.

—Peter Kane Dufault

• •

After the first couple of months in Siam, I wrote to my former superior, Stanley Walker, who was city editor of the *Tribune,* suggesting that my leave of absence be extended for another few months because I liked Siam and was saving money. He replied saying all right, but it wasn't long before he began writing to me advising me to extend the leave of absence as long as the King's purse held out. He'd had to let most of his reporters and desk men go, he said, and the more hearty ones of those were in the apple business. The ones he'd managed to keep on the payroll were not making anywhere near eighty-five dollars a week, he said, much less a thousand dollars a month gold. He said he himself had gratefully accepted a twenty-per-cent cut.

In Siam, we had a house, a car, a chauffeur, a cook, a butler, a coolie for heavy work around the house, and a gardener. I kept a saddle horse, and a groom took care of that. About midway in the Hoover administration, we put on a nurse to take care of the baby that had appeared. The King's money seemed to be inexhaustible. However, the best four years of my life were about over. Soon after Roosevelt was elected in 1932, we returned to New York on the Taft, by way of Singapore, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Manila, Yokohama,



"Of course, by now she'd be around a hundred and eighty years old."

• •

Honolulu, San Francisco, the Panama Canal, and Havana, and I got my old job back on the *Tribune*, but not my old salary. Walker said the best he could offer me was sixty dollars a week. He said things had changed during my absence. Moreover, the expense allowance had been abolished in 1931 and hadn't been restored. Roosevelt's initial four years were beginning and, for the first time, I began to know what it was to be afraid of fear itself. I never did get to Nice, and to this day haven't seen Paris. The overcoat lasted well into Roosevelt's third term, and so did the homburg. I threw the stick into the East River in 1933. The only thing I have to add is the observation that if people didn't have thumbs, it would be easier to count backward by fours.

—St. Clair McKelway

THE BEAM

LUNCHEON at Hardpan Farm, that October Monday, seemed a sad occasion. Although, outdoors, white clouds sped across a brilliant cobalt sky, and the woods flamed scarlet, orange, crimson, and purple upon the hills, the ladies of Hardpan Farm tended to droop as they trailed into the dining room of the small sanitarium that the Doctor ran for eight patients. Not only was Miss Hay, the trained nurse, leaving on a midnight train for a supervisory position at a large rest home in Ottawa—everyone could have borne up under that—but Mrs. Harley, who had been at Hardpan for a year and a half, and whom everyone loved, was, after a couple of false starts, finally departing for home in the late afternoon. Mrs. Gleason in particular felt overwhelmed by the sorrow of separation. Mrs. Harley had become her dearest friend, and she could not imagine getting along without her.

"Everybody I know is going away at the same time," she remarked mournfully to the Doctor as she walked in to lunch with him from the front hall.

"Two persons are leaving," the old Doctor said, briskly, "no more no less. A salient feature of the neurotic condition," he continued, peering over his glasses at her like a kind and scientific old cat, "is its tendency to exaggerate. 'Heaven or Hell' might be said to be its motto."

"I'm sorry," said poor Mrs. Gleason.

"Don't be sorry," the Doctor said. "Just don't do it."

Miss Hay, down at her end of the luncheon table, was looking very chipper. She had been to the village and had her hair and nails done. After months of boredom at Hardpan Farm, with nothing more entertaining than to discuss with Mrs. Martin, the housekeeper, their joint disapproval of the Doctor's methods, she had a new light in her eyes. "Cheer up," she said to the tableful of doleful faces. "Maybe now you've had Mrs. Harley's and my good example for going away, you'll all snap out of it any time."

"In my professional experience I have yet to see good come of anyone snapping out of anything," the Doctor said.

Miss Hay shrugged her shoulders with profound unconcern. This was the last time she would be called upon to put up with the Doctor's tactlessness toward the staff.

But the patients looked at her and at the Doctor and back, with worried expressions. The thing was, Miss Hay seemed so glad to get away from Hardpan Farm. All of the patients went on the basic assumption that Hardpan was the best of all possible sanitariums and the Doctor himself infallible. Any other assumption was too frightening to entertain. But here was Miss Hay, with that gleam in her eye and Fatal Apple polish on her nails, obviously delighted to go off to a Canadian Dr. Follansbee, whose praises she had been singing as she gave the patients back rubs lately.

There was only one solution to the problem and that was to conclude Miss Hay was in error. The patients bent their brows and scowled at her disapprovingly. Miss Diggs, who was an introvert and didn't realize how negative the things she said sounded, remarked, "Perhaps you'll be better suited to your new surroundings, Miss Hay."

As Miss Hay bridled, it was a relief to Mrs. Gleason to be able to switch her indignation from the nurse, to whom she felt quite grateful for past hot-water bottles and aspirins, to Miss Diggs, who really was the limit. Imagine being so insensitive to another person's feelings! All introverts were impossible to understand, with their sudden, complete withdrawals of feeling that left you out naked in the cold, and their continual dropping of verbal bombshells—although the Doctor said they couldn't help it, and the Doctor was always right. But Mrs. Gleason felt Miss Diggs was a super-introvert.

She looked at her now with a sense of horror verging on outrage. Sitting slumped heavily in her chair, eyes withdrawn, mouth pulled down at the corners, swathed in gloom, she was crumbling bread with her fingers and dropping it into her chicken potpie. If there was one kind or friendly or cheerful thing about Miss Diggs, Mrs. Gleason had failed ever to observe it. It was not as though the extraverts didn't have their bad moments, too, she thought; but they at least didn't have to look like Ramses the Great about it. And, remembering a certain recent bad moment of her own, Mrs. Gleason looked away in renewed agitation.

Lunch over, she walked out into the front hall with Mrs. Harley, who wore the tight lips and anxious brow of the traveller.

"You look so mature," Mrs. Gleason said admiringly.

"Do I?" Mrs. Harley looked pleased for an instant. "I just hope I don't forget anything."

"If you do, we'll send it after you," Mrs. Gleason said soothingly. It had suddenly occurred to her that Mrs. Harley was scared. It was always so hard to realize that somebody whom one admired intensely, like Mrs. Harley, could also be the victim of timidity, like one's unworthy self. "I'm sure your trip is going to go perfectly," she added.

"Only one thing really worries me," Mrs. Harley said. "Suppose I should catch cold."

Mrs. Gleason considered. The apprehension was a familiar one to her, though she would never have believed that Mrs. Harley—so brave, so sensible, so ideal—could also share it. But that ominous tickle in the throat on waking, the superstitious swallowing of many pills, the conviction that the germ would prove fatal and the necessity for dissembling such a cowardly idea—these were, surely, something to be afraid of. The Doctor always said, "Laugh at your fears," but that seemed impossible. A fear was so unfunny.

"Maybe you won't" was the best Mrs. Gleason could summon.

Mrs. Harley sighed. Her lips moved, repeating lists to herself, as the two ladies climbed the stairs to the second floor, where the extraverts had their bedrooms. At Mrs. Harley's door they paused.

"Oh dear, I'm going to miss you all so much," Mrs. Harley said, embracing Mrs. Gleason.

"You won't have time to miss us, out in the world," Mrs. Gleason said mournfully. "It's I who—" But no, she could not say it. It was too enormous to put into words, her anticipation of loss. She swallowed. "Love is a terrible thing," she said.

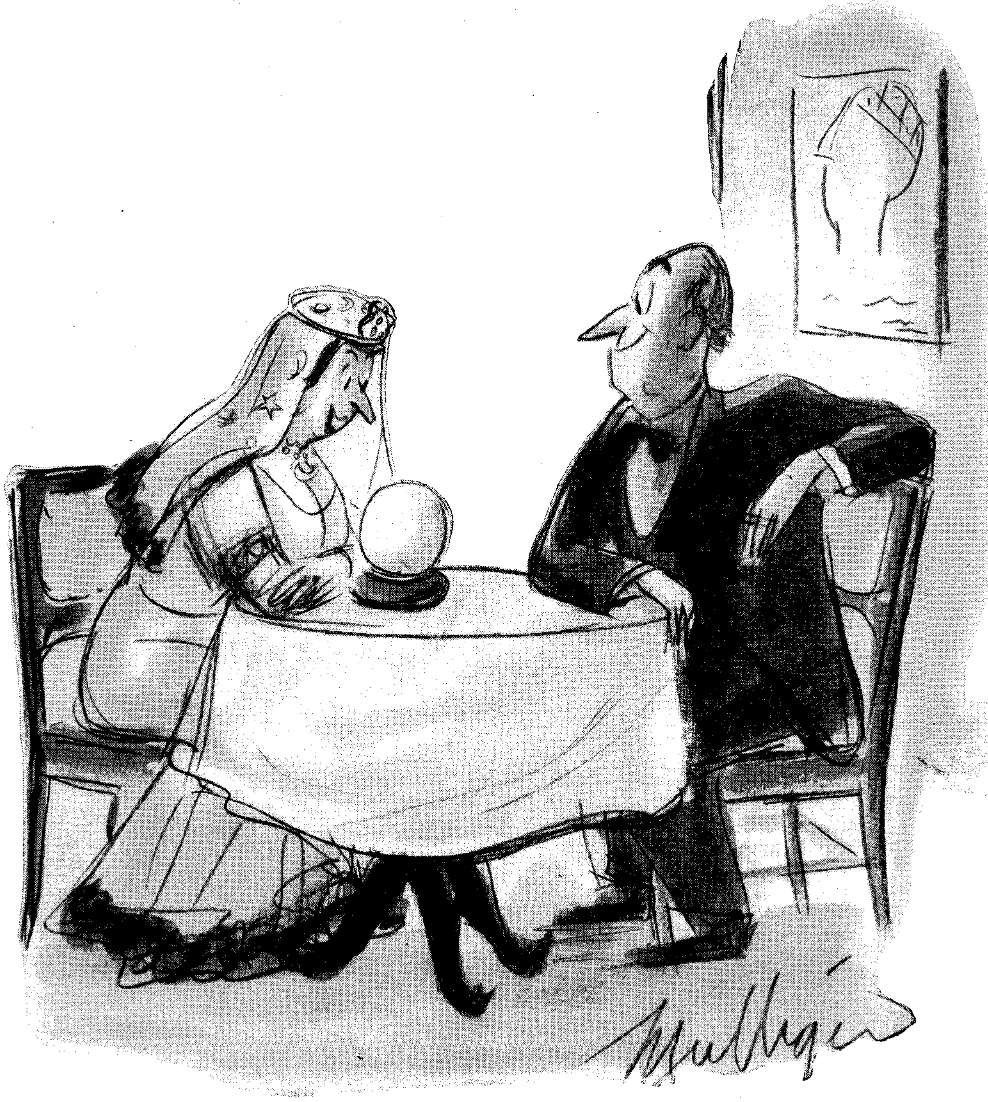
They embraced once more.

AFTER an hour's rest, it was time for Mrs. Gleason's conference with the Doctor. She raised an unrefreshed countenance, however, at his characteristically light tap on the door. The white-haired little Doctor walked in smiling. "Well!" he said. "So you went to church yesterday! That was quite far afield for you, wasn't it? You'll be getting well next."

But Mrs. Gleason was not to be congratulated. "Oh, Doctor," she began, clasping her hands and leaning forward anxiously in her chair, "something terrible happened at church."

The Doctor's face fell slightly. He sat down opposite his patient. "What now?" he asked.

"I was getting along so well, I thought. I didn't feel scared to be away



"But wait! Returns from upstate are beginning to come in. The tide is turning. You're moving ahead."

from here, and I didn't mind being alone, and being in a crowd didn't make me feel oceanic like that other time, and then, suddenly, as I was kneeling during the prayers at the close of morning service, I thought, 'I'm God.' "

She paused. The Doctor observed her trembling lip, fearful brow, and tense pose. "I wouldn't worry about it if I were you," he said.

"But *you* don't understand!" Mrs. Gleason cried desperately. "It means I'm crazy—psychotic. Psychotics all think they're God, or Christ, or Napoleon, or somebody. You told me I wasn't psychotic, but I must be. Oh, Doctor, I couldn't sleep last night for worrying. Do you suppose they'll have to use restraints?"

"Compose yourself," the Doctor commanded sharply. He seldom gave orders to the extraverts because they were apt to obey him so completely. Mrs. Gleason now sat up straight, swallowed, and retreated from the verge of tears.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"Quit being sorry," the Doctor said. "Just be sensible. You've got good sense—use it."

Mrs. Gleason was charmed. "Have I really?" she asked, almost forgetting her troubles. Then the awful cloud descended again. "But I thought I was God!" she wailed.

"There is in all being," the Doctor began pontifically, "a spark of the divine creativeness, common to all, making all akin. It is consciousness of this deity within us that leaves us free to become truly human—to individuate, as we say here. Of course, like all psychic contents when unaccepted by the ego, this tremendum is capable of being projected or, conversely, identified with. The same can be said of the archetype of destructiveness, the Devil—"

"But that's what I did!" Mrs. Gleason interrupted in fresh despair. "I identified! What I thought was 'I'm God.' Oh, Doctor, I suppose you won't want to keep me here any longer. Having a psychotic around wouldn't be fair to the others—"

"Stuff!" exploded the Doctor. "You're not crazy and you never were and you're not going to be, unless you keep on making such a commotion about nothing." He paused, noting the look of consternation on his patient's face. After all his years of psychiatric practice he was still learning that it was wiser not to employ the mildest hyperbole. "Think of it in a positive way," he advised. "Get the good out of it. The introduction of such a phantasy into awareness seems to me to suggest a coming to consciousness of your proper powers of integration and libido."

Mrs. Gleason could never seem to get used to that word "libido." She squirmed slightly. "Love," she substituted. Then she reflected. "God is love," she contributed helpfully out of old memories of Sunday School. "Unity and love."

"That's what I was just telling you," the Doctor said.

But Mrs. Gleason's recollections were leading her into troubled waters. "Love is a terrible thing," she said, as she had to Mrs. Harley. "Look at what loving Harry did to me."

"You didn't love Harry," the Doctor said bluntly. "Not to say love in any mature way."

Mrs. Gleason was wounded. "I did so," she found the courage to reply. "He was the most splendid, angelic husband a woman ever had and I adored him till the day he died. And afterwards," she added with a sob. Mrs. Gleason's breakdown had come on after a stiff two months of answering all the wonderful letters of condolence that had poured in.

The Doctor leaned back in his chair and looked at his patient over his spectacles. "He cheated you of your birthright, you know—not being willing to have any children."

"Oh, but that was because Harry wanted me all to himself," Mrs. Gleason hastened to explain. "It was just that he couldn't bear to share me with any other person. It was really a great compliment," she added eagerly. "I mean, I did long for babies, but how can I do anything but forgive darling Harry for not giving them to me?"

"I wouldn't call that forgiving," the Doctor said. "You're all on his side. You haven't anything to forgive."

"That's what *I* feel." Mrs. Gleason nodded emphatically. "And besides, Harry was everything to me, in himself. We were one."

"So when he died, you had to die, too," the Doctor said.

Mrs. Gleason winced. The memory of those days of weeping, destitution, and despair when she had first come to Hardpan Farm was still terrible to her.

"I suppose it was the price I had to pay for having such a wonderful life," she said bravely.

"Fiddlesticks," said the Doctor. "By that token, every happily married woman should commit suttee when her husband dies."

"I always thought suttee was a very appreciative tribute," she said, looking stubborn. "You're trying to make me believe I should get mad at darling Harry."

"I'm sure Harry was a very fine man," the Doctor said gently. "But you don't ever seem to have realized that you weren't such a bad person yourself."

"Oh, a good wife hasn't time to waste thinking about herself," Mrs. Gleason replied instantly, with intense conviction. The Doctor sighed.

"If you'd wasted a little more time then, you wouldn't have to waste so much time now. I don't mean waste," he contradicted himself. "Nothing is ever wasted. Let's say it wouldn't be so hard for you to find a place for the other side of yourself. Old bad habits," commented the Doctor. "Have you got any dreams for me?"

Mrs. Gleason went to her bedside table and got out her loose-leaf notebook. She had been too distraught to have it ready on her lap, as was her custom, at the Doctor's entrance. She turned over its pages to the latest entry.

" 'I was back in our old summer house on the Jersey coast,' " she read. " 'It was all just the same as when I was a child—the wind making the shingles flap, and the sand sifted into the straw matting on the floors.' I'd forgotten about that," she interpolated. "Isn't it amazing how things come back to you in a dream?"

"The unconscious has everything in it," the Doctor proclaimed. "Nothing is ever lost."

" 'We went down to the beach to spend the day,' " Mrs. Gleason read on, " 'carrying the picnic baskets and the rugs and the beach umbrella. Daddy was wearing a full dress suit and white tie, with a silk hat. We children and Mother had on bathing suits.' Mother always wore long black stockings with hers, although most people had stopped doing that by the time I came along. But Mother was always so prudish. Anyway, 'We made our little encampment on the sand and started down toward the water, just the way we always did—Daddy first, and then us children, and Mother behind to make sure nobody got lost or drowned or anything. She always worried so about our drowning.

" 'But in the dream it was Mother who got drowned. Daddy drowned her. He took her by the shoulders and held her under water until she disappeared. We children floated in a row and watched, and when he'd got rid of her Daddy turned around to us, treading water with his silk hat on, and said, "You see how I always have you children's interests at heart." We all started to swim in to the beach to have lunch, but as I put my feet down at the water's edge I turned around, and there was Mother, rising from the water like a wraith. Only she was alive. She looked perfectly beautiful.' I know what she looked like!" Mrs. Gleason exclaimed. "She looked like that picture—Botticelli's Venus."

"Gracious," said the Doctor. "That was quite a change in Mother, wasn't it?"

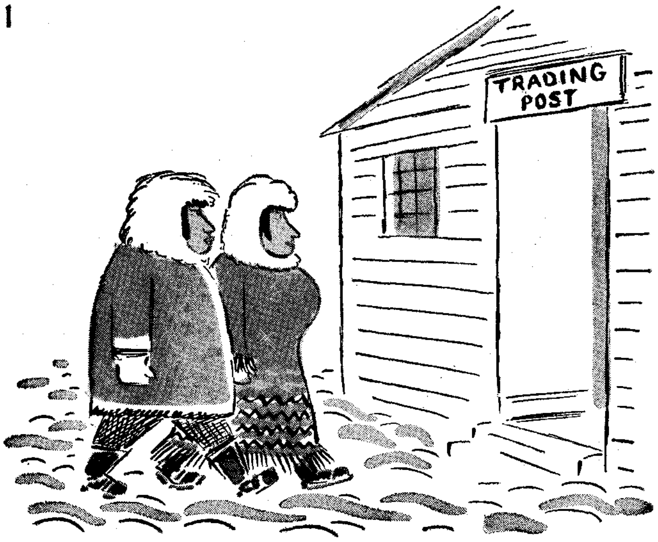
"Yes," Mrs. Gleason said. "Mother usually had so many clothes on."

"I'd call that a good dream," the Doctor commented. "Something is certainly evolving in your psyche."

"Of course, Daddy would never really have raised a hand against Mother," Mrs. Gleason felt it necessary to insist. "He was always the most perfect gentleman."

"So your dream says. You realize, don't you, that in these dreams of yours the imagoes are not to be taken as objective persons, even in the subjective sense in which you experienced them in reality? The dream figures should be interpreted, rather, as aspects of your own total self, and the arrangement which you make of them in dreams represents an effort at assimilation and synthesis."

"Yes, I know." Mrs. Gleason nodded. He had repeated it a hundred times before in the course of her analysis. But on this occasion, as once in a while did happen, she suddenly grasped what he was saying. "You mean Mother and Daddy and the other children and all the people in my dreams are the same thing as what they mean to me."



The Doctor drew a long breath. These were the moments that kept him going. "That's right," he said.

"Then in real life isn't what I feel about a person the same thing to me as the person?" Mrs. Gleason proceeded intently. "Or what I feel about a thing?"

"Now you're cooking with gas," the Doctor said. "Did you ever hear of Bishop Berkeley?"

"No," she said. She cogitated a moment longer. "Then I'm the center of the universe!" she declared.

"You certainly are as far as you're concerned," the Doctor said. "With all the penalties for so being."

But Mrs. Gleason was way beyond penalties. "All I have to do is to dispose of my feelings as I see fit," she continued, with some hauteur.

"That's all," the Doctor said dryly.

HER hour of analysis over, Mrs. Gleason walked up the road to the Goose Farm, practicing being the center of the universe. It was hard to keep from breaking into a skip, but skipping seemed so immature. Her heart floated like a silver balloon over the tops of the fiery trees and up into the sky to join the fleecy white clouds scudding before a strong October breeze. The sky's the limit, she remarked inwardly, and was struck by the deep significance of the words.

It was most gratifying to reflect that the beauty all around her was only there because she was, too. The paper-white birches that bordered the dirt road, with their delicate nimbuses of golden leaves, the blazing oaks, the maples, their foliage overlapping like shingles along the boughs in every delirious shade of yellow and pink and rose and magenta and claret; the hills that stood up against the horizon wearing crowns of gold and

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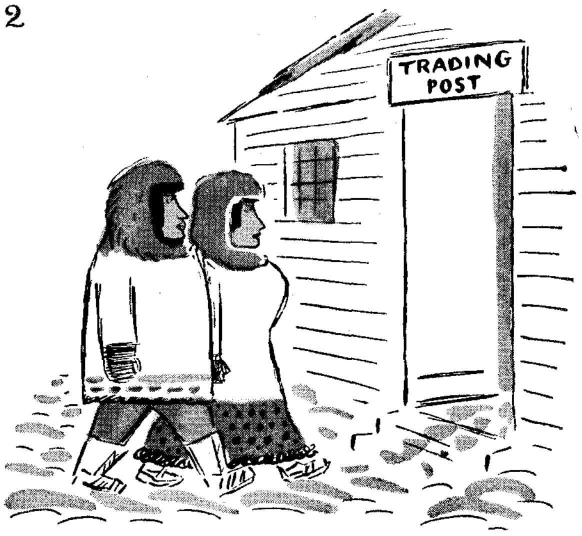

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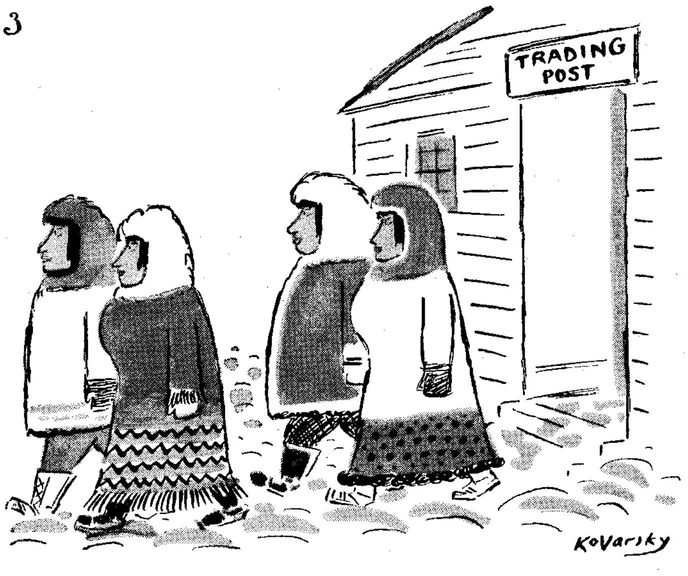


fire: close her eyes and all of this had gone away, was not—for her, at least—there. Open her eyes again and the world was once more invested with glory.

It was, she thought, as if from her eyes to the world were thrown a beam along which travelled all this wonder; as though colors, textures, patterns, and shadows were motes, emanating from her, that danced along the beam to light upon objects that, unlighted, were blank and characterless. Whee! thought Mrs. Gleason, drunk with power, and permitted herself four small skips. Then she looked to make sure nobody had seen.

As she approached the gate to the farmyard, she saw the Goose Farm cows being driven up from the fields, through a gap in the stone wall, and on down the road toward the gate. Mrs. Gleason stepped discreetly aside, where the angle of the stone wall and two trees made a shelter. For all she had learned to love the cows, there was something very alarming about the way they tossed their horned heads. With relief she spied Howard, the farmer, coming up over the hill with a switch in his hand. She had great confidence in Howard's ability to control his cows.

From her safe point of vantage she continued to admire the manner in which the cows made their slow progress along the road, with a little scurry now and then when one cow bumped another. A cow walked with a certain awkward elegance, she thought; with each final step of a hind leg it would hike up one bony hip in a lazy rhythm. Mrs. Gleason had never quite screwed her courage up to ask to be allowed to herd the cows. Instead, she often pictured herself in a situation of emergency where it would devolve upon her to do the herding. She could visualize descending the hill to the river, near which the cows grazed; giving a knowledgeable tap of the switch to a recalcitrant flank; calling out a self-assured "Co' boss." But only occasionally could she make the episode end with herself successfully herding the creatures into the barnyard. More often the story developed into a rout by an irate cow who chased her ignominiously across fields and over stone walls.

"Hello, Howard," she called as the farmer came abreast of her. "How are you?"

"Nothin' extry," the thin, leather-faced old man replied. "Got the rheumatics from them cold nights."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Mrs. Gleason said, suffering for him.

"I ain't a-pinin'," he said. She felt abashed.

"Isn't it early in the afternoon to be driving the cows up?"

"Bringin' 'em up for good," Howard said. "Goin' to stay to hum now it's frostin' up, ain't you?" And, giving a flick to a nearby haunch with his switch, he passed on through the gate toward the cow barn. Mrs. Gleason followed at a cautious distance—as ever, fascinated by the life of the barnyard. The rules governing everything—a time for milking, a month for lambing, a day for shearing, a time for bringing the cows up in the fall—made it into a special world, and it had been Mrs. Gleason's delight, since she was well enough to take walks, to watch its seasonal observances.

In the big barn, its lofts supported by heavy notched beams, she contemplated the cows as they were fastened into their stanchions, settling down to the calm chewing of their cuds. "Do they like coming back up here to stay?" she asked.

"Yep," Howard said.

"But how do you know they wouldn't rather walk around in the pasture longer? It's still lovely out."

"A cow don't want to do a mite more'n she got to," Howard said. "That's cowkind."

"Howard, if I come back later can I milk?" Mrs. Gleason asked eagerly. She was very proud of this new accomplishment.

"Guess you will if you got a mind to," replied Howard graciously. He walked out of the barn carrying a pail in either hand.

BUT later that afternoon, alas, Mrs. Gleason was in no shape to milk or, indeed, to do anything but lie prostrate on her bed. She need not have worried so about being God.

Mrs. Harley had taken her departure at five o'clock; the patients, the Doctor, Miss Hay, and Mrs. Martin had all gathered outside the front door in the chilly dusk to see her off in the farm station wagon, which would drive her to the train.

"Oh, darling," cried Mrs. Gleason, throwing her arms around her friend. "What am I going to do without you?"

Mrs. Harley was affectionate but abstracted. "Dear old Hardpan," she said, looking up at its silhouette against the sky. She leaned slightly, within Mrs. Gleason's embrace, in the direction of the waiting car.

Mrs. Gleason was overcome by a sense of Mrs. Harley's perfections, her irreplaceability. "I don't see how I'll stand it with you gone," she insisted, imprinting one more kiss upon Mrs. Harley's cheek.

"Oh, for goodness' sake," Miss Diggs said crossly; she was waiting to shake hands. "You don't mean all that gush."

Mrs. Gleason was so offended that she started as if she had been physically struck. She stood aside and let the others approach. With one hand pressed to her cheek, she watched as Mrs. Harley climbed into the car and it started down the rutted road, the rays from its headlights bobbing into the twilit distance. Then she turned to go in.

Miss Diggs, who always strode along head down, without looking where she was going, pushed past Mrs. Gleason and entered the house first.

Mrs. Gleason looked at her disappearing back with bitter resentment. All her feelings seemed to come together in a sort of arch over her head and then to explode into a million fragments. "I will never forgive her" passed like a dying thought across her mind as she went blindly upstairs and into her bedroom.

THE sea into which Mrs. Gleason had fallen from the fragmentizing arch was not unfamiliar to her. It was dark, boundless, rhythmically tossing; and she had been in it for weeks when she first got to Hardpan Farm, after the great arch that seemed to suspend her after Harry's death had also exploded and dropped her into the dreadful deep.

"Result of unfaced emotional conflict," the Doctor had said. "If you won't settle your own problems, in this world, Nature settles them for you. Just try to relax," he had advised; but relax seemed the one thing that could least be done within this yielding element, for surely then she would be lost—become formless, fluid, too. To be able to swim would be the ideal thing, Mrs. Gleason thought desperately; but how did one go about swimming in a state of mind?

What made it worse this time was the conviction that she was having a relapse. Now—because she had loved Mrs. Harley and Mrs. Harley was gone—she must again go through all that sorrowing, weeping, mourning, and despair. I wish I were dead, thought Mrs. Gleason, and then felt guilty.

Her door opened and Miss Hay's smartly coifed head came around the edge. "Brooding?" the trained nurse asked brightly. "How's for a nice farewell back rub?"

Mrs. Gleason raised a woebegone face from the pillow. "All right," she agreed.

"Your next R.N. may not be so good-natured about back rubs," Miss Hay warned. Then, as Mrs. Gleason only gazed at her piteously and made no rejoinder, "Not still mourning for hubby, are you, dear?" the nurse asked. She got the alcohol bottle from the bureau and came and sat on the edge of Mrs. Gleason's bed.

"Not exactly," Mrs. Gleason replied hopelessly. It was all so complicated. Besides, the Doctor always said, "Never explain." In the days when Mrs. Gleason could do nothing but lie, drained of energy, in bed—those days she feared were returning—the Doctor had been very up and down about her anxiety as to what Mrs. Martin and Miss Hay must think. "It's none of their business," he used to say. "You tend to your affairs and let them tend to theirs. Who's staying in bed, anyway—you or them?"

"Well, what *is* making us look so gloomy, then?" Miss Hay persisted. She pushed up Mrs. Gleason's blouse and went at her back with a firm palm. Prospective independence of Hardpan Farm had made her give way to an avid curiosity. Her friend Mrs. Martin was always asserting that nothing ailed the patients that good hard work wouldn't cure, but Miss Hay had her own theories, which the Doctor had failed to appreciate on the occasions when she was so kind as to advance them.

Mrs. Gleason could never resist a direct question.

"It's just that Mrs. Harley has gone away," she replied. "And I feel as if most of me had gone with her. And Miss Diggs was awful to me when I was saying goodbye. She insulted me." Mrs. Gleason stopped short, overcome with the utter inadequacy of explanations, and the suspicion that Miss Hay wouldn't understand about the dark sea.

"Well, heavens to Betsy!" exclaimed the nurse, giving a little slap to Mrs. Gleason's back and ceasing to rub. "I wouldn't call those such tragedies, I truly wouldn't. Why, honey, I go through worse things every day of my life. You know what I think?"

"What?" responded Mrs. Gleason, weakly.

"I *think* what you need is to forget about yourself. No offense intended," Miss Hay said. "You're no different from the rest of us mortal creatures. We're a selfish bunch. We just naturally don't think about anybody but Number One. But you have no idea how much happier you'd be—yes, I mean happier, and healthier, and all-round better—if you'd just give a thought to the other fellow. I'm telling you," she declared ringingly, "I've had a lot of experience as a psychiatric nurse, and I'm just telling you that every one of those patients got better the day they stopped worrying about their own troubles and started concentrating on the other fellow. It never fails."

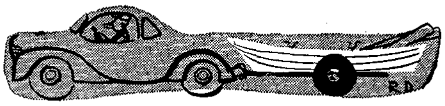
"Really?" Thinking of others was certainly a very seductive phrase.

"Yes, really. Now, I don't know just how the Doctor would put it to you, but I do know any psychiatrist would agree that what you need right now is to get up off that bed and forget about yourself. Aren't you ashamed, a big girl like you, bewailing because Mrs. Harley has got well and gone home?"

"Yes," Mrs. Gleason said. She was.

"And Miss Diggs. Doesn't it make you feel mean, harboring unkind thoughts against that poor old maid, who never had a husband or children or anything, unlike more fortunate people I could name?"

"I never had any children," Mrs. Gleason said, with a flicker of resistance.



OLD FACES OF '56

The thylacine, long thought to be extinct,
Is not. The ancient dog-like creature, linked
To kangaroos and platypi, still pounces
On his Tasmanian prey, the *Times* announces.

The tarpan (stumpy, prehistoric horse)
Has been rebred—in Germany, of course.
Herr Heinz Heck, by striking genetic chords,
Has out of plowmares beat his tiny wards.

The California fur seal, a refined
And gullible amphibian consigned
By profit-seeking whalers to perdition,
Barked at the recent Gilmore expedition.

The bison, butchered on our Western prairie,
Took refuge in our coinage. Now, contrary
To what was feared, the herds are out of danger
And in the films, co-starred with Stewart Granger.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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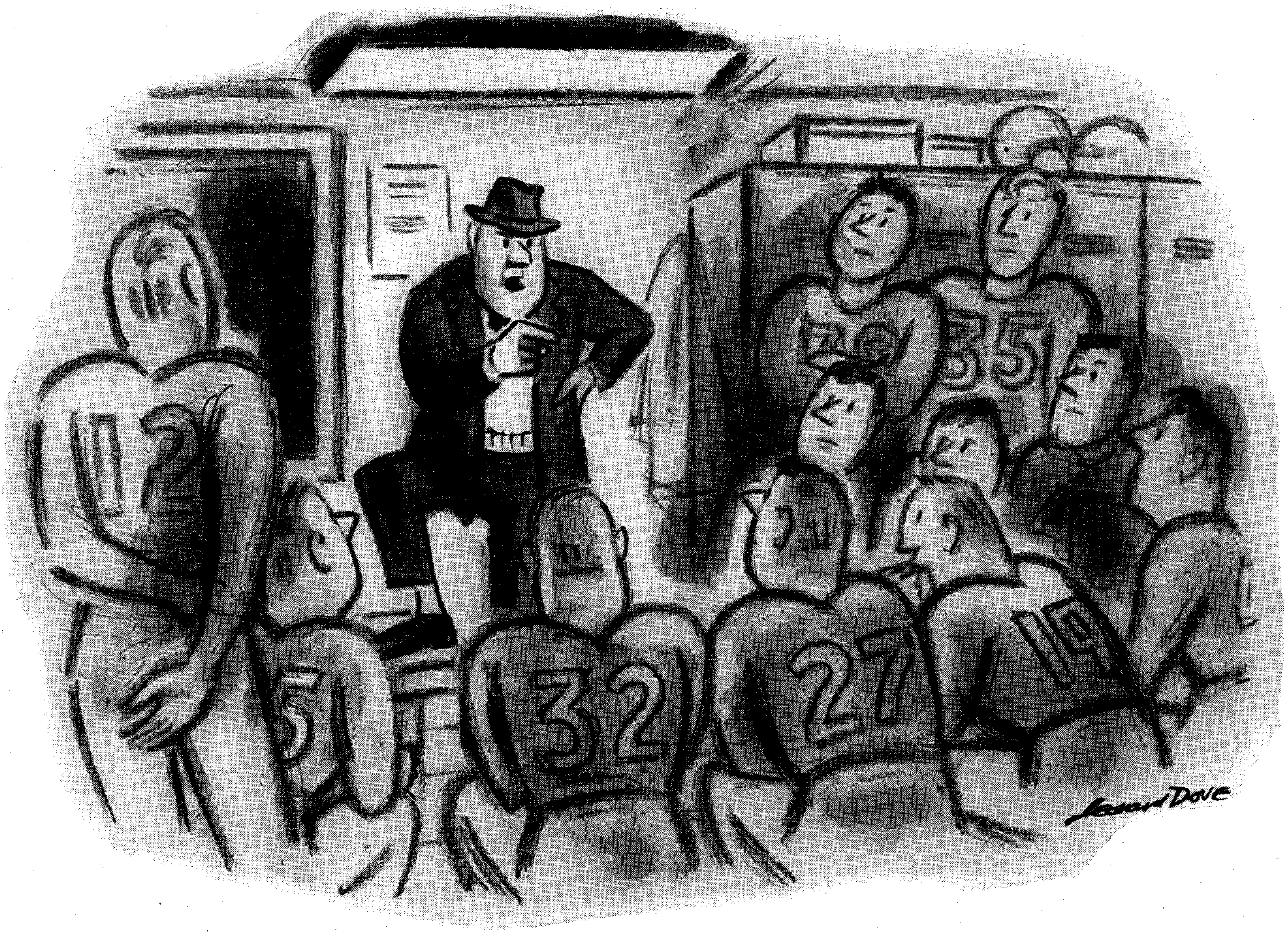


"Show me a man who gets consistent A's and I'll show you a man who is neglecting his team."

* * *

"Well, you ought to thank God you haven't had the responsibility, then," Miss Hay said. "Look on the bright side. That's Dr. Follansbee's prime rule, where I'm going. He has it framed in his office. You know what you ought to do? You ought to go to work and forgive Miss Diggs for insulting you, if she did insult you. Heavens to Betsy, if you'd been insulted as much as I have," Miss Hay said, with a reminiscent toss of the head, "you'd know that forgiveness is a prime rule. Forgive and forget. *I* never was one to harbor grudges, I just forgive until seventy times seven. That old Bible, you know, has all the answers."

This was rather a clincher, for the Doctor, too, swore by the Bible; his way of putting it was that it was the work of psychiatry he valued most.

"I'll try," Mrs. Gleason said. But she felt as alarmed as if she had promised to climb Everest.

"There's a good girl," Miss Hay said, rising. "Now, you just turn over a new leaf, hm? Say to yourself that you're going to put little Mrs. Gleason and all her complaints spang out of your head, and forgive your enemy, and live in love and charity with your neighbor, like the Bible says to. Come along, now, and I'll give you something to do for me," she added. "You'll be surprised how much better it'll make you feel."

A meek and chastened Mrs. Gleason followed the trained nurse into her room, where full suitcases stood open on the floor.

"You can be a help, putting whiting on these shoes while I go give Miss Hughes a farewell back rub. Mustn't expect to be the only one to get back rubs!" Miss Hay said archly, taking two pairs of nurses' oxfords out of a bag. She departed, leaving Mrs. Gleason with the dirty shoes and a bottle of shoe white on her lap.

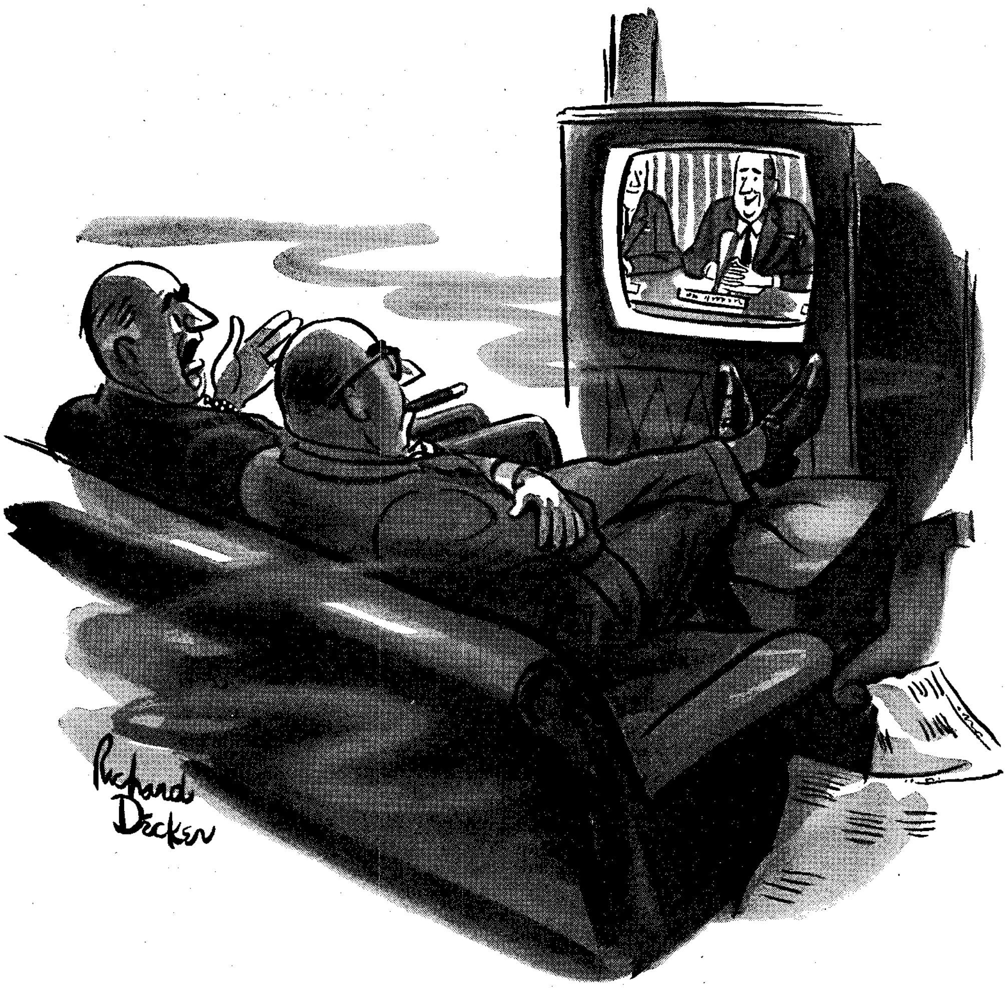
As Mrs. Gleason rubbed away earnestly, she set herself to forgiving Miss Diggs. It was a far from easy task to approach, but in it she was reinforced by all manner of voices from the past that contributed corroborative phrases, such as "There is no love without forgiveness" and "To err is human, to forgive divine."

There was no doubt about it, the dreadful sea had fallen away from her and she felt uplifted, if tense. Stop complaining of minor discomforts, she chided herself; think of others. Once more she butted her head against the Diggsian mountain. There seemed no possible path of ascent; how *could* one love, admire, forgive that rockbound obstacle?

Mrs. Gleason drew a long, quavering breath, spilling shoe white on her skirt as she did so. "I forgive Miss Diggs," she said out loud, and waited, eagerly, for the reward of virtue to set in. But all she felt was as though she had swallowed a peach pit.

It was probably a matter of getting the thing well down. "I forgive Miss Diggs, I forgive Miss Diggs," she repeated feverishly as she worked away at the shoes. She had just finished when the gong for dinner sounded.

THE atmosphere of the domestic circle around the fire that night after dinner felt forlorn—bereft of Mrs. Harley's sweet presence knitting beside the hearth. To make up to the patients for their loss, the Doctor read aloud



"The damn fool! Twenty million people listening, and he picks this time to rise above petty politics!"

• •

from a translation of Goethe's "Faust," which, since it was fiction, he considered lighter fare than his usual selections from the major psychological theorists.

Mrs. Gleason, thinking steadily of others, found difficulty in following the story; her eyes moved restlessly about the room seeking deeds of selflessness to perform.

"There is enough to know about the earthly sphere,
The Beyond from sight forever is debarred!
A man's a fool to grope with blinking eyes,
Dreaming in clouds above his fellow men . . ."

read the Doctor, and, laying the book down on his knee, prepared to expound the text, as was his wont.

But his attention was distracted by Mrs. Gleason as she bounded across the hearthrug to pick up a pencil that Miss Alexander, making a sketch of the Doctor reading, had dropped. Feeling the Doctor's eye upon her, Mrs. Gleason backed herself into her chair again, folded her hands in her lap, and blinked attentively.

"Goethe expresses the problem of the typical subjective extravert," the Doctor declared. "The passage we have just read exemplifies the outgoing, responsive nature of the type, wholly immersed in and satisfied by the outer world, until such time as the inner world makes its irresistible, if strongly resisted, claims upon him." He picked up the book again.

Miss Hughes, who was putting cross-stitch initials on towels for her brother's rectory, stood up and started to hitch her chair closer to the light. But Mrs. Gleason got there first. "Let me," she cried, and pushed the chair into the circle of illumination, retiring with a modest smile.

The Doctor, after a sharp glance, went on reading in his calm, elderly voice.

". . . Two souls, alas, reside within my breast,
And each from the other rends and tears itself.

"This famous passage—" the Doctor began, laying the book aside.

Miss Diggs required spectacles for distance, and had taken them off to rest her eyes; now she had mislaid them and was groping about in the creases of the sofa on which she sat. It was Mrs. Gleason's golden opportunity. Leaping to the side of her ancient bugbear, she began running her hands down under the sofa cushions, burning with zeal. Bless them that curse you and despitefully use you, she told herself.

"Stop poking me," Miss Diggs said uncivilly. "I've found them. You're holding up the reading."

"Would you mind telling me what the trouble is, Mrs. Gleason?" the Doctor inquired. "You haven't sat still for five consecutive moments since dinner."

"Nothing," Mrs. Gleason mumbled. She retreated to her chair. "I was just trying to be helpful."

The Doctor tipped his head well forward and peered at her over the tops of his glasses. "This is a sanitarium for sick people," he observed. "Not a Sunday school. What suddenly put it in your head to go picking things up for people who can pick them up for themselves?"

Miss Hay, apprehensive of revelations, forestalled any possible answer of Mrs. Gleason's. "Doctor, I may have dropped some remark to Mrs. Gleason about the joys we all experience through loving service," she said piously.

The Doctor surveyed his nurse up and down in detail. "I don't know what kind of joys you experience, Miss Hay," he said. "But I am quite sure my old student in psychiatry, Joe Follansbee, isn't going to experience any joys whatever in a nurse who gets the patients all stirred up. I wonder if I should drop him a note," he mused.

"Oh, Doctor, I'm terribly sorry if I talked out of turn!" cried Miss Hay abjectly.

"There is no 'if' about it," the Doctor said, with a coldness the patients had never seen before. "As I was about to point out," he went on, turning away, "the two souls of which Faust is made to speak sum up to perfection the problem of the modern, twice-born man, who must find a modus vivendi between two worlds."

Most of the patients were lost in admiration of the masterful way in which the Doctor had dealt with the fearsome Miss Hay; but Mrs. Gleason was wondering anxiously, When she goes, tonight, do I have to fall into that sea again?

"SO I heard the taxi drive away at eleven, and I stayed awake an hour to make sure, but I didn't fall into the sea again at all!" Mrs. Gleason wound up her account of the alarms and excursions of the previous day, during her afternoon session with the Doctor.

"Naturally not," he said. "You didn't care if she did go. You didn't like her. You have likes and dislikes, same as anyone else, you know."

"Have I?" cried Mrs. Gleason, intrigued. Then the implications of entertaining dislike struck her. "Miss Hay meant to be kind," she protested, worried. "She was only trying to help me by starting me off thinking of others."

"The effect you gave was more of a chicken with its head cut off," the Doctor said.

"But the Bible says people should forget about self and do for others," Mrs. Gleason insisted uneasily.

"The best thing you can do for anybody is get well," the Doctor said, as he had so often before. "And you can't forget about self till you've got a self to forget."

"Then it's only when I love people and they go away that I have to fall into the sea," Mrs. Gleason said, returning to her main concern.

"It's only when someone you've projected every earthly virtue on is withdrawn that you fall into the sea, as you call it," the Doctor retorted. "You'll keep on falling into the collective unconscious just as long as you keep leaning on these crutches and calling it love."

Mrs. Gleason's face fell at such a depressing prospect. "Then I suppose I'd better get used to it," she said, trying to be brave. "Have you any tips on how to handle myself next time I fall in?"

"Why, come right straight out again, of course," the Doctor said impatiently. "Refuse to be a party to your own annihilation."

"You didn't say that when I first came, after Harry died," Mrs. Gleason said, astonished. "You said to relax."

The Doctor sighed. "You didn't think you were in the same condition as when you came, did you?" he asked. "Be a little kinder to your ability to learn and my ability to teach you, please."

"Oh, forgive me!" cried Mrs. Gleason, horrified at what she appeared to have said. "I wouldn't criticize you for the world."

Sometimes the Doctor seemed impossible to satisfy.

"Can't you allow yourself any negative at all—the slightest flaw?" he demanded. "If human beings were made up of sweetness and light, we'd all be in Heaven. The aim of individuation is the progressive assimilation of the warring sides of the personality into consciousness—thus producing a flexible and constantly self-revising synthesis. You didn't think when you left here you were going to stop developing, did you?" he asked. "Analysis is a way of life."

"I do too have some negative!" was Mrs. Gleason's reaction to this lecture. "I just hate Miss Diggs! She insulted me!"

"She insults everybody," the Doctor said. "That's Miss Diggs."

"Miss Hay tried to get me to forgive Miss Diggs, and I did try to—but I can't really. She's so horrible. I— I'd like to bang her head on the floor."

The Doctor surveyed her with scientific interest. "The Devil is more in the ascendant with you today, isn't he?"

"But you *said* I could have likes and dislikes, like anybody else!"

"I'd say you were projecting considerably more than dislike on Miss Diggs," the Doctor said. "You need to remember that on your worst days you feel the way Miss Diggs feels all the time."

Mrs. Gleason clasped her hands and gazed ceilingward. She was in the process of having one of her insights. "You mean either too much positive or too much negative is wrong. You mean getting well is sort of being in the middle."

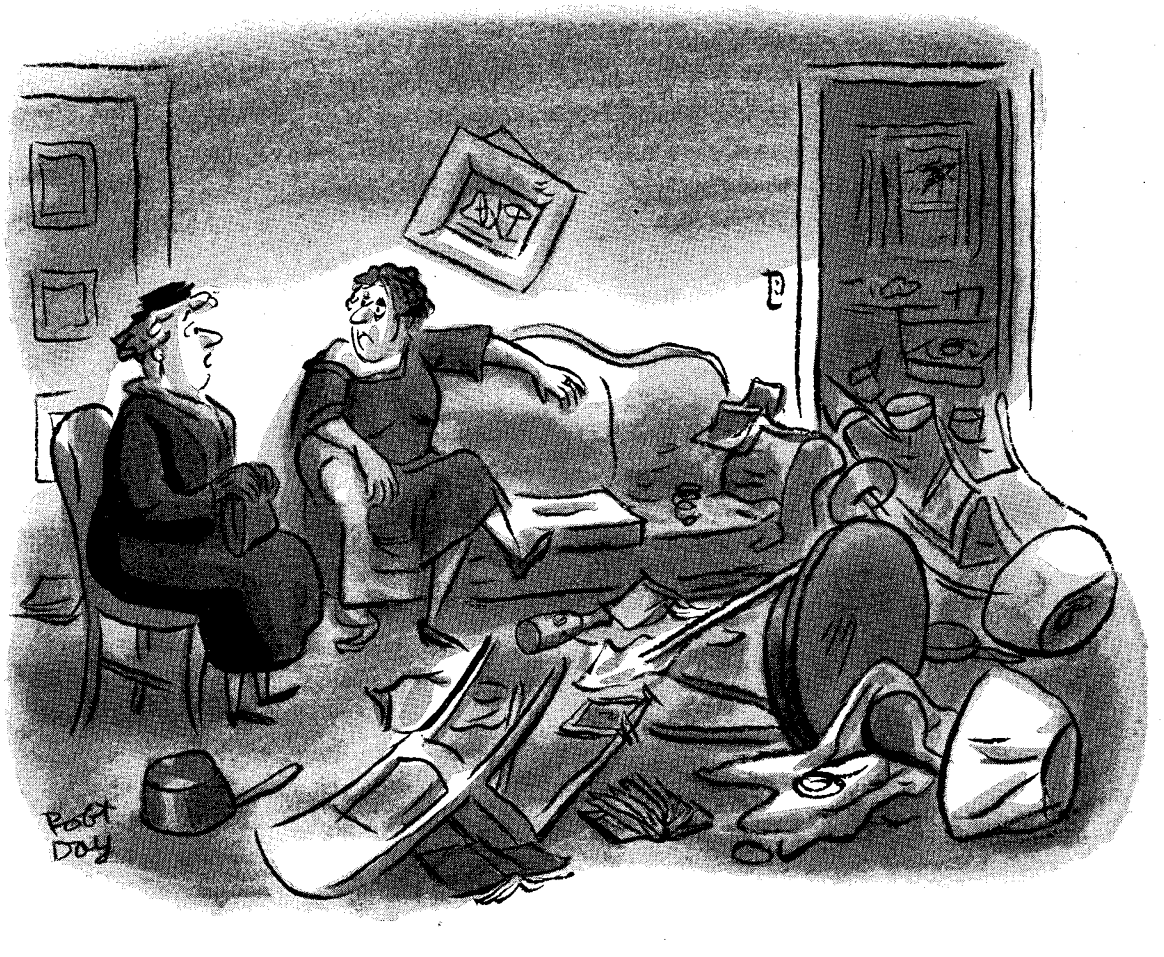
"Not quite in the middle," the Doctor said. "You have to take into account the temperament that's natural to you."

"Wouldn't it be terrible if I turned out to have a negative temperament?" Mrs. Gleason said nervously.

"Pish," said the Doctor. "You're as positive as they come."

Mrs. Gleason was so enchanted by this compliment that she would have jumped off Brooklyn Bridge if asked to. "I really will forgive Miss Diggs," she offered recklessly. Then, feeling very astute, "That's what you're trying to get me to do, isn't it?"

But the Doctor said, "No. That's not

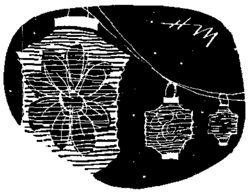


"Have you ever considered a trial separation?"

quite what I'm trying to get you to do."

It was all so mysterious. Sometimes Mrs. Gleason had the feeling that her analysis was like a detective story in which, by page 120, you were supposed to have guessed the murderer. But Mrs. Gleason had never been any good at guessing the murderer.

SHE walked up the road to the Goose Farm in the late afternoon, when the golden light of autumn was turning softly into dusk. On every hand the countryside seemed to sigh as it came to the end of one more radiant day and moved one step nearer the whiteness and silence of the season awaiting it. Twilight had dimmed the brilliance of the maples and brought out the luminous silver of the birch trunks. The breeze of evening rustled the woods across the pasture; in the distance cows could be heard lowing in their barns; far away a dog barked, sharply, into the autumn air. The smell of apples came drifting down the breeze. It was a scene of the greatest beauty and melancholy. And it is only melancholy because I am here to feel it melancholy; Mrs. Gleason remembered the beam with a sense of power.



She walked along very slowly, scuffing in the white gravel and kicking a stone ahead of her until it got lost in the dusty weeds by the side of the road. On a low rise she turned and looked back over the rooftops of Hardpan Farm, where it lay in a hollow, many-gabled and rambling, with smoke trickling up from its chimneys into the darkening sky. Her feeling moved out steadily toward it—toward the months she had spent there, even with all their suffering; toward the days of dear Mrs. Harley; toward the Doctor; toward lively Miss Hughes, and all her friends—and then the beam, which she visualized as protruding from her eyes like the ray from a flashlight, lit upon the obdurate image of Miss Diggs. Hateful old pig, Mrs. Gleason thought, and then her mind went right on: And she is only hateful because I am here hating her.

Mrs. Gleason's sense of logic, if fragmentary, was inexorable once it got rolling. "The reason she seems so extra negative is that my own negative goes floating down the beam and lights on her; so it's really my own negative that I'm hating," logic concluded, and retired inscrutably from the scene.

Mrs. Gleason was appalled. She sat down right where she was, by the side of the white dirt road. There was no good in hurrying back to Hardpan Farm for help; the Doctor had taken the afternoon train for his weekly trip to New York, where he maintained an office practice. After a moment, she began to experiment, feebly. I hate my own negative, she tried on, like a hat. Then she preened slightly, for the words awoke virtuous echoes from Mrs. Gleason's past. I just hate my negative; I'd like to be perfect, she admitted shyly to herself.

She picked up a twig and began to draw a diagram in the road to see if she couldn't make it all a little less confusing. "This is me—positive as they come," she whispered, poking a hole in the dirt. "And this is me—old negative me," she went on, making another hole, as far separated as she could reach. Then she stuck her tongue out at it.

Suddenly something ghastly dawned upon her. Who was it that was characterized by hatred and divisiveness? There could be but one answer. Why, I'm the Devil, thought poor Mrs. Gleason. I always did have a feeling I was rather like Hitler.

A cottontail popped out of the bushes into the road, looked her full in the eye, and popped back in again. Even the rabbits run from me, Mrs. Gleason reflected mournfully.

Another angle to the situation struck her: I don't really seem quite powerful enough to be the Devil. . . . But a series of even worse developments was unfolding within her mind. I'm split, so I must be a schizophrenic. I'll have to go to a hospital for the incurably insane, she finished up. Oh, for the Doctor!

Something would have to be done, instantly. But what? Mrs. Gleason looked from one hole to the other and back; she had the sensation that she was being physically pulled apart by those two relentlessly separated marks in the road. In desperation, she put the twig back in the positive hole and from it drew a perfect circle that put the negative hole within its circumference. There! she thought, feeling much relieved.

As she scrambled to her feet again, the image of Miss Diggs returned. Oh, her; Mrs. Gleason sighed under the weight of all her problems. I forgive her, horrible as she is—I just can't stand not feeling positive, she explained hurriedly to the figure of strict Justice that sat, enthroned, in her mind.

Without waiting further—for at any moment might pounce the demon of inner argument so familiar to the patients at Hardpan Farm when they did not have the Doctor handy to tell them what was right and what was wrong—she struck out up the road at a brisk pace. All around, the country stretched, lovely in the fading light, while the chorus of a thousand insects sang the long, sweet threnody of fall.

IN the barn, Howard was already milking, with the electric lights turned on. It seemed warm and yellow and cozy inside, the cows just standing there chewing, rhythmically, with a rotating motion, and the milk plopping into Howard's half-full pail.

"I want to milk, too!" Mrs. Gleason cried, fired with enthusiasm.

Howard got up, resignedly, and fetched another stool. "Some folks just can't rest," he observed.

Mrs. Gleason was abashed. "I know I should try to be more placid, like the cows," she confessed. "But I do love to practice milking."

"It's womankind to keep a-carryin' on and a-stirrin' up," Howard philosophized austerely. "And it's cowkind not to."

He stood watching for a moment while she seated herself on the stool he had put into position beside a reliable Guernsey, and then went back to his own milking of a Jersey that was young and irritable. Mrs. Gleason took hold of the long, pinkish, withered, dry-skinned teats with hands that trembled with excitement.

Nothing happened.

Disgrace loomed on Mrs. Gleason's horizon. Give down, she prayed to the Guernsey, trying hard to make her wish telepathic. Don't make me have to call Howard. Oh, please give down.

And then the Guernsey gave down. Ping, ping, squirted the milk against the bottom of the empty pail. Mrs. Gleason's hands opened and closed, pressing first with the upper, thumb side of the hand and then with the lower palm and fingers; she could feel the muscles in her wrists work. She leaned her head against the golden-brown and white flank as she had seen Howard do, and continued to milk, reflecting blissfully upon the kindness of cows.

—Nancy Hale

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Members of AIEE and IRE are invited to attend a "Coke Carnival" to be held at the Sigma Nu house on Abington Road this afternoon. The party will start at 4:15 p.m. and will end.—*Case Tech, student publication of Case Institute of Technology.*

That's what we all like to think, anyway.

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

PORGY AND BESS IN RUSSIA

II—THE MUSES ARE HEARD

ON Thursday, the twenty-second of last December, after a train ride of three nights and two days from East Berlin, ninety-three Americans arrived in Russia's second-largest and northernmost metropolis, the port city that was once St. Petersburg and is now Leningrad. They were members—or, in a few instances, guests—of Everyman Opera, Inc., the first American theatrical company ever to invade the Soviet Union, and their production of the George Gershwin-Ira Gershwin-DuBose Heyward opera "Porgy and Bess" was to be given fourteen performances in Leningrad, followed by twelve in Moscow, under the sponsorship of the Russian Ministry of Culture.

The Astoria Hotel, to which the company was driven in chartered buses from the Leningrad terminal Thursday morning, is situated on the impressive expanse of St. Isaac's Square. It is an Intourist hotel, which means that it is run by the Soviet government agency that is in charge of all hotels where foreigners are permitted to stay. The Astoria claims—justifiably, it would seem—to be the best hotel in Leningrad. Some think it the Ritz of all Russia. But it makes only a few concessions to Western ideas of a de-luxe establishment. Of these few, one is a room off the lobby that advertises itself as an Institut de Beauté, where guests may obtain Pédicure, Manicure, and Coiffure pour Madame. The Institut, with its mottled whiteness, its painful appurtenances, resembles a charity clinic supervised by not too sanitary nurses. There is also on the main floor a trio of restaurants, one leading into another—cavernous affairs, cheerful as airplane hangars. The principal one is Leningrad's smartest gathering place, and in the evening, from eight till midnight, an orchestra plays Russian jazz for a local *haut monde* that seldom dances but sits morosely counting the bubbles in glasses of syrupy Georgian champagne. The hotel's Intourist office is behind a low counter in the main lobby; its dozen desks are so placed that the employees have a broad view of the comings and goings of the guests, which simplifies their task of keeping tabs on them. It is a job they have made still simpler—in fact, foolproof—by stationing a dormitory matron on each of the upstairs floors. These vigilantes are on duty from dawn to dawn, never allowing anyone to leave his room without turning in his key, and constantly, like human time clocks, recording ins and outs in bulky ledgers. Perhaps Houdini could have eluded the matrons, but it is hard to see how, since they sit at desks that face both the staircase and the elevator, an ancient bird cage that creaks on its cables. There is also a rear, unguarded staircase connecting the upper floors with a remote side lobby, and for the clandestine visitor, or the resident wishing to depart unnoticed, this would make the ideal route. Would, except that it is barricaded at every floor with a fence formed by old settees and armoires. It may be that the management can find nowhere else to stash these pieces of furniture. Certainly there is no more room in the rooms. The average Astoria accommodation is like the annex to a Victorian attic where some poor relation lives buried beneath the family discards: a miasma of romantic marble statuary, weak-bulbed lamps with tulle shades like ballerina skirts, tables (several of them, covered with Oriental carpeting), chairs galore, plush settees, armoires that could hold wardrobe trunks, flower-papered walls kaleidoscopic with gilt-framed paintings of fruit and country idylls, beds concealed in cavelike alcoves behind dank velvet curtains—all this crammed into a tomb-dark, unventilated area (you can't open the windows in winter, and wouldn't want to if you could) quadruple the

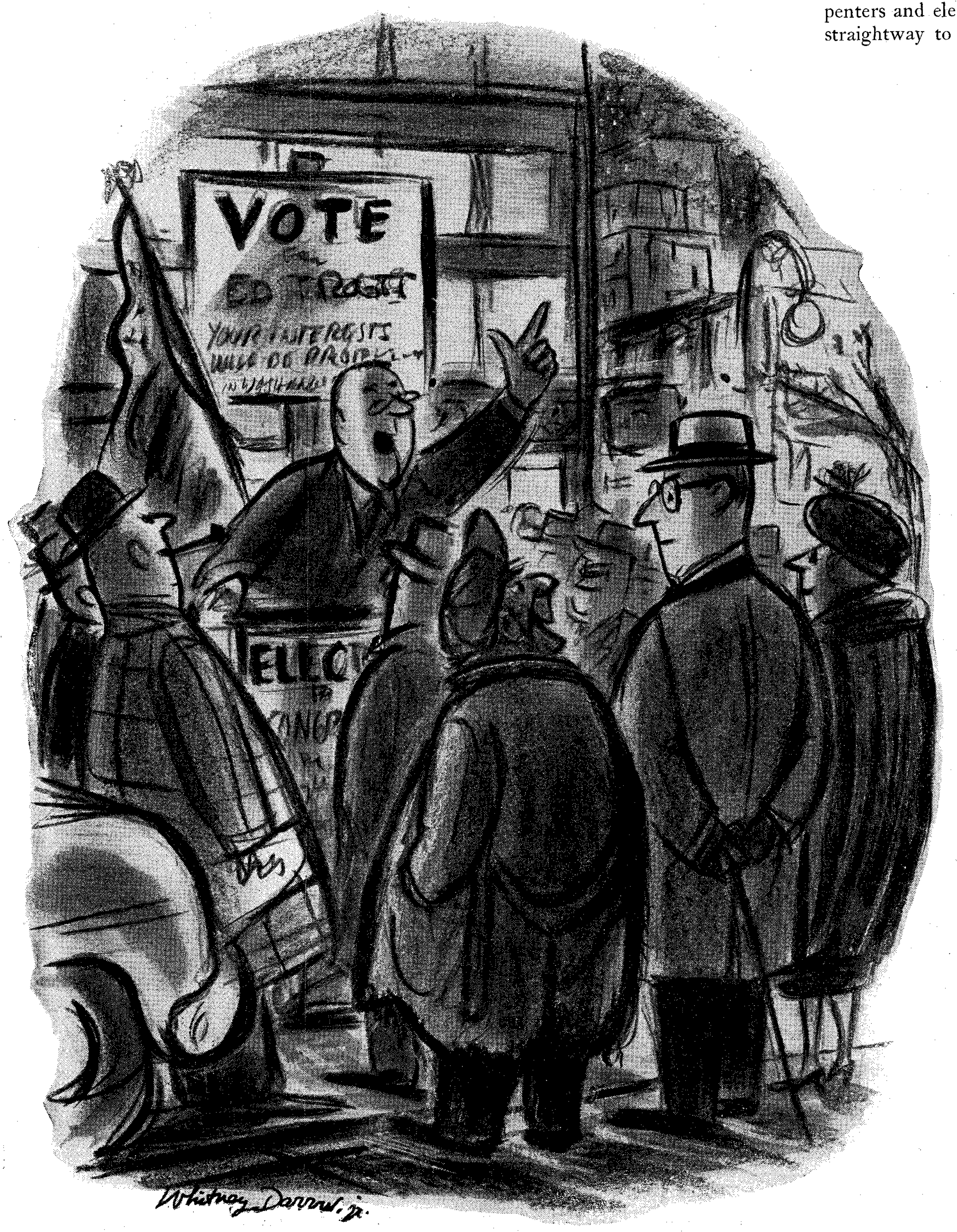
"*What dya mean, the gods must be angry? What have they got to be angry about?*"

size of a train compartment. The hotel has grander quarters, of course—suites of five and six rooms—but their décor is the same, merely more abundantly so.

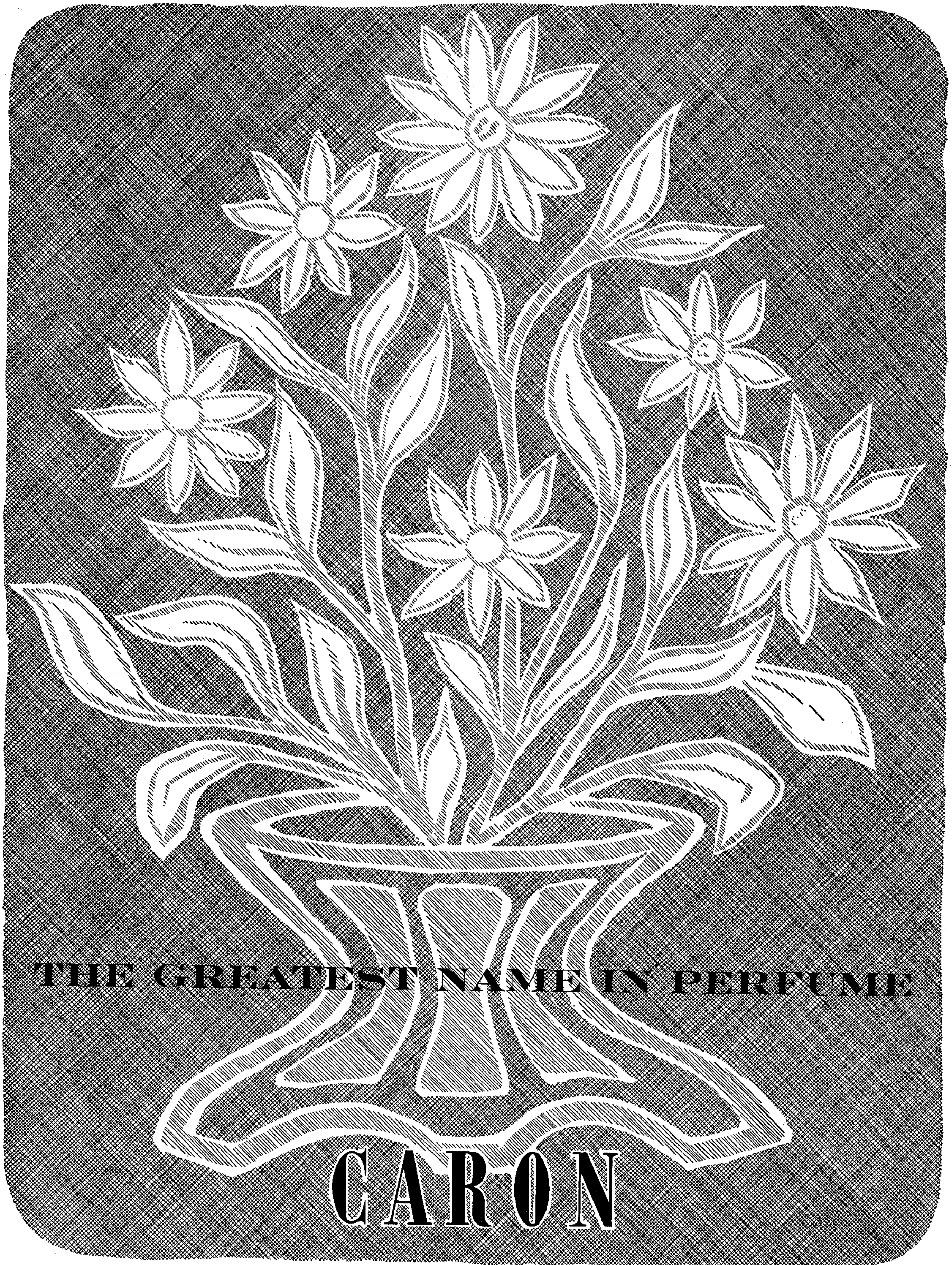
Nevertheless, the majority of the "Porgy and Bess" party were most approving of the Astoria, many because they had anticipated "something so much *worse*" and, instead, found their rooms "cozy," "kind of atmospheric," or—as one of the production's publicity men, Gerard Willem van Loon, the son of the historian, put it—"full of art-nouveau charm." But when the troupe entered the lobby of the hotel, already swarming with Chinese dignitaries and high-booted Army officers, actual occupancy of these rooms was, in some instances, distant and debatable. The Astoria's method of assigning the rooms and, particularly, the suites was governed by a protocol, or lack of one, that embittered quite a few. Nancy Ryan, the young secretary to Robert Breen, co-producer and director of the opera, volunteered the theory that the Russians had arrived at their system of room distribution by consulting Everyman Opera's payroll: "The less you get, the more they give you." Whatever the reason, several of the leading players and the prominent people who were travelling as guests of the company thought it odd that stagehands and carpenters and electricians were being led straightway to the V.I.P. apartments, while they themselves were supposed to be content with the hotel's backwater leftovers. One guest, the newspaper columnist Leonard Lyons, who was billed as Company Historian, had been assigned one of the lesser rooms. Another guest, a New York financier, Herman Sartorius, had been assigned no room at all. Nor had Mrs. Ira Gershwin, wife of the lyricist and sister-in-law of the composer of "Porgy and Bess," who was travelling without her husband.

At twelve o'clock noon that Thursday, Mrs. Gershwin, attractive, delicately blond, draped in mink, and wearing a smile as bright as the diamonds that sparkled at her throat, her wrists, and her fingers, was still sitting on her luggage in the lobby. She was being soothed by Wilva Breen, the energetic partner-wife of the co-producer and director, and Warner Watson, Breen's mild, though high-strung, production assistant, whose chief task, as he sees it, is "to get things fenced in."

"Don't you worry, baby," said Mrs. Breen, who had arrived the night before by plane and was ensconced with her husband in five rooms of Astorian splendor. "The Russians may be slow, they



"I'll buy that."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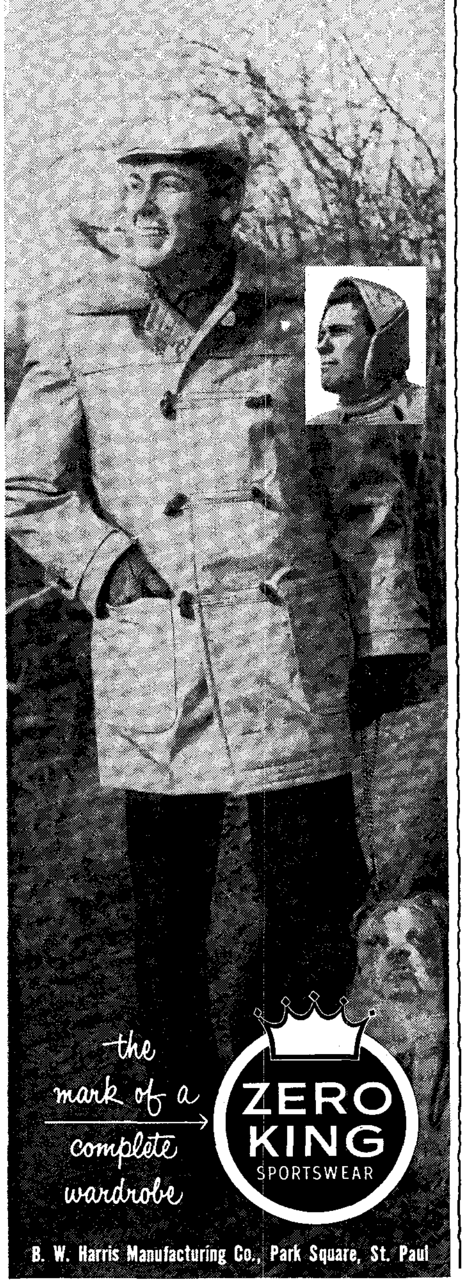
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may get things a little mixed up, but everything comes out straight in the end."

"Sure, Lee," said Warner Watson. (Mrs. Gershwin's name is Leonore.) "Sure, don't worry. We'll get this room business fenced in." He brushed down his graying crew cut with a nervous hand.

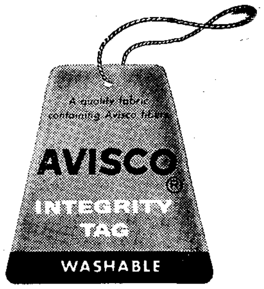
"Darling, I'm perfectly happy," Mrs. Gershwin, who makes a practice of using terms of endearment with everyone, assured him. "I just think it's so wonderful *being* here."

"To think we really made it!" said Mrs. Breen, beaming around her. "And what sweet, kind, adorable people! Wasn't that adorable when the train arrived?"

"Adorable," said Mrs. Gershwin, and gazed at a mass of wilting bouquets that had been given her and others in the company at the station by a Soviet reception committee.

"You'll have a beautiful room, Lee," said Mrs. Breen, and Warner Watson added, "If you don't like it, you can change it. Anything you want, Lee. We'll get it fenced in."

THE Leningrad première of "Porgy and Bess," an event that was expected to reap international publicity, was planned for the evening of Monday, December 26th, which gave the company four days to prepare and rehearse—a sufficient time, it would seem, since the show had been touring the world for nearly four years. But Robert Breen, who had encountered political opposition and overcome financial obstacles in carrying out what he often termed "this unprecedented project" of taking "Porgy and Bess" to Russia, was determined that the audience at the Leningrad première should see the finest possible rendering of the opera. Breen and his wife and Warner Watson were confident that the Russians would be "stunned" by the musical folk tale, and were positive that they would "never have seen anything like it." Several observers, though sympathetic, were not quite so sure about the first prediction. Aside from the fact that the quality of the company's performance was understandably frayed after so many years of continuous playing, the opera itself contained elements antipathetic to both the puritanism of Russian mores and the deepest principles of Soviet ideology. Then, too, it was feared that its story, which emphasizes the exploitation of Southern Negroes and their poverty, was apt to turn the venture into a Soviet propaganda triumph. All things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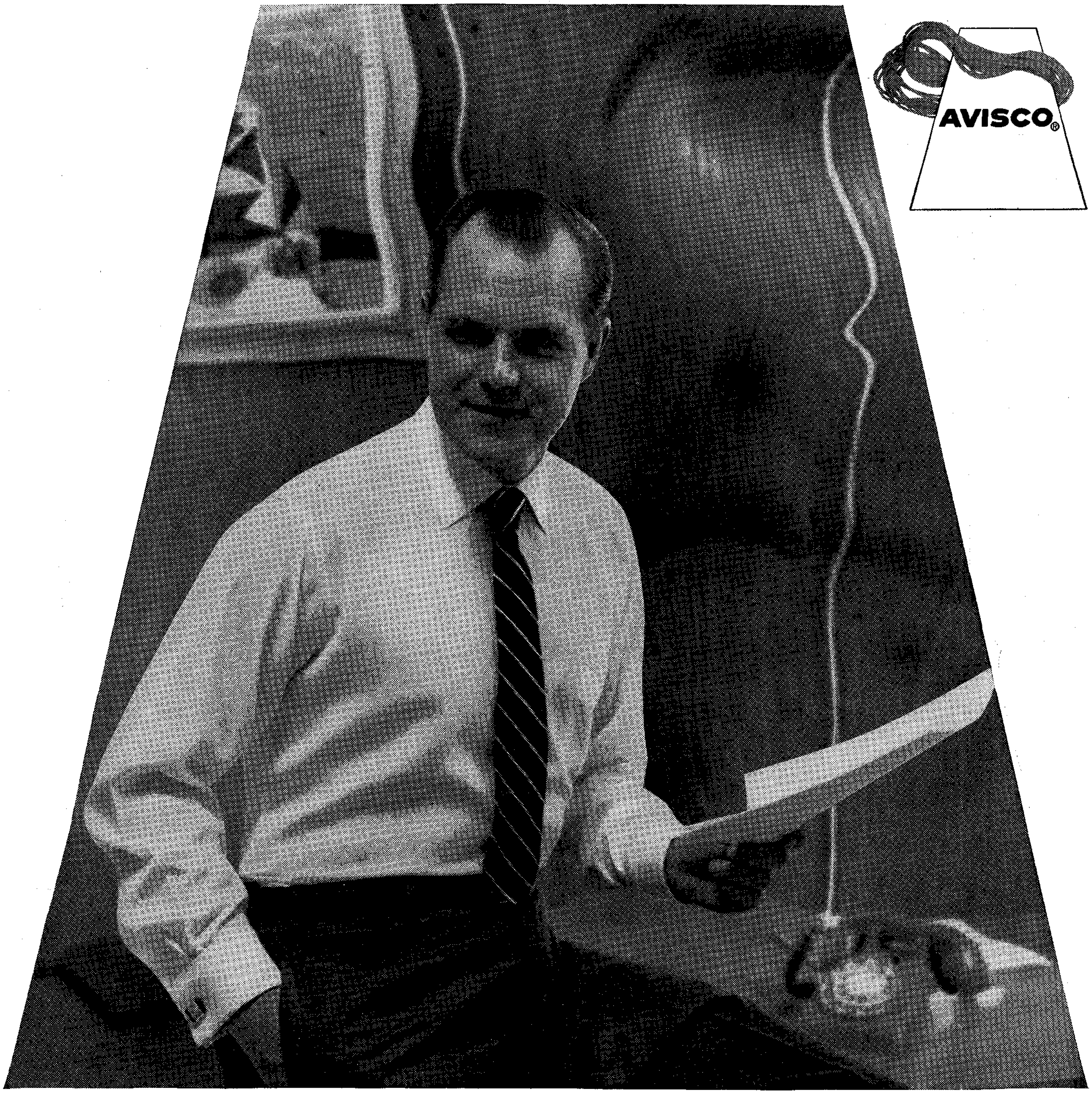

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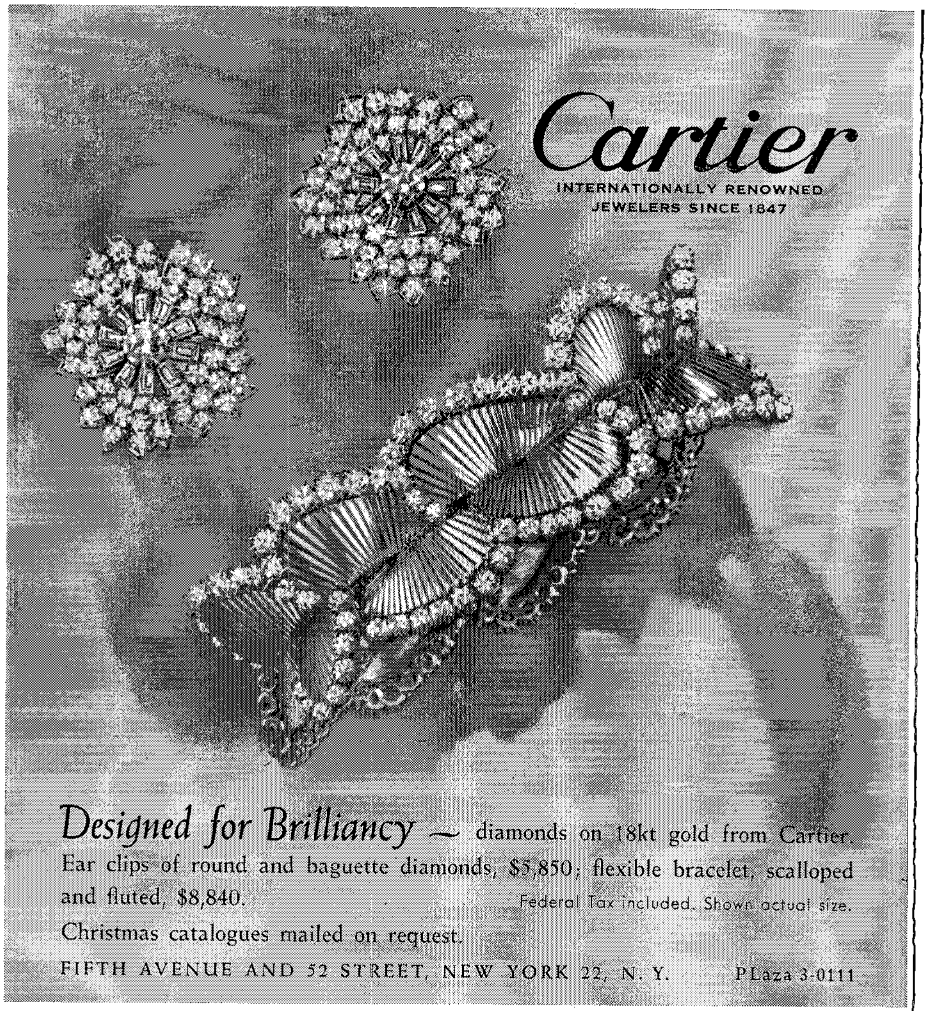

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considered, the opening night promised to be one of the most suspenseful in theatrical annals.

The Ministry of Culture had sent five representatives to welcome the Everyman company at the Soviet border city of Brest Litovsk and travel with it to Leningrad. This delegation, headed by Nikolai Savchenko, a formidable six-footer, was now, at the Astoria, in a whirl of pacifying, rectifying, promising everyone he would get the room he deserved. "Patience," pleaded one of them, a middle-aged interpreter called Miss Lydia. "Do not contribute to the misery. We have plenty rooms. No one will stride the streets." Nancy Ryan said she wouldn't mind striding the streets, and suggested to me that since we had each been assigned a perfectly acceptable room, we escape the confusion in the lobby by taking a walk.

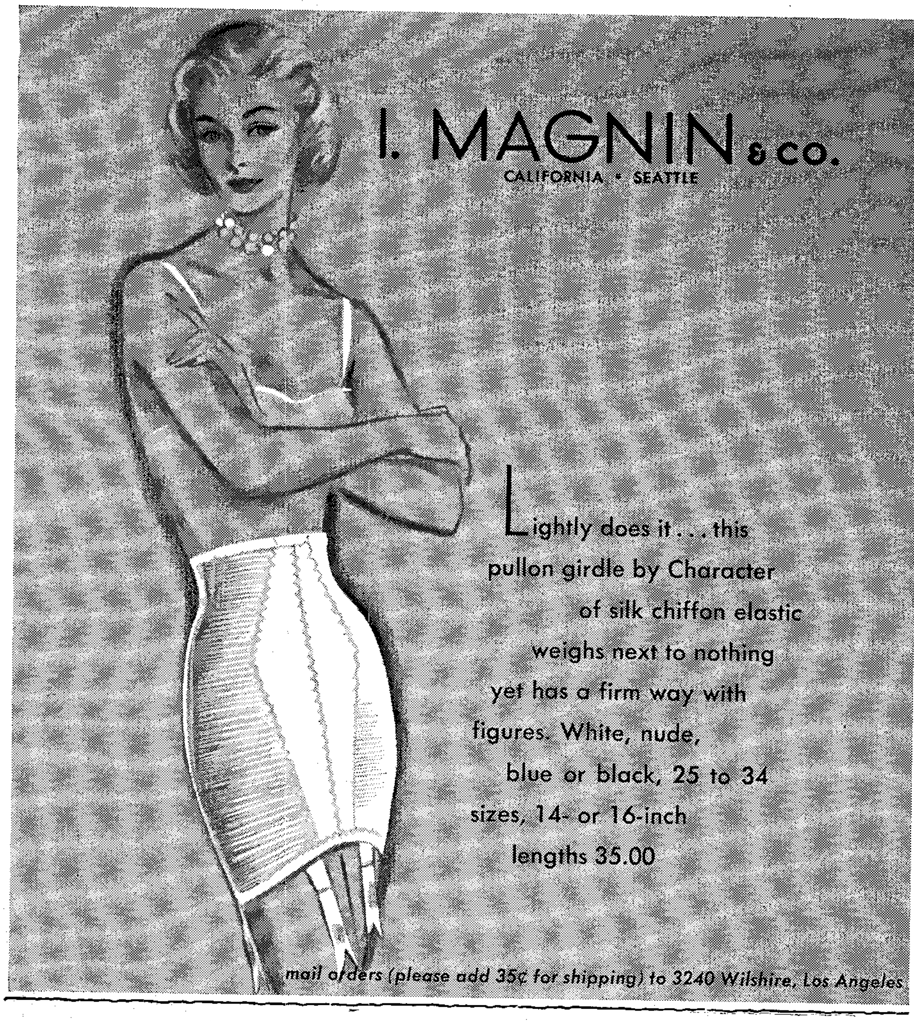
St. Isaac's Square is bordered on one side by a canal stemming from the Neva, a river that threads through the city—in winter like a frozen Seine—and on another by St. Isaac's Cathedral, which is now one of Leningrad's anti-religious museums. We walked toward the canal. The sky was a sunless gray, and there was snow in the air—buoyant motes that seethed and floated like the toy flakes inside a crystal. It was noon, but the only vehicles on the square were a car or two and a bus with its headlights burning. Now and then, horse-drawn sleds slithered across the snowy pavement. Along the embankments of the canal, men on skis silently passed and mothers aired their babies, pulling them on small sleds. Everywhere, like darting blackbirds, dark-furred school children skated on the ice-coated sidewalks. Two of these children stopped to inspect us. They were twins, girls of nine or ten, and they wore gray rabbit-fur coats and blue velvet bonnets. They were sharing a single pair of skates, and by holding hands and pushing together they managed very well on one skate apiece. They looked at us with pretty, puzzled brown eyes, as though wondering what made us different. Our clothes? Miss Ryan's lipstick? Most foreigners in Russia become accustomed to this: the slight frown of the passerby who seems disturbed by something about you that he can't at once put his finger on, and who stops, stares, keeps glancing back, and quite often even feels impelled to follow you. The twins followed us onto a footbridge that crossed the canal, and watched while we paused to look at the view.

The canal, no more than a snowy ditch, was a sporting ground for chil-

dren, whose laughing shrillness combined with a ringing of some unidentifiable bells, both sounds carrying on the strong, shivery wind that blew from the Gulf of Finland. Skeleton trees, sheathed in ice, glittered against the austere fronts of the palaces that line the embankments all the way to the distant Nevsky Prospekt. Leningrad, which is at present a city of three million, was built to the taste of the Czars, and Czarist taste ran to French and Italian architecture, which accounts for not only the style but the colors of the palaces along the canal and in other old quarters. Parisian blacks and grays predominate, but suddenly, here and there, the hot Italian palette intervenes, with a palace of bitter green, of brilliant ochre, pale blue, orange. A few of the palaces have been converted into apartments; most are used for offices. Peter the Great, who is given high marks by the current regime because he introduced the sciences to Russia, would probably have approved of the myriad television aerials that have settled like a swarm of metal insects on the roofs of his once imperial city.

We crossed the bridge and wandered through open iron gates into the deserted courtyard of a blue palace. It was the entrance to a labyrinth—an arctic casbah, where one courtyard led into another via arcades and tunnels and across narrow streets, snow-hushed and silent except for sleigh horses stamping their hoofs, a drifting sound of bells, and an occasional giggle from the twins, still trailing behind us. The cold was like an anesthetic; presently, I felt numb enough to undergo major surgery. But Miss Ryan refused to turn back. She said, "This is St. Petersburg, for God's sake. We're not just walking anywhere. I want to see as much as I can. And I'd better. From now on, you know where *I'll* be? Locked in a room typing a lot of nonsense." But I saw that she couldn't last much longer; her face was drunkard-red, a frostbite spot whitened the tip of her nose. Minutes later, feeling its first sting, she was ready to seek the Astoria.

The trouble was we were lost. It amused the twins greatly to see us circling through the same streets and courtyards. They screeched and hugged each other with laughter when we came to an old man chopping wood and begged him for directions by swinging our arms like compass needles and shouting "Astoria! Astoria!" The wood chopper didn't understand; he put down his axe and accompanied us to a street corner, where we were re-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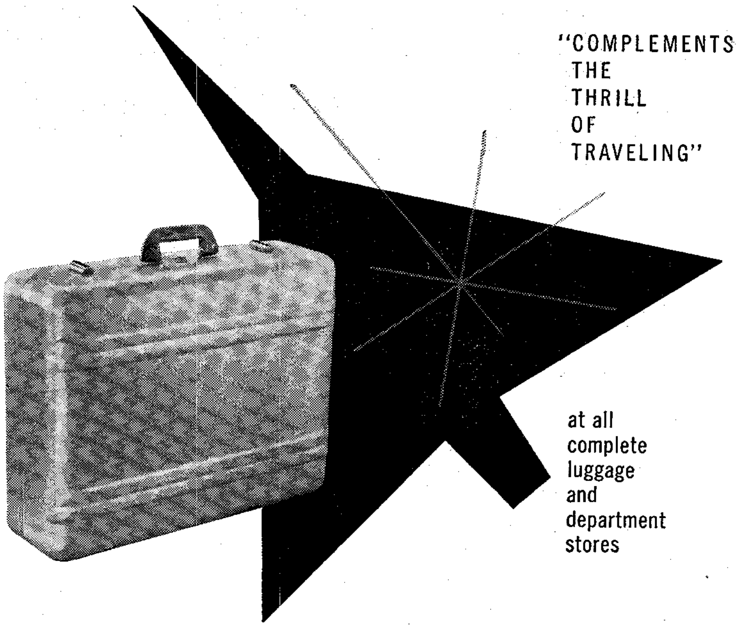
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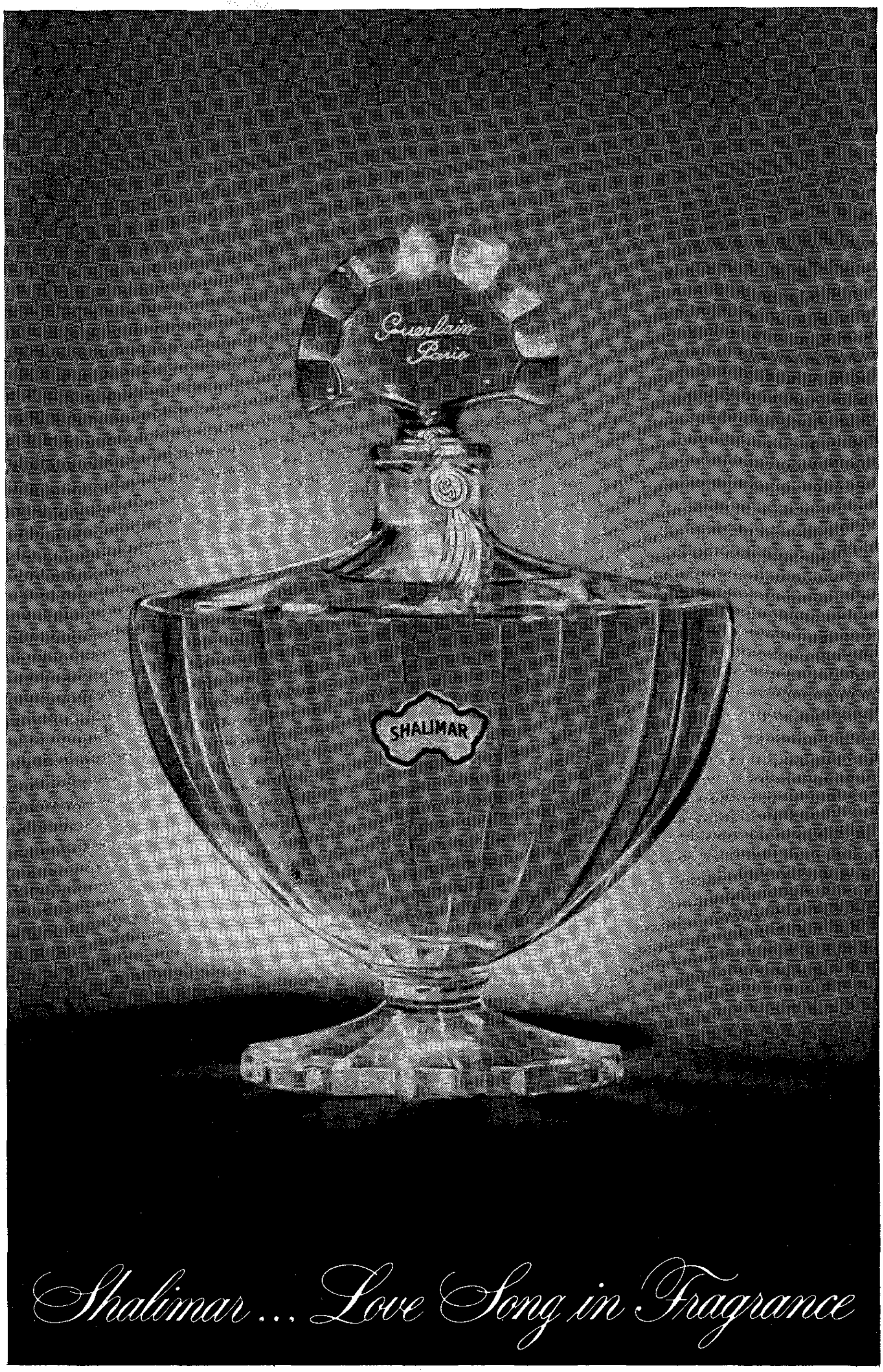
quired to repeat our pantomime for three swarthy friends of his. None of them appeared to get the point, but they nevertheless beckoned us up another street. On the way, we were joined by a gangly boy carrying a violin case, and a woman who must have been a butcher, for over her coat she was wearing an apron splattered with blood. The Russians babbled and argued; we decided they were taking us to a police station, and neither of us cared, as long as it was heated. By now, the moisture in my nose had frozen; my eyes were unfocussed by the cold. Still, I could see well enough to know when, abruptly, we were back at the Neva canal footbridge. I wanted to grab Miss Ryan's hand and run. But she felt that our entourage had been so faithful they deserved to see the mystery solved. From wood chopper to violinist, the procession—led by the twins, who skated ahead like pied pipers—convoyed us across the square and up to the Astoria's entrance. While they surrounded one of several Intourist limousines that stay parked in front of the hotel, and began to question its chauffeur about us, we rushed inside, collapsed on a bench, and sucked in the warm air like divers who have been too long underwater.

Leonard Lyons walked by. "Looks like you've been out," he said.

A COMPANY bulletin board had by now been installed in the lobby. Posted on it were announcements concerning the rehearsal schedule, and a list of entertainments our Soviet hosts had planned for us, which included—in the days before the première—ballet and opera performances, a ride on the new Leningrad subway, a visit to the Hermitage art museum, and a Christmas party. Under the heading "PROMPTLY," the hours for meals had been posted, and these, influenced by the fact that in the Russian theatre matinées start at noon and evening performances at eight, were listed as: "Breakfast 9:30 A.M., Lunch 11:00 A.M., Dinner 5 P.M., Evening Snack 11:30 P.M."

But at five that first evening I was too much enjoying a hot tub to bother about dinner. The bathroom adjoining the third-floor room assigned to me had peeling sulphur-colored walls, a cold radiator, and a broken toilet that rumbled like a mountain brook. The tub itself, circa 1900, was splotched with rust stains, and the water that poured from the taps was brown as iodine, but it was hot, it made a wonderful steam, and I basked in it, idly wondering if down-



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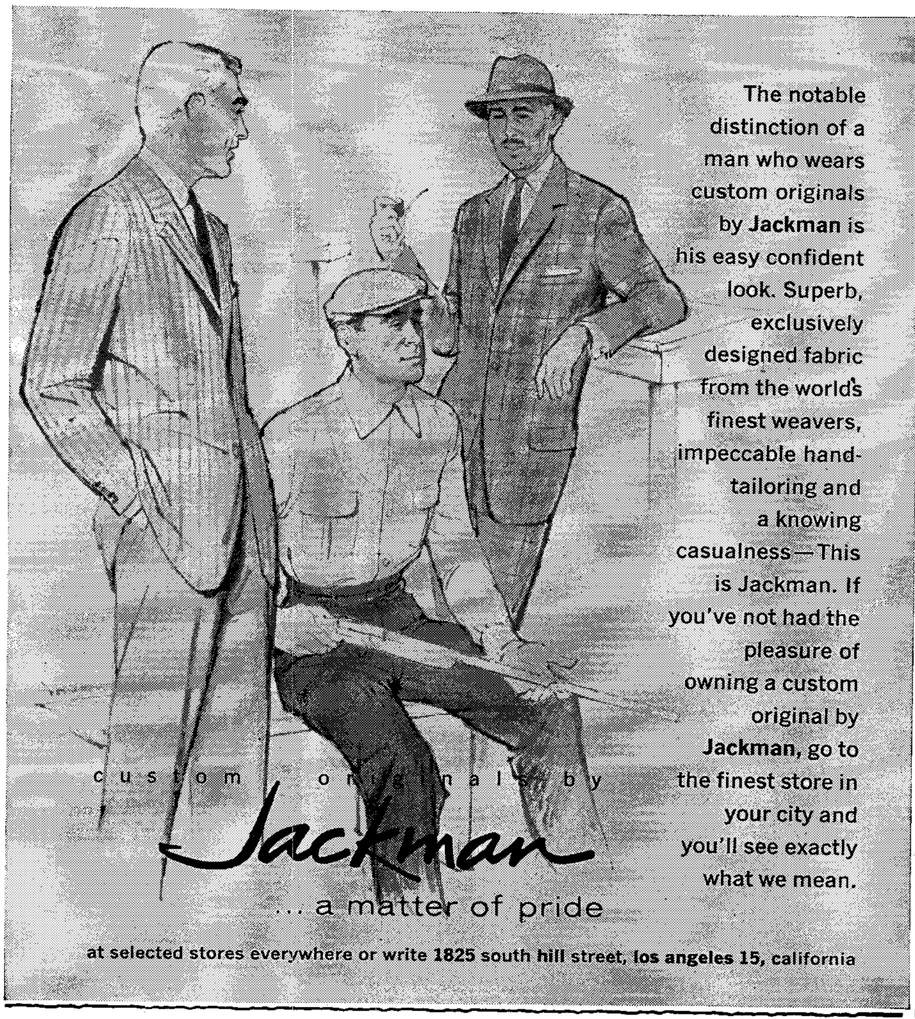
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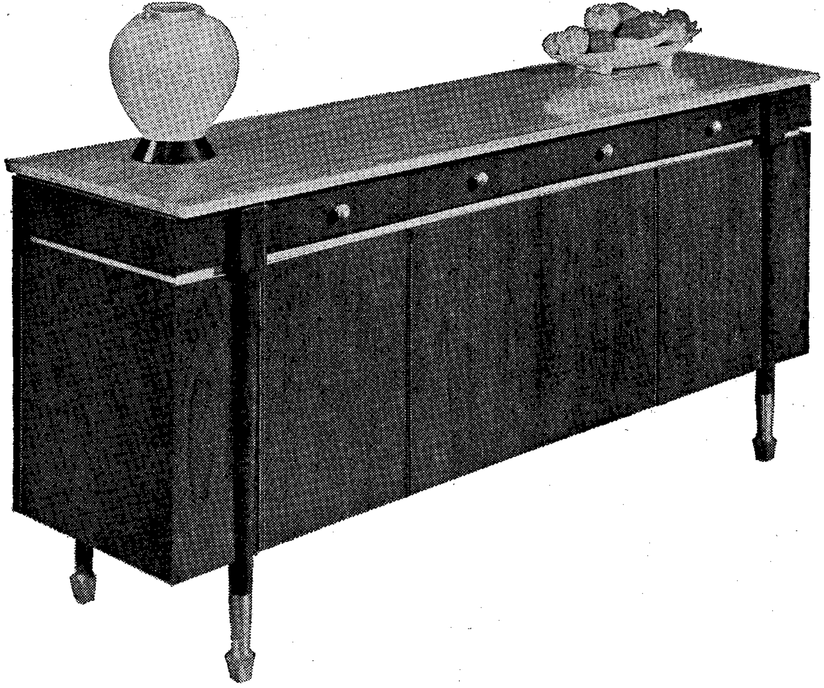
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stairs in the bleak dining room the others were at last being treated to caviar and vodka, *shashlik*, *bliny*, and sour cream. (Ironically, as I learned later, they were being offered the same menu that had been regularly served on the train to Leningrad: yoghurt and raspberry soda, broth, breaded veal cutlets, and peas.) My waterlogged drowsing was interrupted when my telephone rang. I let it ring awhile, the way you might if you were sitting in a bath at home. Then I realized that I wasn't home, remembered that, looking at the telephone earlier, I'd thought what a dead object it was to me in Russia, as useless as if the wires were cut. Naked and dripping, I picked up the receiver. It was Miss Ryan, reminding me that dinner was already being served, *promptly*, and that I was not present.

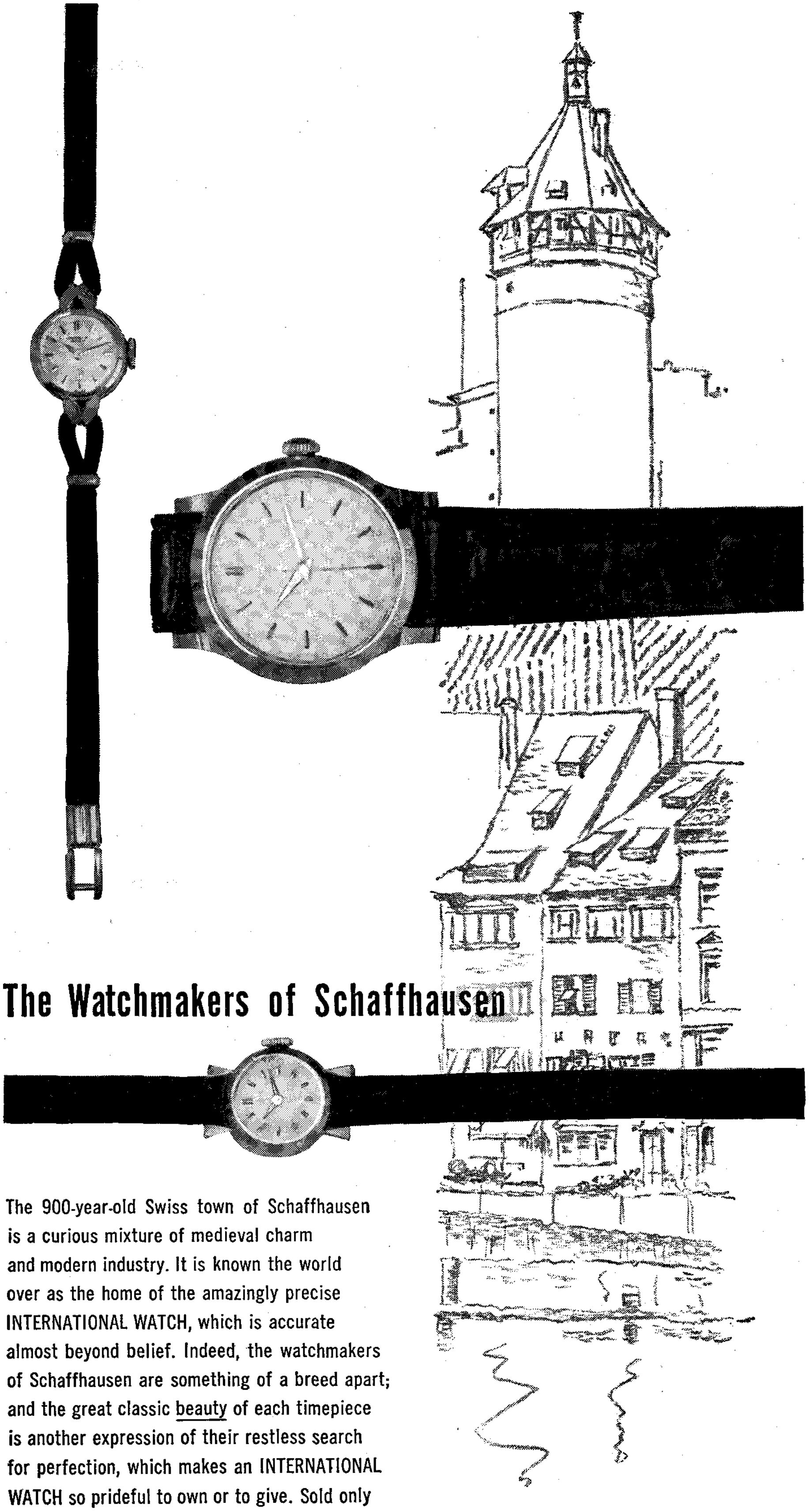
The company was expected to attend the ballet that evening, and I started to get dressed for it. There was a problem here. The Breens had decreed that the men should wear black tie and the ladies short evening dresses. "It's more respectful," said Mrs. Breen, "and besides Robert and I like everything to be gala." A certain clique, however, held the opinion that the Breens' pronouncement would, if obeyed, make us all look "ridiculous" in a country where practically no one dressed formally for any occasion whatever. I compromised by putting on a black tie with a gray flannel suit. As I moved around the room dressing, I straightened some of the fruit and flower paintings that clotted the walls. They were rather atilt, owing to a visit from Leonard Lyons, who was trying to document his conviction that the Astoria's rooms were wired for sound. Lyons' theories were shared by most of the company, and this was not remarkable, inasmuch as two diplomats from the American Embassy in Moscow had told them at a briefing in Berlin that during their Russian visit they should "assume" their rooms would be wired and their letters opened.

On my way out, I stopped at the floor desk and handed my key to the keeper, a plump, pale woman with a kewpie-doll smile, who wrote in her ledger "224-1900"—the number of my room and the hour of my departure.

DOWNSTAIRS, a row was in progress. Nearly the whole company, dressed and ready to leave for the ballet, stood around the lobby like figures in a tableau while John McCurry, a husky, bull-like man who plays the role of Crown, stomped about yelling, "God damn if I will! I'm not gonna pay any goddam crooked somebody seven-fifty to baby-sit nobody!" McCurry would have to leave his two-year-old daughter while he and his wife went to the ballet. Intourist had supplied a batch of baby-sitters, at the rate of thirty rubles a night, to the parents of the troupe's six children, and had even arranged one for Twerp, a boxer puppy belonging to Marilyn Putnam, the production's wardrobe mistress. At the official exchange rate of four to one, thirty rubles amounts to seven dollars and fifty cents, a fairly stiff price for a night's baby-sitting, but for the Russians, thirty rubles has a buying power equivalent to a dollar and seventy cents, and the Ministry of Culture people, who had only this modest fee in mind, couldn't fathom why McCurry was causing such a scene. Savchenko was rosy with indignation, Miss Lydia white. Breen spoke sharply to McCurry, and McCurry's wife, a shy woman whose eyes are usually downcast, told him that if he would please be quiet she would stay home with the child. Warner Watson and Miss Ryan hustled everyone else out of the lobby and into two buses that had been provided for the Leningrad stay.

The ballet was at the Maryinsky Theatre, renamed the Kirov (no one calls it that, though), after the old revolutionary and friend of Stalin who was assassinated in 1934. Except for the Fenice, in Venice, which it somewhat resembles in its eighteenth-century size and style (as well as its heating system), I think it the most beautiful theatre I've ever seen. Unfortunately, the original seats have been replaced by wooden ones, rather like those in a school auditorium, and their harsh natural color makes a raw contrast with the subtle grays and silvers of the Maryinsky's simplified rococo interior. Galina Ulanova, the Bolshoi Theatre's *prima ballerina*, made her *début* in this theatre, and the Leningrad Opera and Ballet Company, which is now installed there as a repertory group, is considered first-class by Soviet critics.

Despite the chilliness of the theatre, everyone, whether man or woman, was required to leave his coat in the cloakroom; in Russia it is thought uncultured—*nyekulturny*—to enter a theatre, restaurant, museum, or any such place wearing a coat or wrap. At the moment, the principal sufferer from the ruling was Miss Ryan. A tall, striking blonde, she was wearing a low-cut strapless dress, and as she walked down the aisle, masculine eyes swerved in her direction like flowers turning toward



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the sun. For that matter, the entrance of the entire company was creating a stir in the crowded auditorium. People were standing up to get a better view of the Americans and their black ties, silks, and sparkles.

"I'd be freezing if I weren't so embarrassed," said Miss Ryan as an usher seated her. "Just look. They think I'm *indecent*." One couldn't deny that there was a touch of criticism in the stares Miss Ryan's bare shoulders were receiving from surrounding Russian women.

Mrs. Gershwin, who was wearing a becoming green cocktail dress, said, "I *told* Wilva Breen we shouldn't get all dressed up. I *knew* we'd look ridiculous. Well, darling, never again. But, really, what *should* we wear?" She looked about as if hunting fashion hints among the audience's melancholy, shapeless garments. "I didn't bring anything that wasn't pretty."

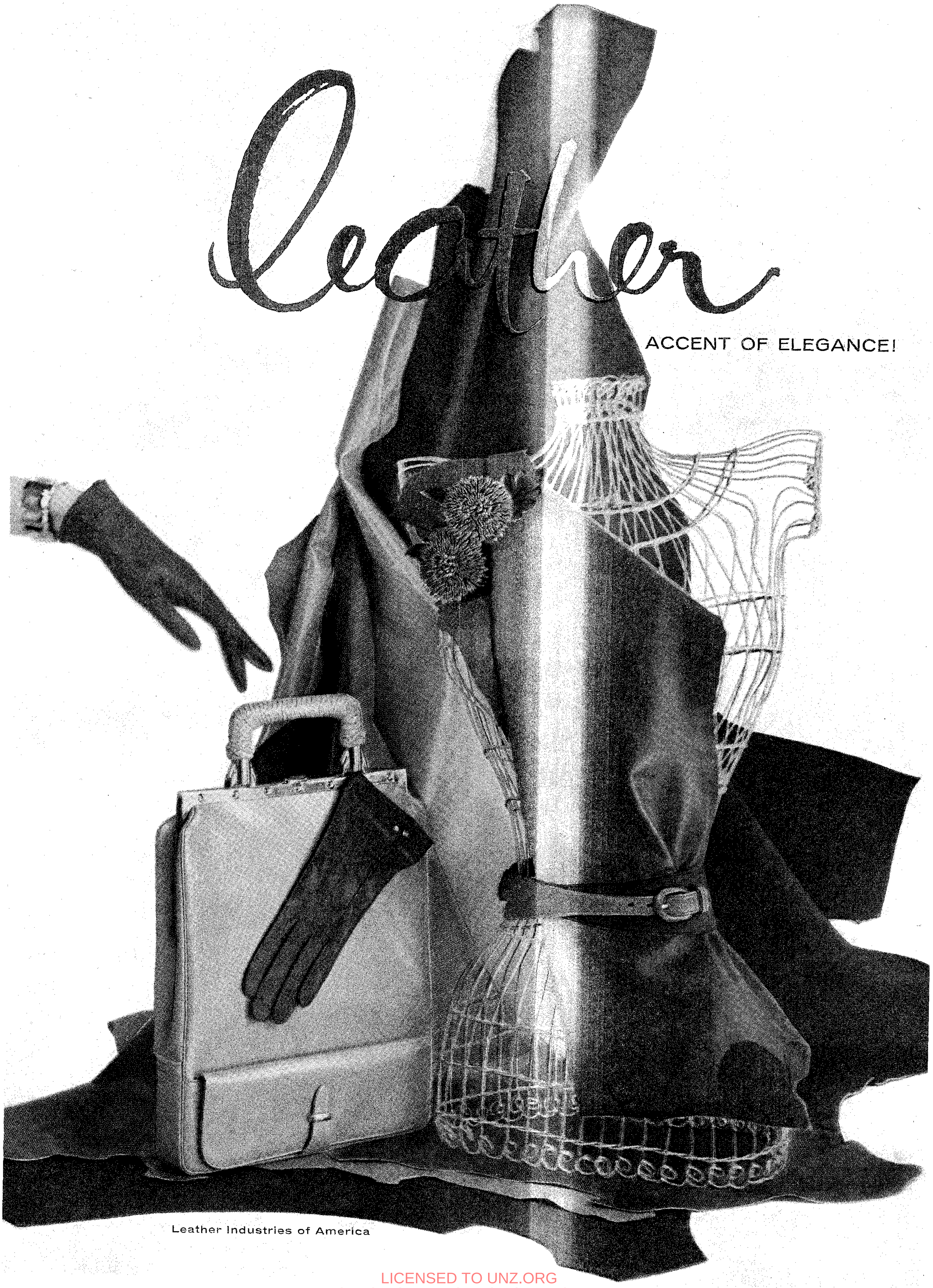
The chandeliers dimmed and the orchestra conductor raised his baton. The ballet—in three acts—was called "Corsair." The average Soviet ballet is far less concerned with dancing than with stupendous production effects, and "Corsair," though a minor work in the Leningrad company's repertoire, involves as many changes of scene as the extravaganzas at the Radio City Music Hall or the Folies-Bergère—two theatres where "Corsair" would be quite at home, except that the choreography and its execution were not up to the standards of the former, and the latter would never tolerate dancing slave girls swathed to the neck. The theme of "Corsair" is very similar to that of "The Fountain of Bakhchisarai," a ballet, based on a poem by Pushkin, that the Bolshoi has inflated into one of its prize pieces. In "The Fountain," a beautiful, virtuous girl is kidnapped by a barbaric Tartar chieftain and hauled off to his harem, where, for three hours of playing time, many vile adventures befall her. In "Corsair," this girl's twin sister undergoes somewhat the same ordeal; she is a victim of a shipwreck (brilliantly simulated onstage with thunder, lightning, and torrents of water crashing against the stricken vessel) and is captured by pirates, after which, for three hours, ditto.

During the first intermission, most of the "Porgy and Bess" company went to the Maryinsky's café-salon, where refreshments were on sale—beer, liqueurs, raspberry soda, sandwiches, candy, and ice cream. Earl Bruce Jackson and his fiancée, Helen Thigpen, two long-engaged members of the cast who planned to be married in Moscow, were at the center of one group. Jackson announced that he was starving. "But, man, that ice cream costs a dollar a lick," he said. "And guess what they want for a little bitty piece of chocolate not as big as your toe? Five-fifty." Ice cream, advertised by the Soviets as a delicacy of their own contriving, started to become a national passion in the U.S.S.R. in 1939, when American machinery was imported for making it. Most of the Russian customers jammed into the salon were spooning it out of paper cups as they watched the Americans pose for informal news photographs—balancing beer bottles on their foreheads, demonstrating the shimmy, doing imitations of Louis Armstrong.

During the second intermission, I looked for Miss Ryan and found her backed into a corner, haughtily smoking a cigarette in a long Russian holder and trying to pretend she was not the cynosure of a circle of puffy girls and leaden-faced women, gathered to giggle and comment on her clinging gown and bare shoulders. Leonard Lyons, standing with her, said, "See, now you know how Marilyn Monroe feels. Would *she* ever be a wow here! She ought to get a visa. I'm going to tell her."

"Ohhh," moaned Miss Ryan, "if *only* I could get my coat."

A man in his late thirties, clean-shaven, dignified, with an athletic figure and a scholar's face, stepped up to Miss Ryan. "I should like to shake your hand," he said respectfully. "I want you to know how much my friends and I are looking forward to 'Porgy and Bess.' It will be a powerful event for us, I can assure you. Some of us have obtained tickets for the first night. I am among the fortunate." Miss Ryan said she was pleased to hear that, and remarked on the excellence of his English, which he explained by saying that he'd spent a number of the war years in Washington as an employee of the Soviet Purchasing Commission. "But can you really understand me?" he said. "It's been so long since I've had the opportunity of speaking, it makes my heart pound." His smile slackened as a flicker of lights signalled the end of the intermission, and urgently he said, "Please let me see you again. I'd like to show you Leningrad." The invitation was directed to Miss Ryan, but by polite necessity included Lyons and me. Miss Ryan told him to call us at the Astoria, and he jotted our names on a program, then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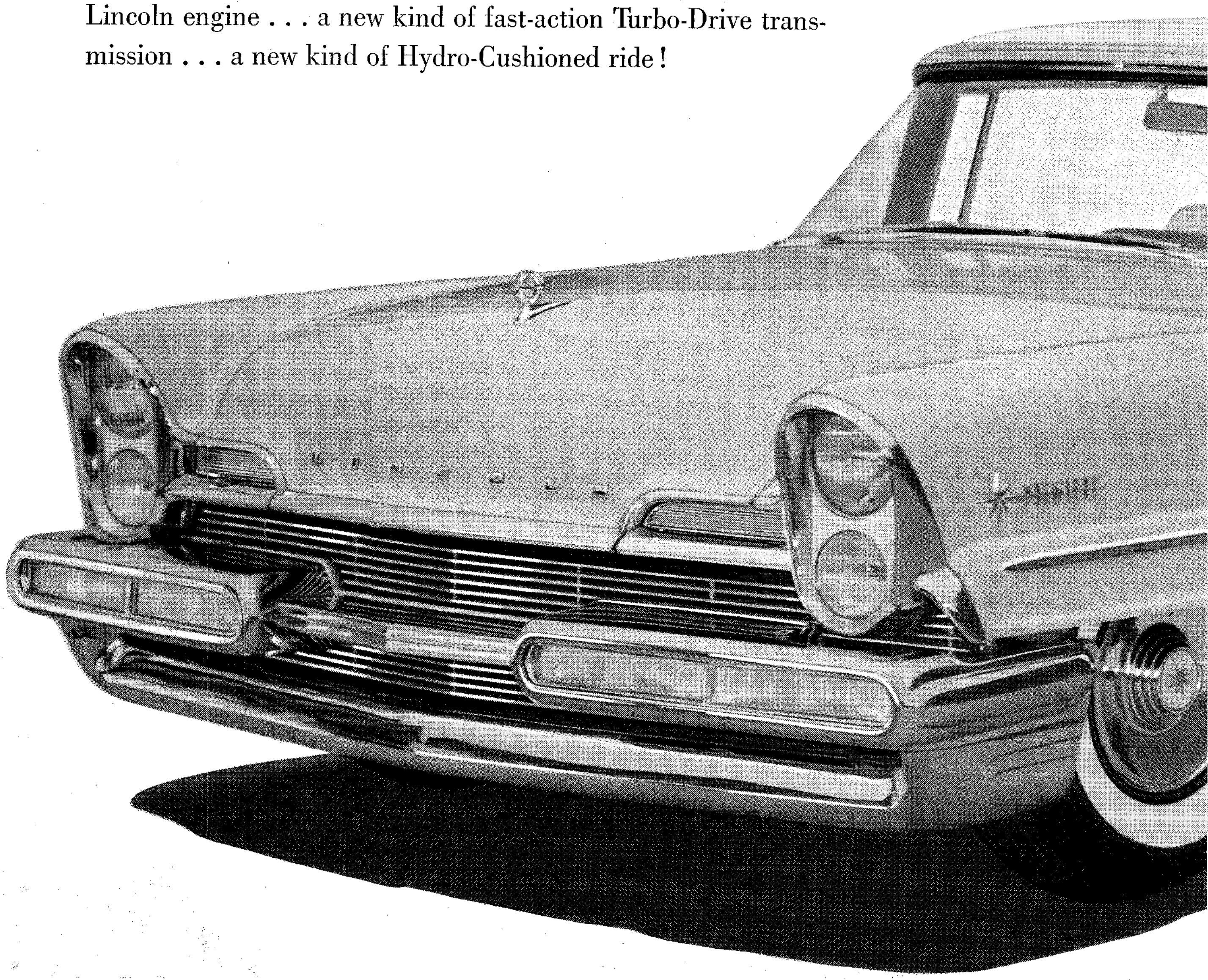

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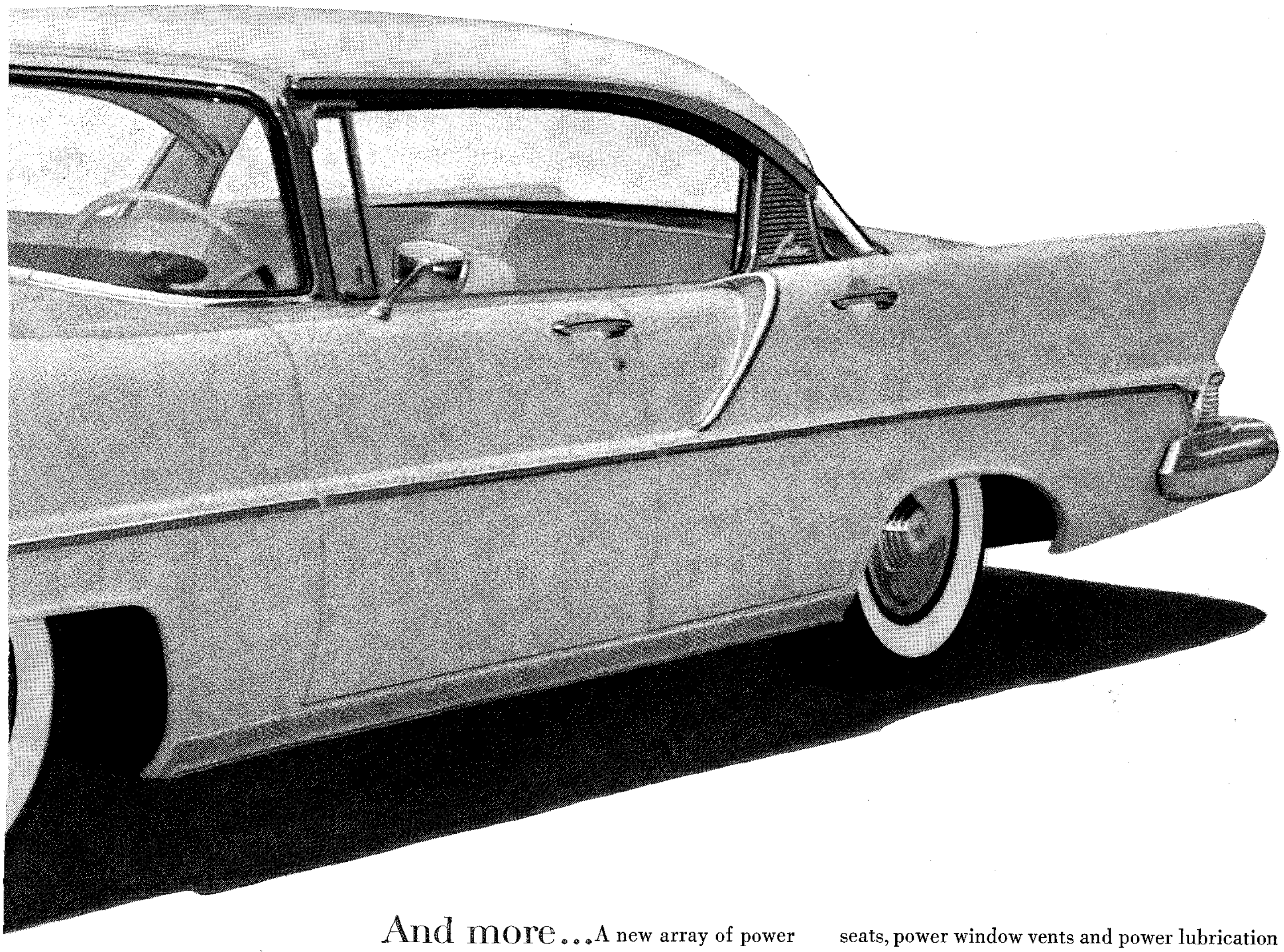

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Morgan-Jones INC., 402 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 18, N.Y. FINE FABRICS SINCE 1872 wrote out his own—I'll call him Stefan Orlov—on a slip of paper and handed it to Miss Ryan.

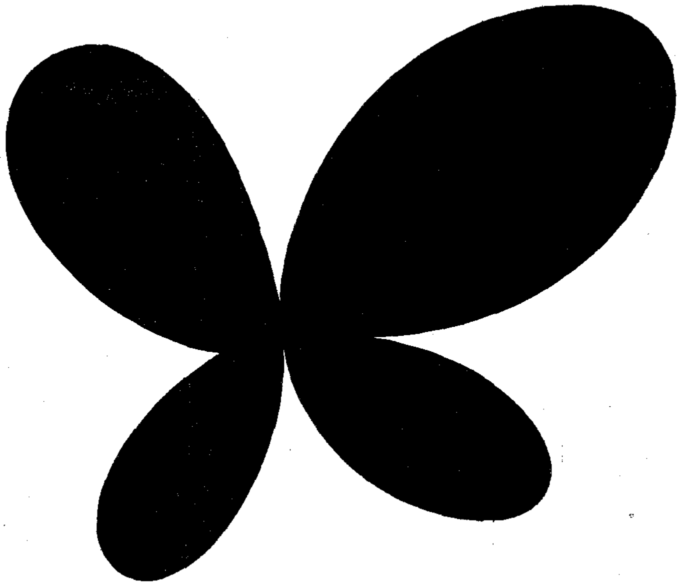
Arrangements had been made for the company to go backstage at the end of the performance and meet the ballet artists. The final scene of "Corsair" is played partly on a ship's deck hung with rigging, and when the Americans went behind the curtain, there was such congestion onstage that half the dancers had to stand on the deck or climb the rigging to get a good look at their Western colleagues. They cheered and applauded the Americans' entrance for a full four minutes before enough quiet could be summoned for Breen to make a speech, which began, "It is *we* who should applaud *you*. Your thrilling artistry has produced an evening none of us will ever forget, and we only hope on Monday evening we can a little repay you for the pleasure you have given us."

While Breen made his speech, and the director of the Maryinsky made one, the little ballerinas, sweat seeping through their makeup, crept close to the American performers and, in awe, gazed at the visitors' shoes; shyly, then boldly, touched their dresses; rubbed bits of silk and taffeta between their fingers. One of them reached out and put her arm around a member of the cast named Georgia Burke. "Why, precious child," said Miss Burke, a warm, happy-natured woman, "hug me all you like. It's good to know somebody loves you."

It was nearly one o'clock when the company started the bus ride back to the Astoria. The buses, rolling refrigerators, had the same seat plan as those that operate on Madison Avenue. I sat on the long back seat between Miss Ryan and Miss Lydia. Street lamps, yellowing the snow of empty streets, flashed at the windows like wintry fireflies, and Miss Ryan, looking out, said, "The palaces are so beautiful in the lamplight."

"Yes," said Miss Lydia, stifling a sleepy yawn, "the private homes are beautiful." Then, as though suddenly awake, she added, "The *former* private homes."

THE next morning, I went shopping on the Nevsky Prospekt with Lyons and Mrs. Gershwin. The Nevsky, Leningrad's principal street, is not a third the length of Fifth Avenue, but it is twice as wide; to get across its lanes of skidding traffic is a perilous chore—and a rather pointless one, for all the stores on both sides of the street are government-owned emporiums sell-



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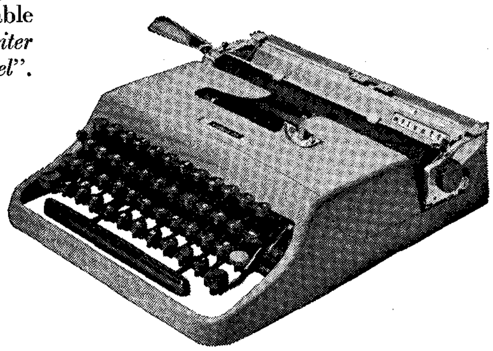

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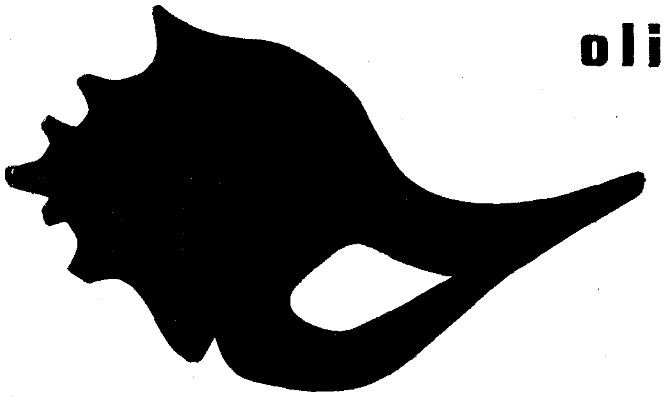

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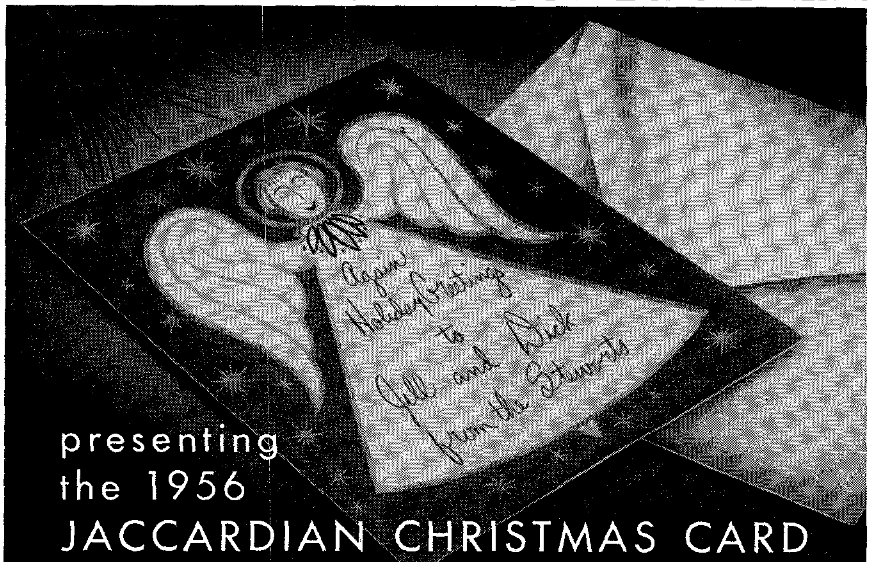

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ing the same stock at the same prices. Bargain hunters and buyers on the lookout for "something a little different" find shopping on the Nevsky a discouraging experience.

Lyons had set out with starry hopes of picking up "a nice piece of Fabergé" to take home to his wife. After the revolution, the Bolsheviks sold to French and English collectors almost all the jewelled eggs and boxes that Fabergé had created for the royal amusement; the few examples of his work known to have remained in Russia are on display in the Hermitage and in the Armory at the Kremlin. Today, on the international market, the price of a small Fabergé box is likely to be over two thousand dollars. None of this daunted Lyons, who felt certain he was going to locate his Fabergé at a Commission Shop. This was sound thinking as far as it went, for if such an item existed, then a Commission Shop, a state-controlled brokerage where a Comrade can turn the last of his hidden heirlooms into spot cash, is probably the only place you would discover it. We visited several of these shops—drafty establishments with the going-gone sadness of auction rooms. In the largest, a glass cabinet ran the length of the shop, and the spectacle its contents presented, the conglomeration of spookily diverse objects, was like a Dadaist experiment. Rows of second-hand shoes, so worn that the spectral shape of the previous owners' feet could be pathetically discerned, were neatly set forth under glass like treasures, which indeed they were at fifty to a hundred and seventy-five dollars a pair; a selection of headgear—flapper cloches and velvet cartwheels—flanked the shoes. After the hats, the Surrealistic variety and value of the cabinet's contents swirled: a moth-nibbled fan ($30), a soiled powder puff ($7), an amber comb with broken teeth ($45), tarnished mesh handbags ($100 and up), a silver umbrella handle ($340), an unexceptional ivory chess set with five pawns missing ($1,450), a celluloid elephant ($25), a pink plaster doll cracked and flaked as though it had been left out in the rain ($25). All these articles, and yards more, were placed and numbered with a care that suggested an exhibition of mementos, the possessions of some beloved person now dead, and it was this—the reverence with which the things were displayed—that made them poignant. Lyons said, "Who do you s'pose *buys* this stuff?" But he had only to look around him to see that there were those who found the moth-nibbled fan and the silver umbrella handle still fetching, still desirable, quite worth their quoted cost. The Russians' Christmas was two weeks off, but they give gifts at New Year's, now only a week away, and the Commission Shops, like all the stores along the Nevsky, were packed with spenders. Lyons failed to flush any Fabergé, but a broker in another shop came up with a unique nineteenth-century snuffbox—an immense topaz, split in half and hollowed out. But the price, eighty thousand dollars, was more than the customer had in mind.

Mrs. Gershwin, who intended giving a Christmas present to every member of the "Porgy and Bess" cast, still had a few odds and ends of shopping to finish up, though she had carted a trunkload of gifts from Berlin. And so, struggling through the Nevsky crowds, we visited a furrier, where the cheapest sable was a short jacket selling—or, rather, not selling—for eleven thousand dollars. Then we stopped at an antique shop declared by Intourist to be Leningrad's most "elegant." The antiques turned out to be used television sets, an icebox, an old American electric fan, some battered pieces of Biedermeier, and a colossal number of oil paintings depicting historical events. "What did you expect, darling?" said Mrs. Gershwin. "There's no such thing as a Russian antique. If there is, it's French." Inquiring for caviar, of which there had been a great dearth at every meal served us so far, we went to two fancy-food stores, the local Vendômes; there were pineapples from Africa, oranges from Israel, fresh litchi nuts from China, but no caviar. "Where, *where* did I get the idea it was the butter on the workingman's bread?" lamented Mrs. Gershwin, and concluded that she'd settle for a cup, or a glass, of tea—a desire that shortly drove us into a Soviet version of Schrafft's. This was in a dungeon cellar,

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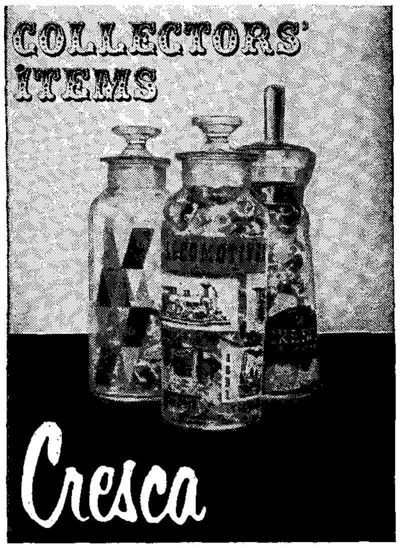

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where waitresses, wearing knee boots and tiaras made of doily paper, waded across slush-flooded floors carrying trays of ice cream and improbable pastry to gloomy groups of middle-aged women. But Mrs. Gershwin had to do without her tea, for there were no tables available, nor was there even space to stand and wait for one.

So far, none of us had made a single purchase. Mrs. Gershwin decided to try a department store. On the way, Lyons, who had brought a camera, often paused to take photographs—of match women and cherry-cheeked girls dragging Christmas trees, of street-corner flower stalls selling artificial roses and paper tulips stuck in flower-pots as though they were real. Each of his photographic forays created a pedestrian traffic jam, a gallery of silent spectators, who smiled, or sometimes scowled, when he took their pictures too. Presently, I noticed that there was one man who showed up every time among the onlookers, yet did not seem one of them. He always stood at the rear—a chunky man with a crooked nose, bundled in a black coat and astrakhan cap, with half his face hidden behind the kind of windshield dark glasses that skiers wear. I lost track of him before we reached the department store.

The store was reminiscent of a carnival alley, consisting of counters with alcoves behind them whose shelves seemed stocked mostly with shooting-gallery prizes—the familiar cheap dolls, ugly urns, plaster animals, toilet sets bedded in a crumpling of white casket silk. Mrs. Gershwin, overcome by an odor of rancid glue, felt a swift necessity to leave the leather-goods department, and a moment later she felt a swifter one to flee the perfume counter. A crowd began trailing us through the store, and when, at a counter before an alcove devoted to hats, I started trying on caps of ersatz Persian lamb, a good thirty grinning, jostling Russians ganged around demanding that I buy this one, that one, themselves whisking models on and off my head and ordering the clerk to bring more, more, until hats were toppling off the counter. Someone bent to retrieve one from the floor; it was the man wearing ski glasses. The hat I bought, chosen at desperate random, proved later not to fit. A fake astrakhan, it cost forty-five dollars, and because of the complicated system of payment that operates in all Soviet stores, forty minutes more was required to complete the transaction. First, the clerk gives you a sales slip, which you

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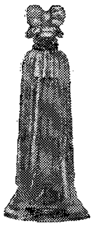

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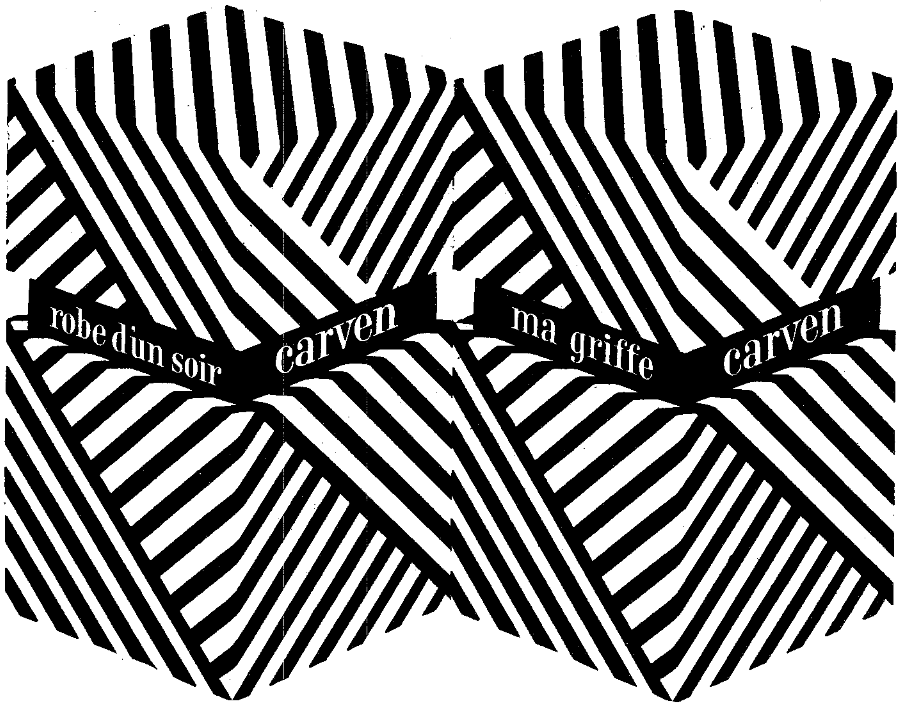

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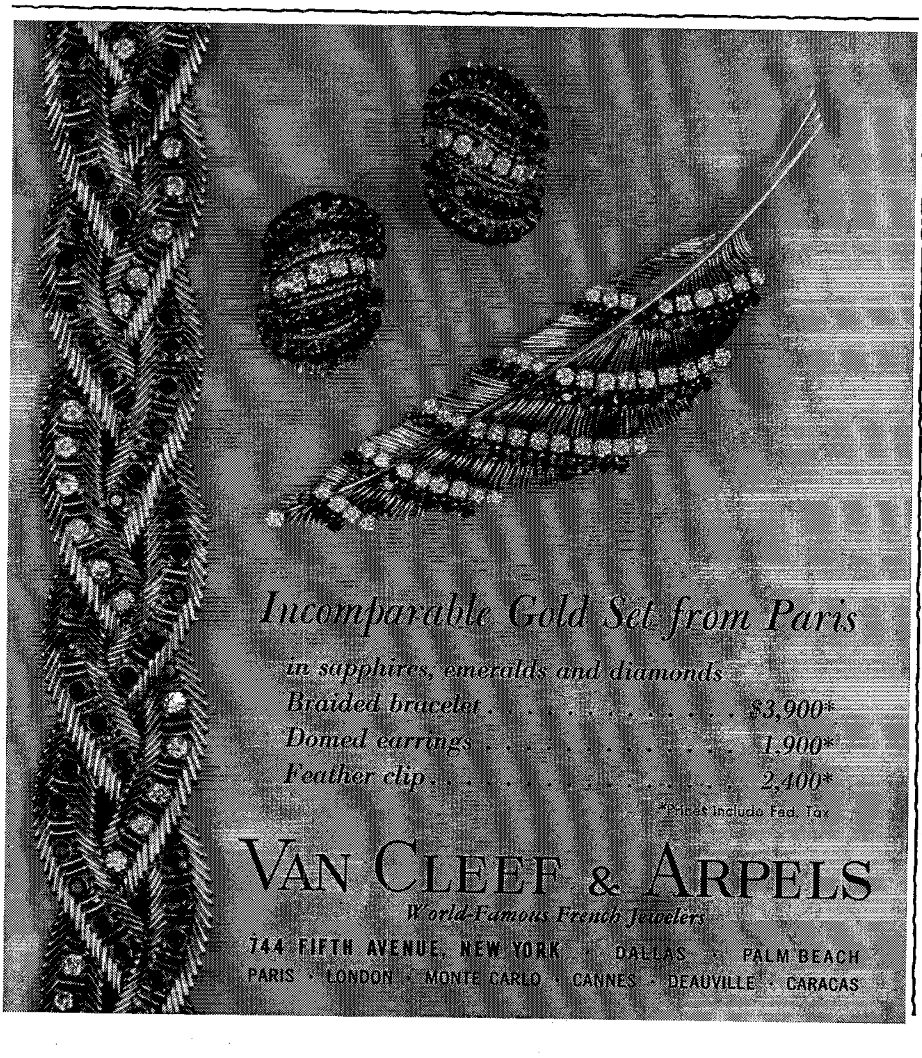
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take over to a cashier's booth, where you cool your heels while the cashier makes her computations on an abacus (an accurate method, no doubt; still, some clever Russian should invent the cash register). When you have paid your money, the cashier stamps the sales slip, and this you take back to the clerk, who by now is attending five other people; eventually, though, the clerk will accept the slip, usually go to check it with the cashier, come back, hand over your purchase, and direct you to a wrapping department, where you join another queue. At the end of such a process, I was given my hat in a green box.

Ski Glasses was nowhere in sight when we left the store. He turned up soon enough, however, at the edge of a group watching Lyons photograph peddlers selling Christmas trees in a snowy courtyard. It was there in the courtyard that I must have left the hatbox; I must have put it down to slap my numbed hands together, but I didn't realize that it was missing until many blocks later. Lyons and Mrs. Gershwin were game to go back and look for it, but that wasn't necessary, for as we turned around we saw Ski Glasses coming toward us, and dangling from his hand was the green hatbox. He gave it to me with a smile that twitched his crooked nose. Before I could think to say thank you, he'd tipped his cap and walked away.

"Well, ho ho. Call that a coincidence?" said Lyons. "Oh, I've had him spotted!"

"So have I," Mrs. Gershwin said. "But, really, darling—isn't it a comfort to know you can't *lose* anything in Russia?"

AT the Astoria, after lunch, I rode up in the elevator with Ira Wolfert. A former war correspondent, Wolfert is currently a stocky, silver-haired, pipe-puffing staff writer for the *Reader's Digest*. He and his poet wife, Helen, had come along on Everyman Opera's Soviet tour at the invitation of Breen, who hoped Wolfert would write something about the venture for the *Reader's Digest*. "You can't talk to anybody around here," Wolfert told me. "Russians, I mean. It's giving me claustrophobia. Every time I get into a political conversation, I keep getting the same old line. I was talking to Savchenko—he's supposed to be an intelligent guy—and I said to him, 'Since this is a private talk, do you *honestly* believe all these things you're saying about America?' You know, he was saying how

Wall Street runs the country. But he acted as if he didn't hear me. You can't talk to them. There's no realism in this social realism. Yesterday I was talking to a Russian, and he slips me a note. This note asks me to call his sister in New York. He has a sister living there. Later on, I see this guy on the street. I pull him down a side street and say, 'What the hell goes on here?' And he says, 'Everything's fine. Only, it's better to be careful.' Everything's fine, but the guy's slipping me notes!" Wolfert bit hard on his pipe and shook his head. "There's no realism. I'm getting claustrophobia."

Upstairs, I could hear the telephone ringing inside my room as I unlocked the door. It was the man I'd met during intermission at the ballet—Miss Ryan's admirer, Stefan Orlov. He said he'd been calling Miss Ryan but there was no answer. I suggested he try the Breens' suite, one room of which Miss Ryan was using as an office. "No," he said, sounding nervously apologetic. "I must not ask for her again. So soon. But when may I see Nancy? *And* you?" I asked him if he would like to come by the hotel for a drink. There was a pause that lasted until I thought we'd been disconnected; finally, he said, "That would not be convenient. But could you both meet me—say, in an hour?" I said yes, I could, and would see about Nancy. But where? He told me, "Walk around the cathedral. St. Isaac's. Keep walking. I will see you." He rang off without saying goodbye.

I went down to the Breens' suite to tell Miss Ryan of the invitation. She was first delighted and then crestfallen, because she had to work on a rush item for Breen. The rush item was a two-page letter he had just dictated, addressed to Charles E. Bohlen, the American Ambassador to Russia. Breen began by expressing gratification over the fact that Ambassador and Mrs. Bohlen were coming to Leningrad for the "Porgy and Bess" première, but the bulk of his letter was in a tone of aggrieved complaint. Although the production's Soviet tour had received the blessings of the State Department, it was not, contrary to the popular impression, under its official sponsorship. Indeed, the trip had been made financially possible by Russia's own Ministry of Culture. Nevertheless, Breen said he felt it was "a crying shame" that no member of Ambassador Bohlen's staff had been permanently assigned to the company to make a record of "the day-to-day and minute-to-minute happenings, the individual contacts, and the spontane-

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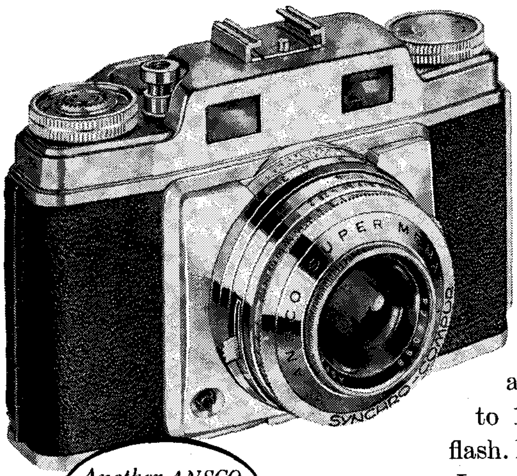

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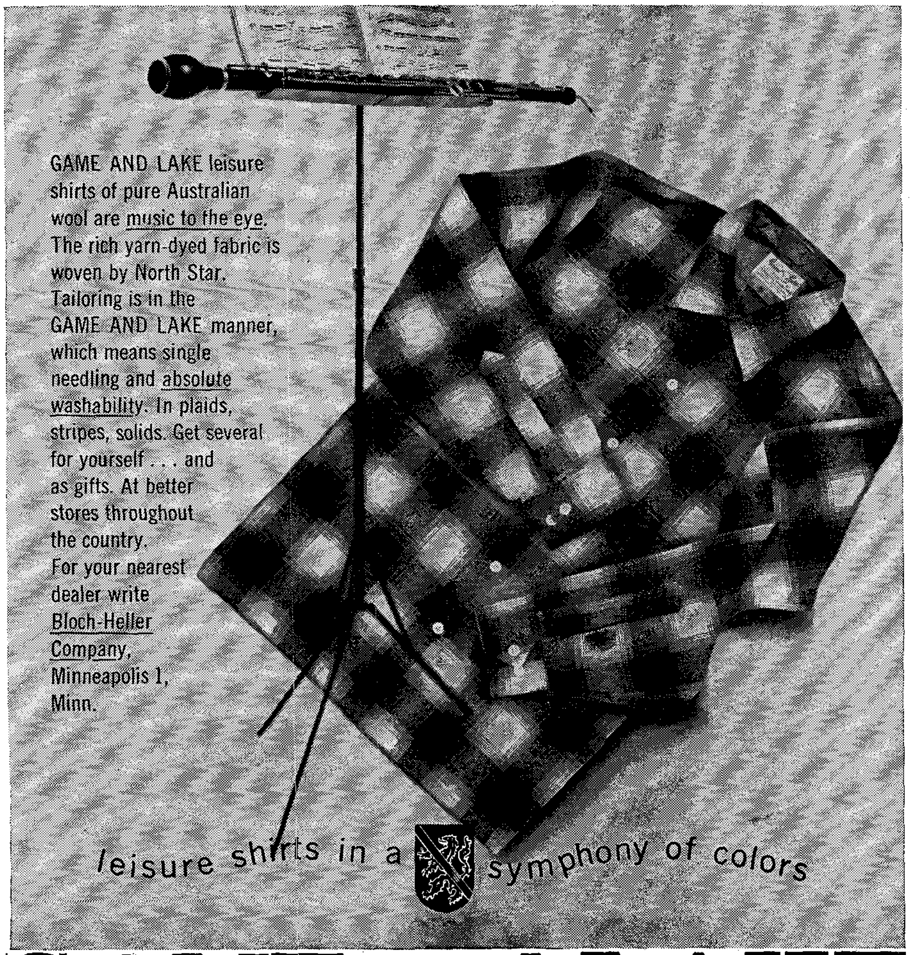

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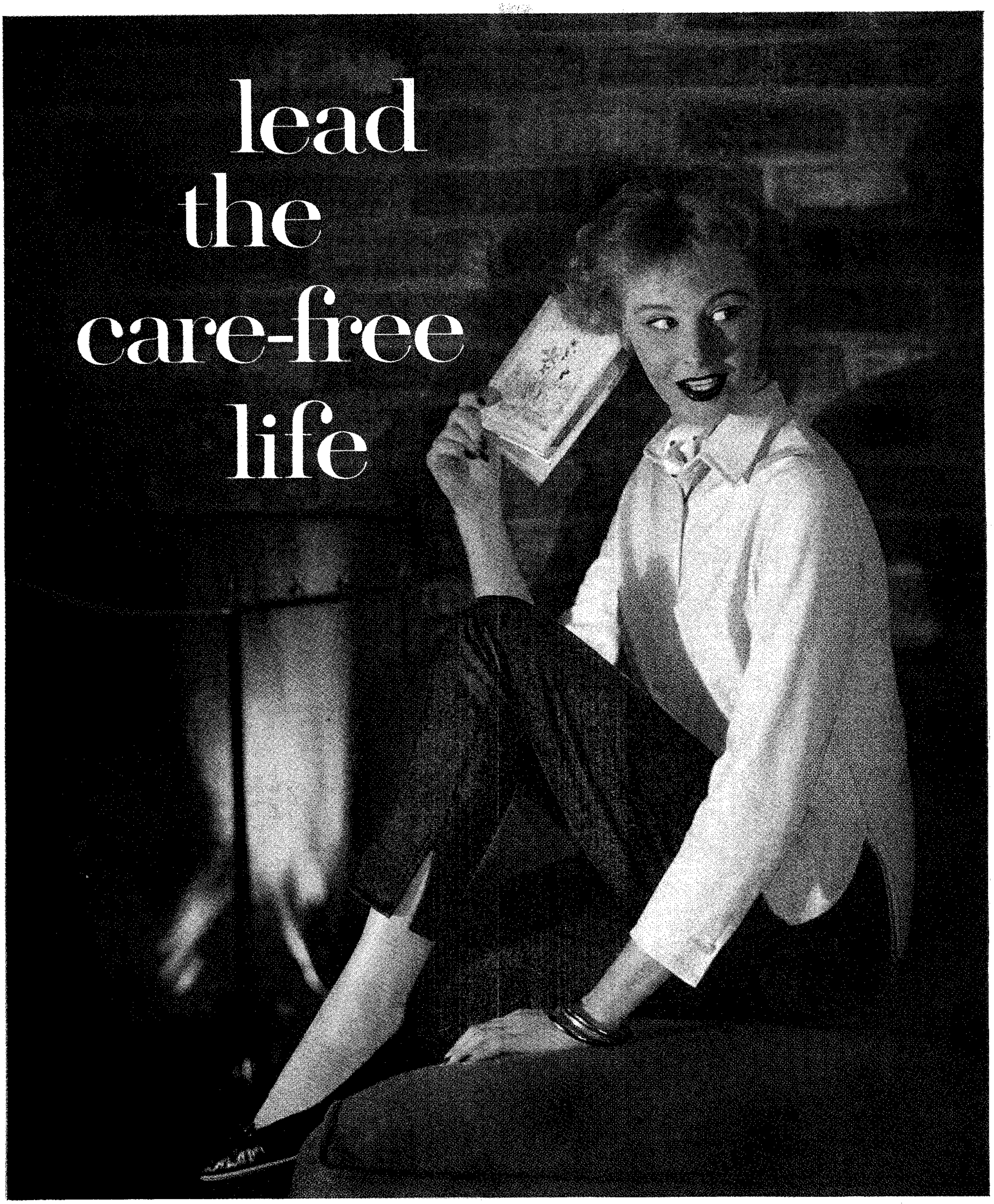
GAME and LAKE

ous, warm incidents" that Breen considered necessary if the Embassy intended to "prepare properly the sort of full and valid report which rightfully should be expected on this unprecedented project." Breen wrote, "The need for such documentation concerns not only this goodwill tour, important as it is, but also possible future cultural exchanges. No one can imagine the extreme lengths to which we have gone to provide smooth running—or the infinite amount of details which have to be foreseen and arranged if this type of exchange is to bear the fruit of its promise."

"Give my love to Stefan," Miss Ryan instructed me as I left to keep the appointment. "And if it turns out to be a spontaneous, warm incident, be sure and tell me."

It's a stone's throw from the Astoria to the Russian Empire mass of St. Isaac's Cathedral. I left the hotel at exactly three-thirty—the time Orlov had said he would meet me. On stepping out the door, I found myself confronting a pair of ski glasses. There was an Intourist Zis limousine parked at the curb, and the man was sitting in the front seat talking to the chauffeur. For a moment, I thought of going back inside the hotel; it seemed the sensible course if Orlov was anxious that our rendezvous be off the record. But I decided to stroll past the car and see what happened; as I went by, nerves and an unreliable sense of etiquette prompted me to nod at the man. He yawned and averted his face. I didn't look back until I had crossed the square and was in the shadows of St. Isaac's. By then, the car was gone. I walked slowly around the cathedral, pretending to admire the architecture, though there was no reason to pretend anything, for the sidewalks were deserted. Still, I felt conspicuous and not quite lawful. Night was sweeping across the sky as swiftly as the crows that wheeled and cawed overhead. The third time around, I began to suspect that Orlov had changed his mind. I tried to forget the cold by counting my steps, and had ticked off two hundred and sixteen when, turning a corner, I came on a scene that made the flow of numbers stop like the hands of a dropped watch.

Four men in black had a fifth man backed against the cathedral wall. They were pounding him with their fists, hitting him with the full weight of their bodies, like football players practicing on a dummy. A woman, respectably dressed and carrying a pocketbook tucked under one arm, stood on the side-



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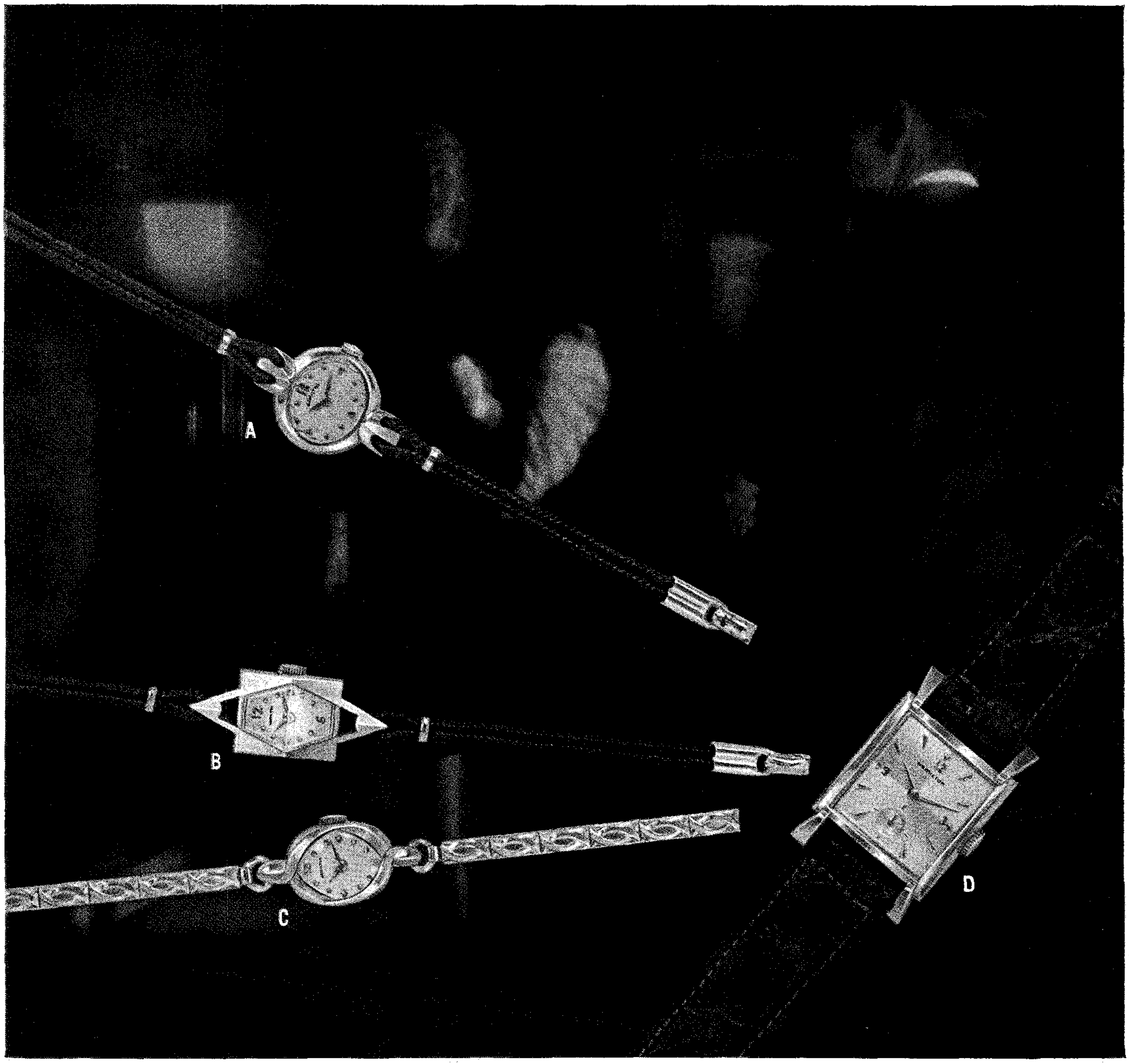

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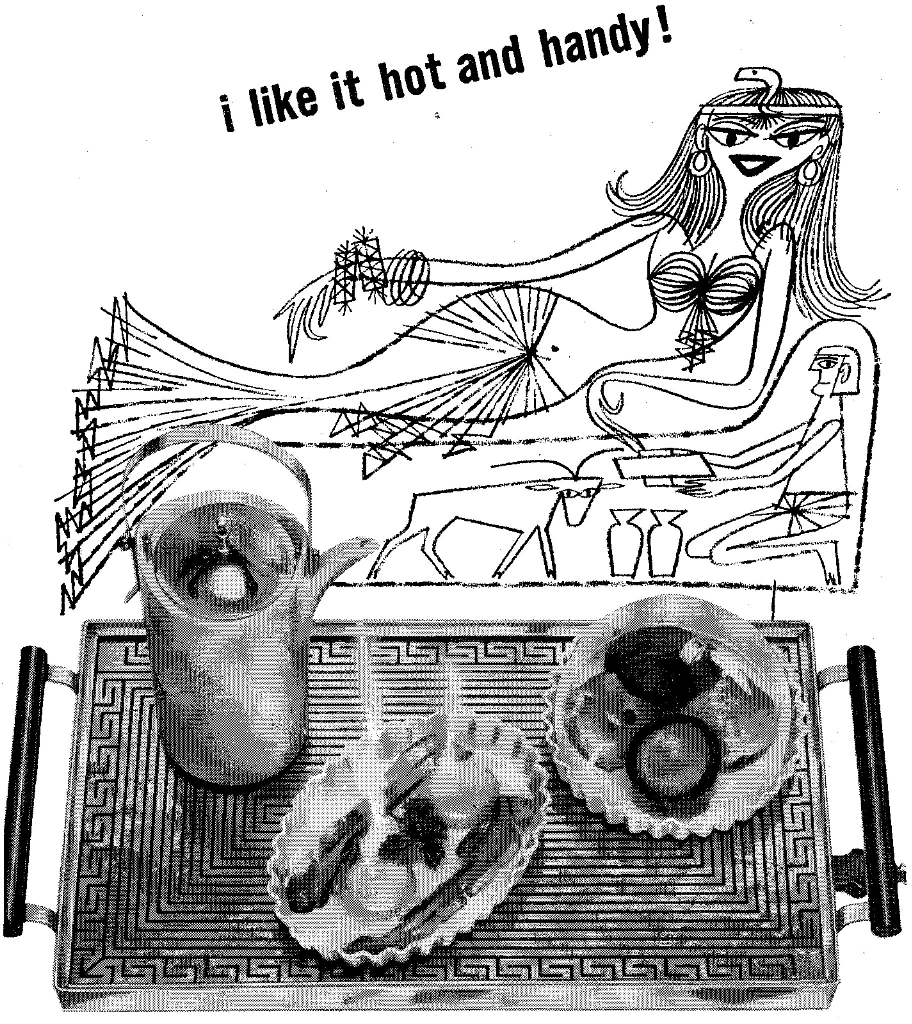
lines as though she were casually waiting while some men friends finished a business conversation. Except for the cawing of the crows, it was like an episode from a silent film; no one made a sound, and as the four attackers relinquished their hold on the man, who fell and lay spread-eagled on the snow, they glanced at me indifferently, then joined the woman and walked off, still without a word. I went over to the man. He was fat, too heavy for me to lift, and the drink on his breath would have killed scorpions. He was not bleeding and he was not unconscious, but he wanted to speak and couldn't; he gazed up at me like a deaf-mute attempting to communicate with his eyes.

A car with its headlights on pulled alongside the curb. The strip of black-and-white checks bordering its frame identified it as a taxi. The door opened, and Stefan Orlov called my name. Leaning in, I tried to explain what had happened and ask him to help the man, but he was impatient, he didn't want to listen; he kept saying "Get in" and "Will you *please* get in," and at last, with a fury that shocked me, he said "You're an idiot!" and yanked me onto the seat. As the taxi swung in a U turn, its headlights fell on the man sprawled on the sidewalk, his lifted hands plowing the air, like the claws of an insect cruelly tumbled on its back.

"I'm sorry," said Orlov, regaining a civil voice that also managed to sound sincerely remorseful. "But other people's quarrels, they are not so much interesting. You understand. Now enjoy yourself. We are going to the Eastern." He commented on Miss Ryan's absence and regretted "deeply" that she had been unable to accept his invitation. "The Eastern is the place to take a girl like Nancy. Very good food. Music. A bit of Oriental atmosphere." After the clandestine arrangements for our meeting, it struck me as curious that we were now proceeding to a place as gay and public as he described, and I said so. He was hurt. "I have no fears, but I'm not an idiot, either," he said. "The Astoria is a sensitive place. You understand? It's a nuisance to go there. Why shouldn't I see you if I like?" He was asking himself the question. "You are a singer, I'm interested in music." It turned out he was under the impression that both Miss Ryan and I were singers in "Porgy and Bess." When I told him I was a writer, he seemed upset. Now that he knew who I was, I thought, perhaps he would see the situation in a different, not quite so harmless perspective, so I suggested that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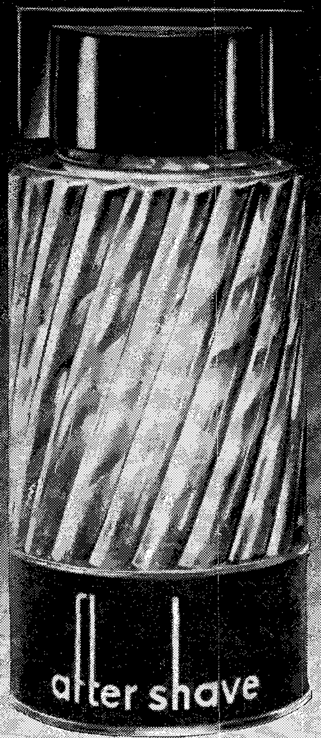

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if the taxi would take me within walking distance of the Astoria, we could amicably part company then and there. "Please, no. I admire so much the American *people*," he said. He told me that the years he'd spent in Washington "were of a happiness I never forget," and went on, "The Russians who lived in New York were always very snobbish about the Russians who had to live in Washington; they said, 'Oh, my dear, Washington is so *boring* and provincial.' " He laughed at his *grande-dame* imitation. "But for me, I liked it there. The hot streets in the summer. Bourbon whiskey. I liked so much my flat. I open my windows and pour myself a bourbon. I sit in my underwear and drink the bourbon and play the vic as loudly as I like. There is a girl I know. Two girls. One of them always comes by."

The Eastern is a restaurant attached to the Hotel Europa, just off the Nevsky Prospekt. Unless a few desiccated potted palms connote the Orient, I am at a loss to explain Orlov's contention that the place had a slant-eyed atmosphere. The atmosphere, if any, was a discouraging one of yellow-walled drabness and sparsely occupied tables. Orlov was self-conscious; he picked at his tie and smoothed his dark hair as we crossed an empty dance floor. An ensemble, four musicians as spidery as the palms they stood among, was scratching out a waltz. We climbed a flight of stairs to a balcony where there were discreet dining booths. "I'm sure you think the Astoria is more elegant," he said as we sat down. "But that is for foreigners and large snobs. Here is for smaller snobs. I am *very* small snob."

It occurred to me that he probably couldn't afford the Eastern at all. His overcoat had a luxurious sable collar and he wore a hat of gleaming sealskin; still, his suit was a poor, thin plaid wool, and the laundered freshness of his white shirt somehow made more apparent its frayed cuffs and collar. But he gave sumptuous instructions to the waiter, who brought us a four-hundred-gram carafe of vodka and huge helpings of fresh caviar heaped in silver ice-cream dishes, with toast and slices of lemon on the side. With a passing thought of Mrs. Gershwin, I dispatched every soft, unsalted pearly-gray bead of it, and Orlov, marvelling at the speed of my accomplishment, asked if I would like another serving. I said no, I couldn't possibly, but he saw that I could and sent the waiter for more. Meanwhile, he proposed toasts in honor of Miss Ryan. "To Nancy," he said, draining his glass. "She is a beautiful girl. Beautiful."

The succession of rapidly gulped vodkas flushed his pale, almost handsome face. He told me he could drink "a fool's fill" and not get drunk, but a gradual dimming of intelligence in his fine blue eyes belied the boast. He wanted to know if I thought Miss Ryan liked him. "Because," he said, leaning forward in an excessively confidential attitude, "she is a beautiful girl, and I like her. But you think I'm an idiot? Because I'm nearly forty and I'm married five years?" He spread his right hand on the table to show me a plain gold wedding ring. "I would never do harm to my marriage," he said piously. "We have two babies, little girls." He described his wife as "not beautiful but my principal friend," and told me that, even aside from the children, the interests they shared made the marriage "a serious composition." Among the professional classes in Russia, it can be observed that people seldom make alliances with anyone outside their own field of work. Doctors marry doctors, lawyers lawyers. Orlov and his wife, it seemed, taught chemistry at the same Leningrad school. Music and the theatre were their chief pleasures; they had taken turns, he said, waiting in line to buy tickets for the "Porgy and Bess" first night, but in the end tickets had been rationed, and they had been allowed just one. "Now my wife pretends she doesn't want to go. That is so I can go." The previous year, they had bought a television set as a New Year's present for each other, but now they regretted having spent the money on something "so boring and childish." He expressed himself with equal harshness on the subject of Soviet films. His wife was fond of going to the *kino*, but he himself would be enthusiastic only if ever again they showed American pictures. ("I should like to know. What has happened to that beautiful girl Joan Bennett? And the other one, Myrna Loy? And George Raft? What a wonderful actor! Is he still alive?") Apart from this disagreement on the merits of moviegoing, his wife's tastes coincided with his at every point; they even, he said, enjoyed the same sport, boating, and for several years had been saving to buy a small sailboat, intending to dock it at a fishing village on the Gulf of Finland, near Leningrad, where each summer they spent two months' vacation. "That is what I live for—steering a boat through the poetry of our white nights. You must come back when the white nights are here. They are a true reward for nine months' dark."

The vodka was exhausted, and Orlov, after calling for a replenishment, complained that I wasn't keeping pace with him. He said it "disgusted" him to watch me "just tasting" and demanded that I "drink like a decent fellow or leave the table." I was surprised how easy it was to empty a glass in one swallow, how pleasant, and it appeared to have no effect but a tickling warmth and a feeling that my critical faculties were receding. I began to think that, after all, Orlov was right, the restaurant did have an Oriental atmosphere, and the music of the quartet, scraping away like cicadas among the palms, seemed to have acquired a beguiling, nostalgic lilt.

Orlov, at the stage of repeating himself, said "I'm a good man and I have a good wife" three times before he could reach the next sentence, which was "But I have strong muscles." He flexed one arm. "I'm passionate. A lusty dancer. On hot nights, with the window open, and the vic playing loud as we like. And the vic playing loud as we like. One of the girls always comes by. And we dance like that. With the window open on hot nights. That's all I want. To dance with Nancy. Beautiful. A beautiful girl. You understand? Just to dance. Where is she?" His hand swept the table. Silverware clattered to the floor. "Why isn't Nancy here? Why won't she sing for us?" With his head tilted back, he sang, "Missouri woman on the Mississippi, with her apron strings . . ." His voice grew louder and he lapsed into Russian—a hollering still obscurely associated with the tune of "St. Louis Blues." I looked at my watch. To my astonishment, it was nine o'clock. We had been sitting in the Eastern almost five hours, which meant I couldn't be as sober as I reckoned. The realization and the proof of it struck simultaneously, like a pair of assassins who had been lying in wait. The tables seemed to slide, the lights to swing, as though the restaurant were a ship riding a rough sea. At my insistence, Orlov asked for the check, but he went on singing as he counted out his rubles and we made our way down the stairs.

In front of the Eastern, there was a man selling rubber animals. Orlov bought a rabbit and handed it to me. "Tell Nancy from Stefan," he said. Then he pulled me along a street that led away from the Nevsky Prospekt. As frozen-mud lanes replaced pavement, it became clear that our destination was not the Astoria. This was no neighbor-

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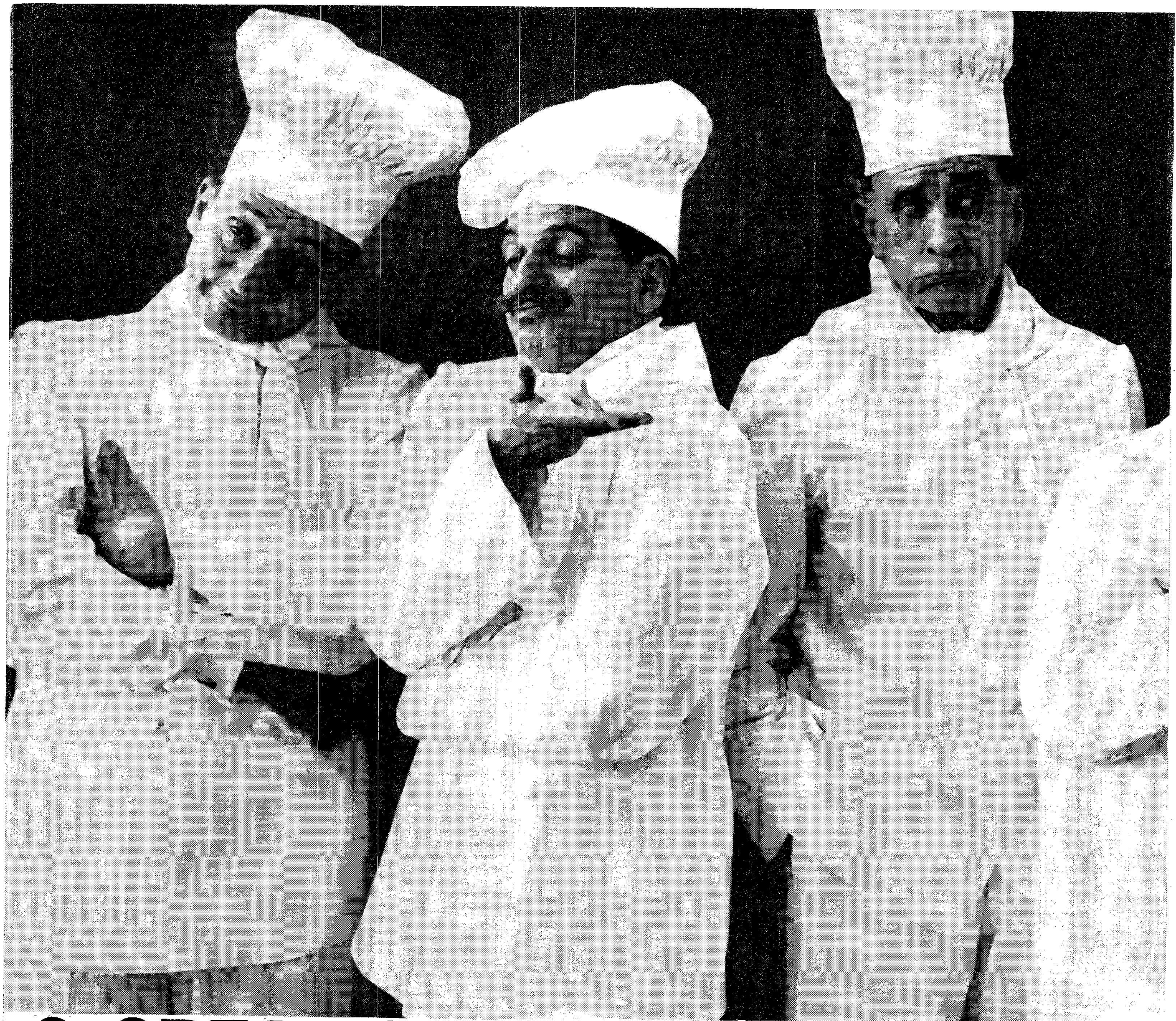
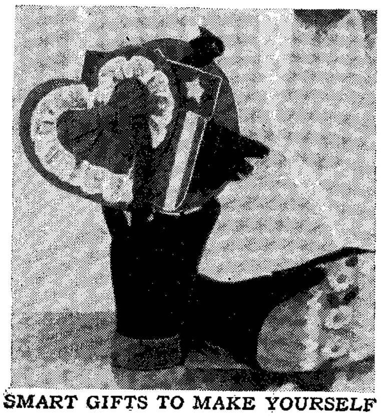


6 GREAT SOUP RECIPES FROM



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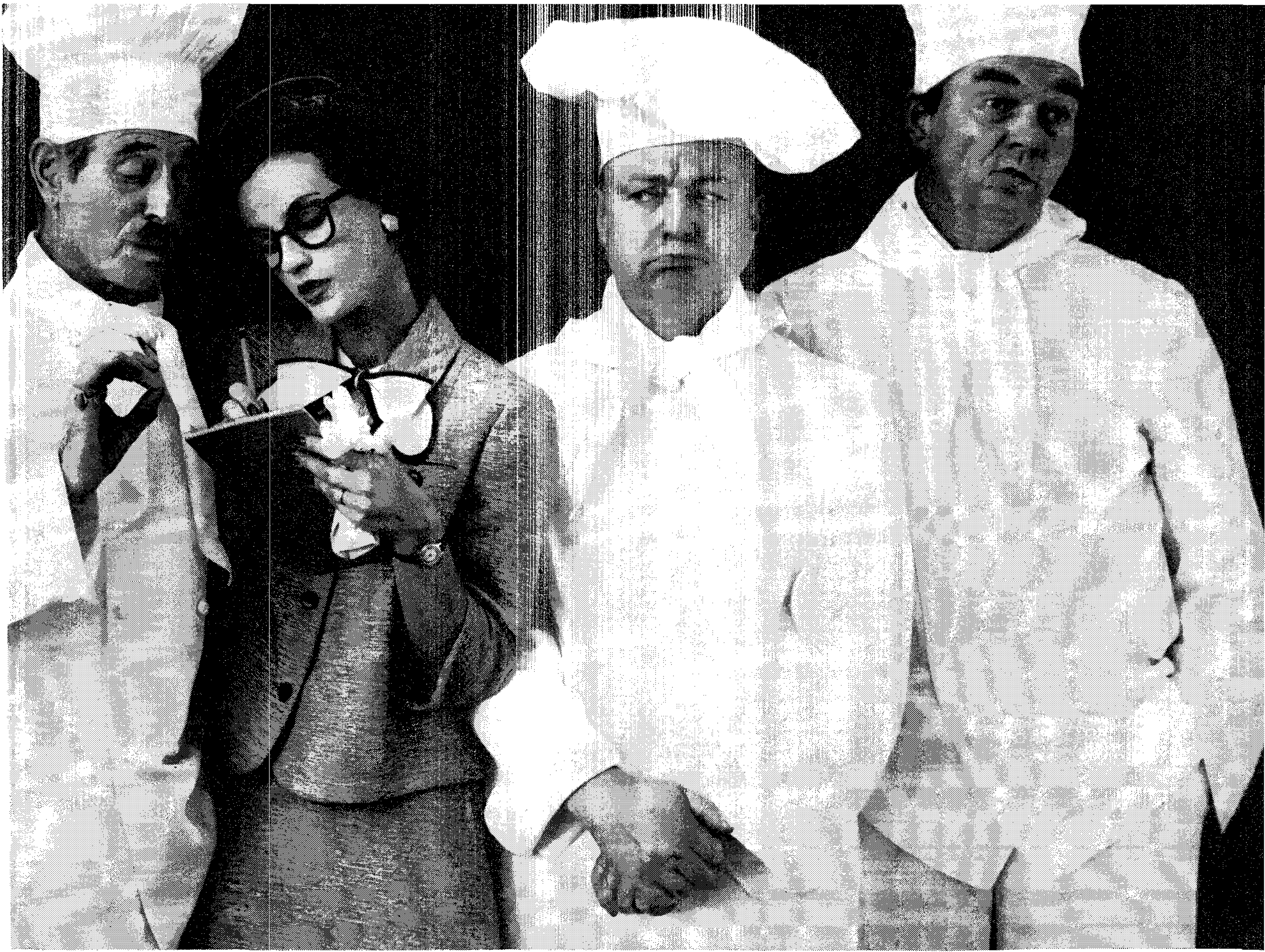
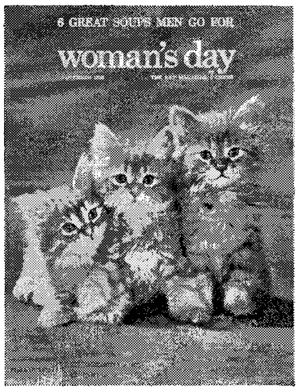


6 FAMOUS RESTAURANTS



Here's a real scoop: the carefully guarded recipes of six great "men's soups," given to WOMAN'S DAY by six famous restaurants!

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hood of palaces; instead, it was rather like the slums of New Orleans, a district of broken fences and sagging wooden houses. We passed an abandoned church with wind wailing around the domes like a widow at a grave. But not far from the church, sidewalks resumed and, with them, the city's imperial façade. Orlov headed toward a café with lighted windows. The cold walk had quieted, somewhat sobered, him. At the door, he said, "Here it is better. A workingman's place."

It was like falling into a bear pit. The body heat and beery breath and damp-fur smell of a hundred growling, quarrelling, jostling customers filled the brightly lit café. Eight or ten men huddled around each of the dozen tables. The only women present were three waitresses—all of them brawny girls, wide as they were tall, and with faces round and flat as plates. In addition to waiting on table, they did duty as bouncers. Calmly, expertly, with an odd absence of rancor and less effort than it takes to yawn, they would throw a punch that knocked the stuffing out of a man double their size. Lord help the man who fought back. If he did, all three girls would converge on him, beat him to his knees, and then literally wipe the floor with him as they dragged his carcass to the door and pitched it into the night. Some men, would-be customers but apparently *personae non gratae*, never got in the café, for as soon as one of these undesirables appeared in the doorway, the ladies of the establishment formed a flying, flailing wedge and drove him out again. Yet they could be courteous. At least, they smiled at Orlov—impressed, I thought, by his sable collar and expensive hat. One of them showed us to a table, where she told two men, young, jut-jawed bruisers wearing leather coats, to get up and give us their chairs. One was willing, the other argued. She settled his objections by snatching him up by the hair and twisting his ear.

For the most part, only upper-stratum restaurants are licensed to sell vodka, and since the café was clearly not in that category, Orlov ordered Russian cognac, a brackish liquid that came in large tea glasses overflowing their brims. With the blitheness of a man blowing the foam off his beer, he emptied a third of his glass, and then asked if the café "pleased" me or did I think it "rough"? I answered yes, and yes. "Rough but not hooligan," he said. "On the waterfront, yes, that is hooligan. But here is just ordinary. A workingman's place. No snobs." We had eight com-

Marcel Franck

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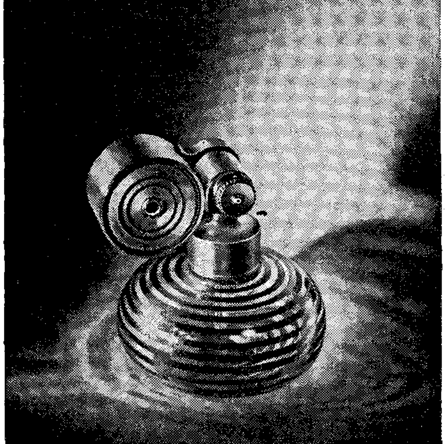

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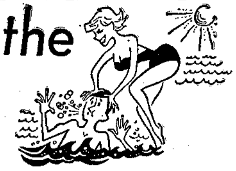

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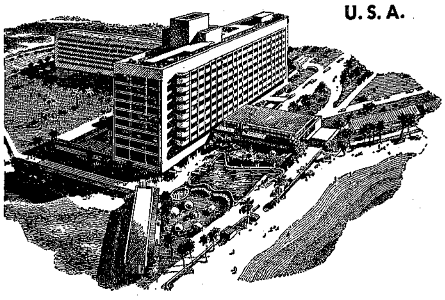

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panions at the table, and they were soon picking at me like magpies, plucking the cigarette lighter out of my hand, the scarf from around my neck, and passing these objects back and forth among themselves, glaring at them, grinning over them, and showing—even the youngest—rows of rotted teeth, and wrinkles for which age could not account.

A favorite of the café was a boy who roamed around with a guitar. If you bought him a drink, he'd sing you a song. He sang one for Orlov, who translated it for me, saying it was the kind of song "we" like. It was the lament of a sailor longing for the village of his youth and a lost love called Nina. ("The green of the sea is the green of her eyes.") The boy sang well, with plaintive flamenco waverings in his voice. But his eyes bothered me, and after a while I knew why. It was because they reminded me of the expression, the deaf-mute pleading, in the eyes of the man lying on the cathedral sidewalk. When the boy stopped singing, Orlov told him to sing another song. Instead, he tried to speak to me: "I . . . you . . . mother . . . man." He knew about ten words of English, and he struggled to pronounce them. I asked Orlov to interpret, and he and the boy talked together in Russian.

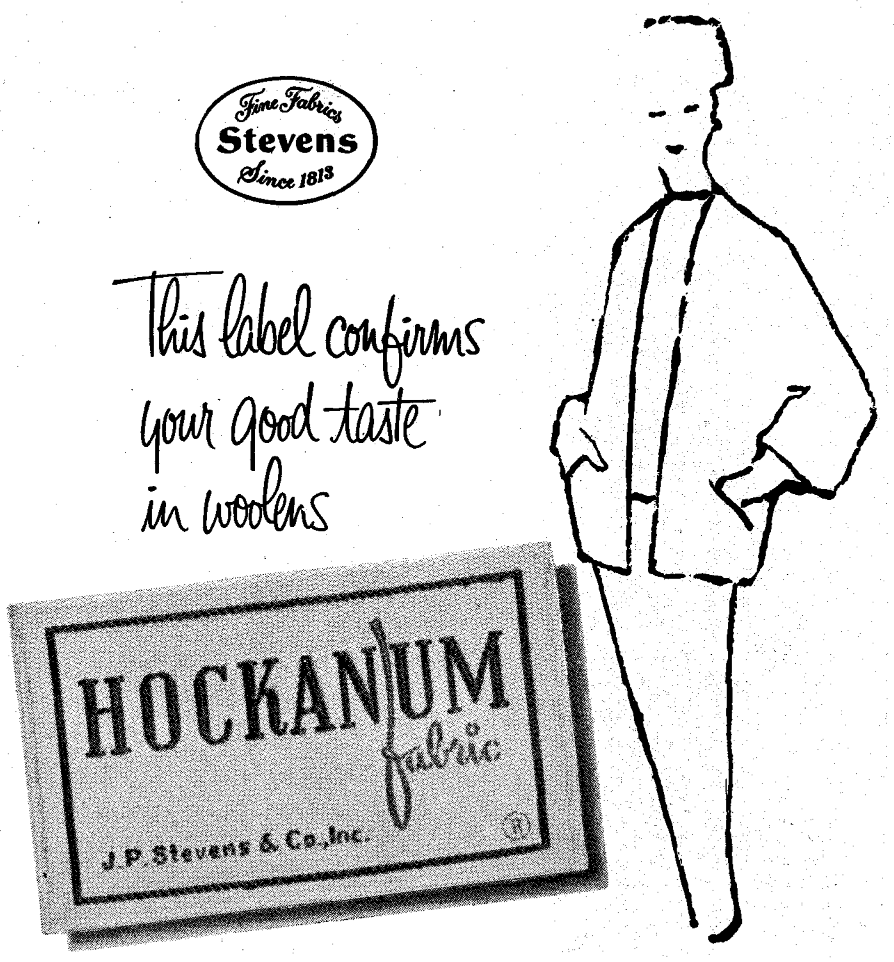
"It's not so much interesting," Orlov said. "I'm not interested in politics." When I persisted, Orlov was annoyed. "It's nothing," he said. "A nuisance. He wants you to help him."

"Help" was a word the boy understood. "Help," he said, nodding vigorously. "Help."

"Isn't he a nuisance?" said Orlov. "He says his father was English and his mother Polish, and because of this he says he's very badly treated in our country. He wants you to write the British Ambassador. Something like that. He wants to go to England."

"English man," said the boy, pointing at himself proudly. "Help." I didn't see how I could, and when Orlov told him what I had said, he repeated reproachfully, "Help. Help."

Orlov gave him a coin and told him the name of a song he wanted to hear. It was a comedy song with unending choruses, and though the boy drudged through it listlessly, even the waitresses laughed and roared out the key lines, which everybody seemed to know. At five minutes to midnight, closing time, the waitresses began to switch the lights off and on, warningly. But the customers kept the song going, clung to these last minutes, as though they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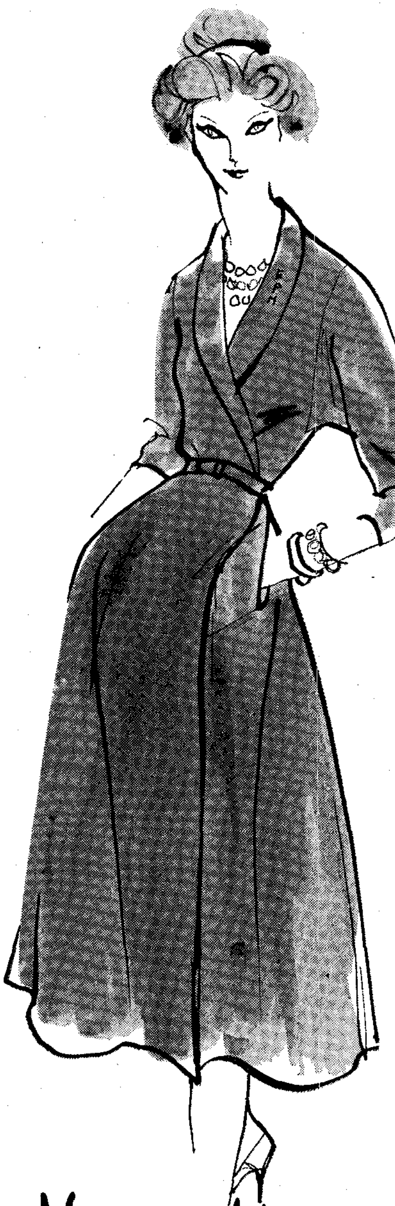

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loathed to trade the café's camaraderie for cold streets, the fierce, lonely journeys homeward. Orlov said he'd walk me to St. Isaac's Square. But, first, a final toast. He proposed, "To a long life and a merry one. Is that what they say?" Yes, I told him, that's what they say.

The boy with the guitar blocked our path to the door. Exiting customers were still warbling his song; you could hear their voices echoing down the street. And in the café the waitresses were shooing out the last diehards, turning off the lights in earnest. "Help," said the boy, still trying to speak to me, as a waitress, at Orlov's request, pushed him aside so we could get by.

"Help, help," he called after me, as the door closed between us.

"I think he must be a crazy person," said Orlov.

"NEW YORK could've been bombed, for all we know," said Leonard Lyons to Herman Sartorius, who was sitting next to him in one of the buses taking the company on a morning visit to the Hermitage. "I've never been to a place where I couldn't get a newspaper in a language I could read and find out what's going on in the world. A prisoner—that's how I feel." Sartorius, a tall, graying, solemnly courteous man, confessed that he, too, missed Western newspapers and wondered aloud if it would seem "not quite correct" for him to inquire at a Leningrad bank for the current New York Stock Exchange quotations.

As it happened, the passenger seated behind them could have supplied them with any information they wanted. It was his business to know what went on beyond the Iron Curtain—especially in America. He was a Russian, Josef ("Call me Joe") Adamov, and he was in Leningrad to tape-record interviews with the "Porgy and Bess" cast for Radio Moscow, the station that beams broadcasts to countries outside the Soviet orbit. Adamov's talents—writing, interviewing, acting—are devoted to programs intended for American, or at least English-speaking, consumption. The programs consist of news reports, interviews with visiting celebrities, music, and soap operas sudsy with propaganda. Listening to one of these plays (as I have done) is a startling experience, not for the content, which is crude, but for the acting, which isn't. The voices pretending to be "average" Americans seem precisely that; one believes absolutely in the man who says he's a Midwestern farmer, a Texas

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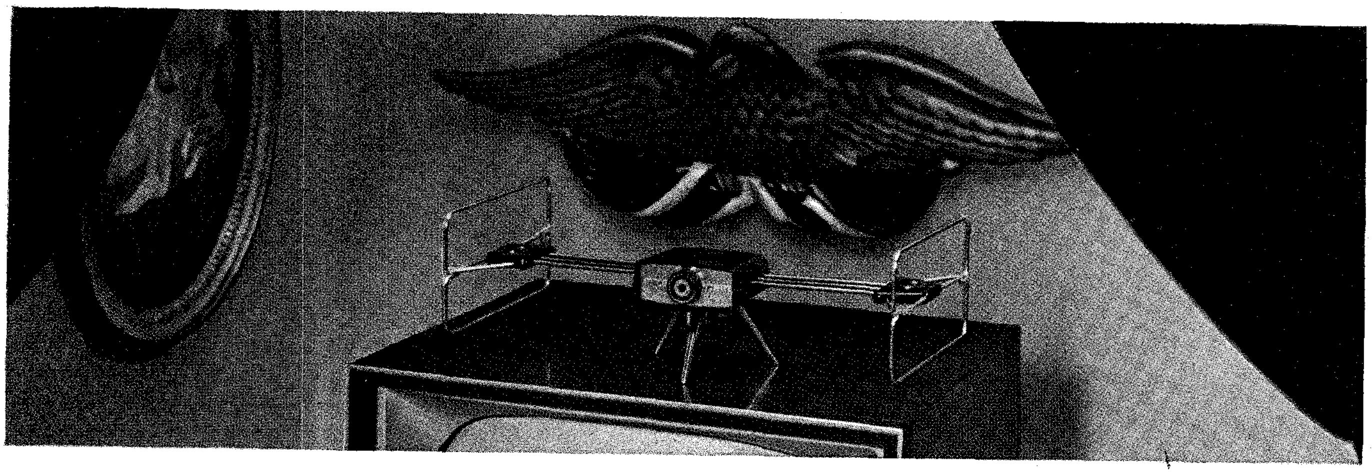

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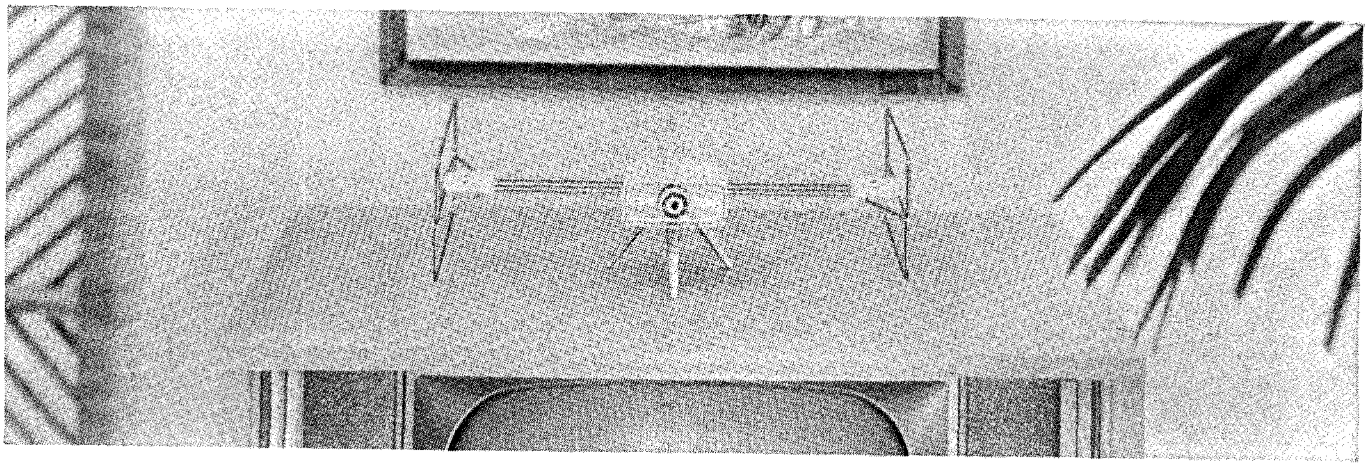

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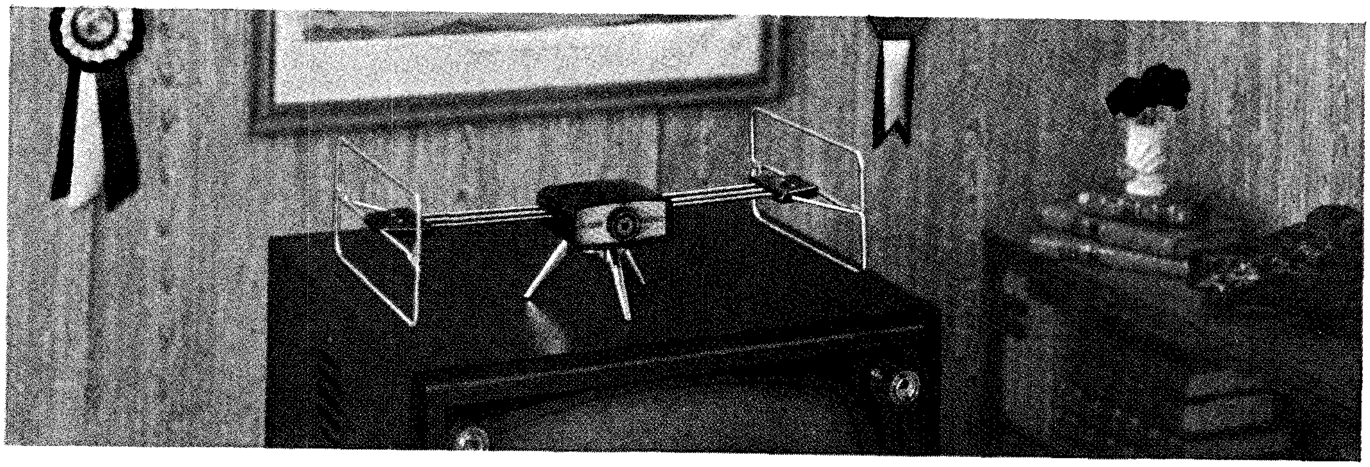

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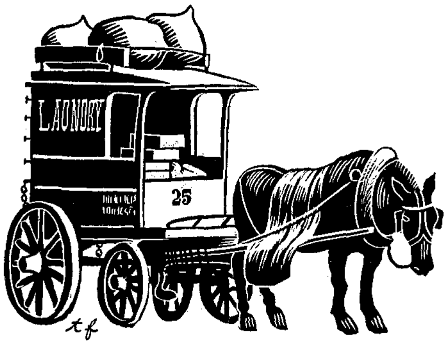
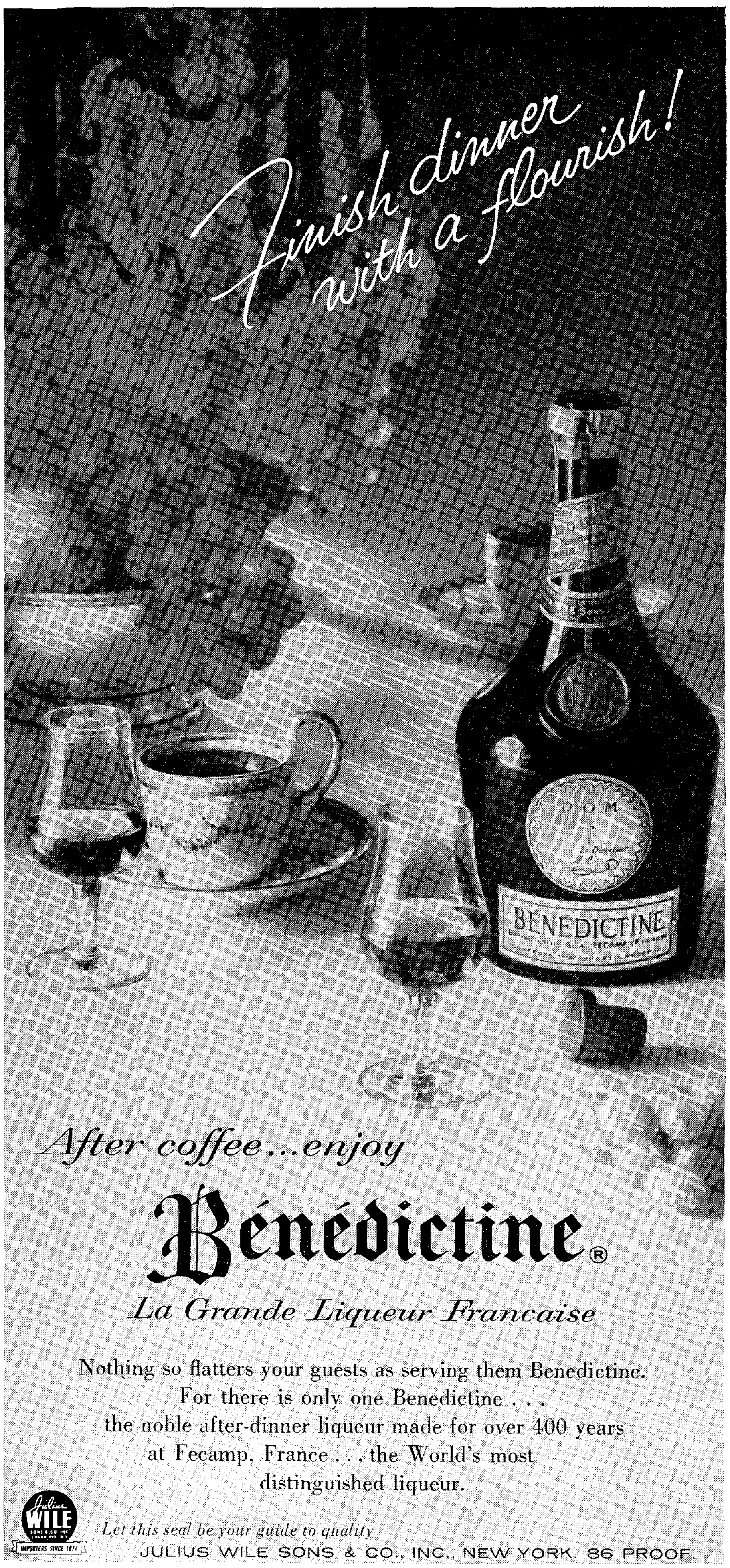
cowhand, a Detroit factory worker. Even the voices of children sound as American as the crunch of Wheaties, the crack of a baseball bat. Adamov bragged that none of the actors had ever left Russia; their accents were manufactured right in Moscow. Himself a frequent actor in the plays, Adamov has so perfected a certain American accent that he fooled a native of the region it belongs to, Lyons, who said, "Gee, I'm dumfounded, I keep wondering what's he doing so far from Lindy's." Adamov, indeed, seems to belong on the corner of Broadway and Fifty-first, a copy of *Variety* jammed under his arm. Although his slang needs dusting off, it is delivered with a bizarrely fluent, side-of-the-mouth technique. "Me, I'm no museum type," he said as we neared the Hermitage. "But if you go in for all that creepy stuff, they tell me this joint's O.K., really loaded." A swarthy, moonfaced man in his middle thirties, with a jumpy, laughing, coffee-nerves animation, Adamov has shifty eyes, and they grow shiftier when, under duress, he admits that his English was learned in New York, where he lived between the ages of eight and twelve, with an émigré grandfather. He prefers to skate over this American episode. "I was just a kid," he remarks, as much as to say, "I didn't know any better." Adamov is a successful man, which means, as it does elsewhere—though far more so in Russia—that he enjoys privileges unknown to the ordinary citizen. The one he values most is that of occupying a two-room bachelor apartment in Moscow's Gorky Street, where, to hear him tell it, he lives the life of a Turk in a seraglio. "Gimme a buzz you come to Moscow, you wanta meet some cute kids," he was heard telling some members of the company. Meanwhile, he thought some of the girls in the "Porgy and Bess" company were "pretty cute kids" themselves—particularly a saucer-eyed singer in the chorus named Dolores Swan. At the museum, where the sightseers were separated into battalions of twelve,





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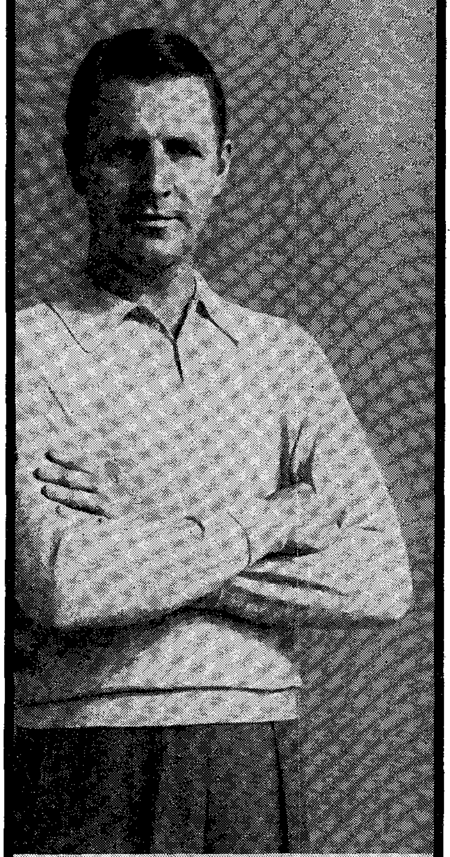

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Adamov made a point of joining Miss Swan in a group that included Lyons, the Wolferts, Mrs. Gershwin, Nancy Ryan, Warner Watson, and me.

The Hermitage is part of the Winter Palace, which in recent years has been repainted its imperial color—a frosty chartreuse-vert. Its miles of silvery windows overlook a park and, beyond it, a wide expanse of the Neva. "The Winter Palace was started in 1764 and took seventy-eight years to finish," said the English-speaking guide, a girl with a brisk, whip-'em-along attitude. "It consists of four buildings and contains, as you see, the world's greatest museum. This where we are standing is the Ambassadorial Staircase, used by the ambassadors mounting to see the Czar." In the wake of those ectoplasmic ambassadors, our party followed her up marble stairs that curved under a filigree ceiling of white and gold. We passed through a splendid hall panelled in green malachite, looking like a corridor under the sea, and here there were French windows where a few of us paused to look across the Neva at a misty-hazy view of that celebrated torture chamber, the Peter Paul fortress. "Come, come," the guide urged. "There is much to see and we will not accomplish our mission if we linger at useless spectacles."

The Treasure Vault was the mission's immediate objective. "That's where they keep the ice, the *real* stuff—crown jools, all that junk," Adamov informed Miss Swan. A group of stunted amazons, several of them in uniform and wearing pistols strapped around their waists, guarded the vault's bolted doors. Adamov, jerking a thumb toward the guards, said to Warner Watson, "I'll bet you don't have any female cops like these in America, huh?"

"Sure," said Watson timidly. "We have policewomen, sure."

"But," said Adamov, his moist moonface going scarlet with laughter, "not as fat as these, huh?"

While the vault's complicated steel doors were being unlocked, the guide announced, "Ladies will please leave their pocketbooks with the custodians." Then, as though to circumvent the obvious implication: "It is a matter of ladies causing damage dropping their pocketbooks. We have had that experience." The vault is divided into three small, chandelier-lighted rooms, the first two entirely occupied by a unique display—a sophisticated splash of Scythian gold, fashioned into buttons and bracelets, cruel weapons, papery leaves, and garlands. "First-century stuff," said Adamov. "B.C., A.D., all that junk." The third room is intellectually duller but aesthetically much more dazzling. In it are a dozen glass-enclosed cabinets (bearing the metal mark of their maker, Holland & Sons, 23 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London) afire with souvenirs of the Czarist era: onyx and ivory walking sticks, birds that sing with emerald tongues, a lily bouquet made of pearls, a rose one of rubies, rings and boxes so heavily jewelled they give off a trembling glare like heat waves.

Lyons planted himself in front of a cabinet containing one of the collection's few examples of Fabergé: a miniature version of the symbols of royal power—crown, sceptre, and orb. "It's gorgeous," said Miss Swan. "Don't you think it's gorgeous, Mr. Adamov?"

Adamov smiled indulgently. "If *you* say so, kid," he said. "Personally, I think it's junk. What good does it do anybody?"

Wolfert, chewing on an unlit pipe, was rather of Adamov's opinion. "I hate jewelry," he said, glowering at a tray of blazing froufrou. "I don't know the difference between a zircon and a diamond. Except I like zircons better. They're shinier." He put an arm around his wife. "I'm glad I married a woman who doesn't like jewelry."

"Oh, I like *jewelry*, Ira," said Mrs. Wolfert, a comfortable-looking, dreamy-eyed woman. "I like *creations*. But *this*, this is all trickery and showoff. It makes me ill."

"It makes me ill, too," said Miss Ryan. "But in quite a different way. I'd give anything for that ring—the tiger's-eye."

"It makes me ill," Mrs. Wolfert repeated.

Mrs. Gershwin was also making comparisons. "I wish I'd *never* come here," she said, forlornly fingering her diamonds. "I feel so dissatisfied I'd like to go home and crack my husband on the head."

Miss Ryan asked her, "If you could have any of this you wanted, what would you take?"

"All of it, darling," replied Mrs. Gershwin.

Miss Ryan agreed, and added, "And when I got it home, I'd spread it on the floor and rip off my clothes and just *roll*."

The guide herded everyone to the door, counting us as we left. Some six kilometres later, the group, its ranks thinned by fatigue cases, stumbled into the last exhibit hall, weak-legged after two hours of inspecting Egyptian mum-

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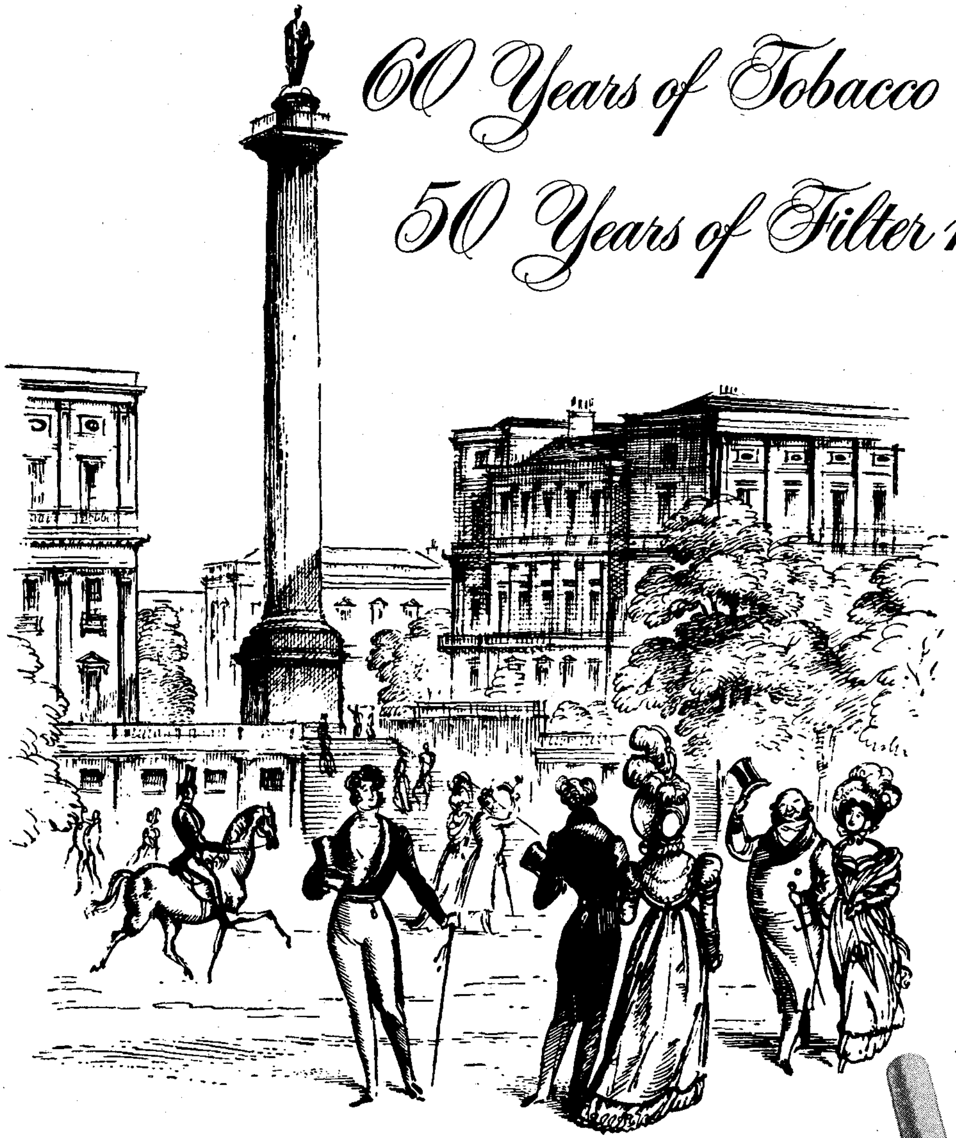

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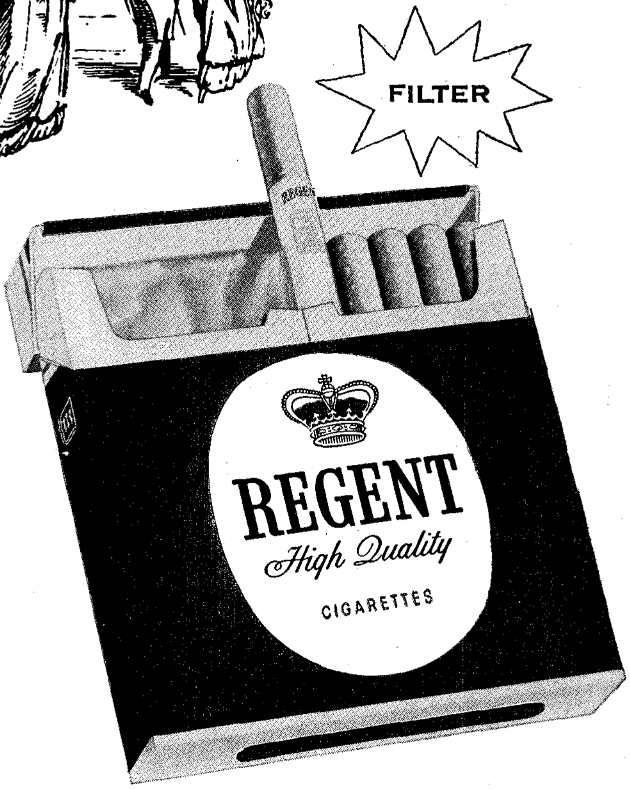

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mies and Italian madonnas, craning necks at excellent Old Masters excruciatingly hung, poking about the sarcophagus of Alexander Nevsky, and marvelling at a pair of Peter the Great's goliath-size boots. "And over here," the guide said, directing attention to the final item on the agenda, "is our famous The Peacock."

The Peacock, a mechanical folly constructed by the eighteenth-century English clockmaker James Cox, was brought to Russia as a gift from Potëmkin to Catherine II. It is kept in a glass cage the size of a summerhouse. The chief attraction of the piece is a bronze peacock perched among the gilded leaves of a bronze tree. Balanced on other branches are an owl, a rooster, a squirrel nibbling a nut. At the base of the tree there is a scattering of mushrooms, one of which bears the face of a clock. "When the hour strikes, we have here a forceful happening," said the guide. "The peacock spreads his tail and the rooster crows. The owl blinks her eyes and the squirrel has a good munch."

Adamov grunted. "Who the hell cares what it does? It's dopey."

Miss Ryan took him to task. She wanted to know why he should feel that way about an object of such "imaginative craftsmanship."

He shrugged. "What's imaginative about it? A lot of jerks going blind so milady can watch a peacock fan his tail. Look at those leaves! Think of the work went into that! All for nothing. A non-utilitarian nothing. I'll tell you a good reason I don't like it. Because that peacock's gonna go on fanning his tail when I'm dust. A man works all his life, he ends up dust. That's what museums are—reminders of death. Death."

A gang of soldiers, part of another tour, approached The Peacock just as the hour chimed inside the cage, and the soldiers, country boys with their heads shaved bald, their drab uniforms sagging in the seat, had the double enchantment of gaping at foreigners and watching the golden-eyed owl wink and the peacock flash his bronze feathers in the wan light of the Winter Palace. The Americans and the soldiers crowded close to hear the rooster crow, man and art for a moment alive together.

IT was Christmas Eve. The interpreters from the Ministry of Culture, under the supervision of Savchenko, had set up a skinny fir tree in the center of one of the two lesser Astoria restaurants and decorated it with hand-colored paper cards and wisps of tinsel. The members of the company, sentimental about

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their fourth Christmas together, had gone on spending sprees before leaving Berlin: a razzle-dazzle of cellophane and ribbon spread in a knee-deep, twenty-foot circle around the tree. The presents were to be opened at midnight. Long past that hour, Miss Ryan was still in her room wrapping packages; I helped her carry her presents down to the restaurant, where she was just in time for the end of the gift distributing. The children had been allowed to stay up for the party, and now, hugging new dolls and squirting raspberry soda from water pistols, they cycloned through the gaudy wrapping-paper debris. The grownups danced to the music of a Russian jazz band, which could be heard playing in the connecting main restaurant. Mrs. Breen whirled by, a bit of holiday ribbon floating around her neck. "Isn't it bliss?" she said. "Aren't you happy? After all, we don't spend *every* Christmas in Leningrad!"

The waitresses, young English-language students who had volunteered to tend table for the American troupe, demurely refused invitations to dance. "Oh, come on, honey," one waitress was urged, "let's you and me melt that Curtain together."

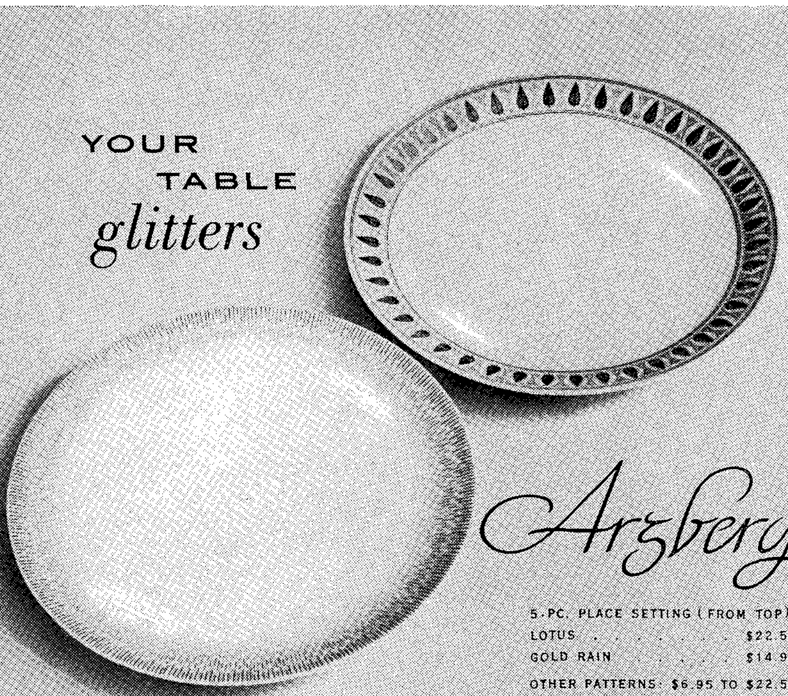
Vodka, abetting the spirit of the occasion, had already melted the reserve of the Ministry of Culture representatives. They each had received presents from the company, and Miss Lydia, who had been given a compact, wanted to kiss everyone in sight. "It is too kind, so kind," she said, tirelessly examining her face in the compact mirror.

Even the aloof Savchenko, a dour, glacial Santa Claus, seemed after a while willing to forget his dignity. At any rate, he did not protest when a girl in the cast plumped herself on his lap, threw her arms around him, and between kisses told him, "How come you want to look like a grumpy old bear when you're just a doll? A living doll, that's what you are, Mr. Savchenko."

Breen, too, had affectionate words for the Ministry of Culture executive. "Let's all drink to the man we can thank for this wonderful party," he said, hoisting a tumbler of vodka. "One of the best friends we have in the world—Nikolai Savchenko."

Savchenko responded by proposing another toast. "To the free exchange of culture between the artists of our countries. When the cannons are heard, the muses are silent," he continued, quoting his favorite maxim. "When the cannons are silent, the muses are heard."

Adamov was busily tape-recording



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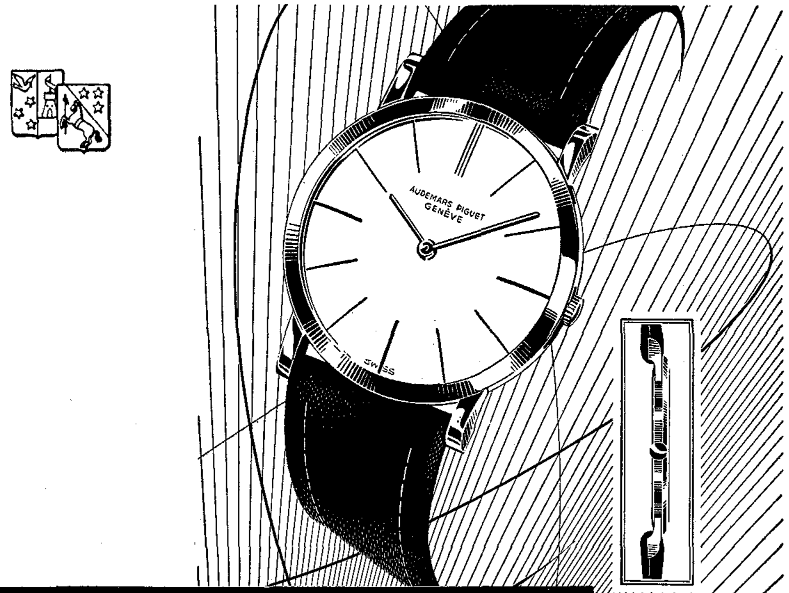

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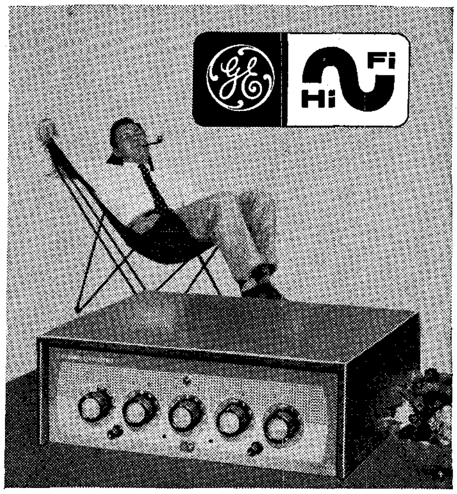

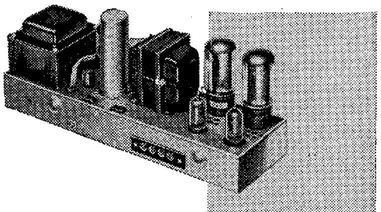

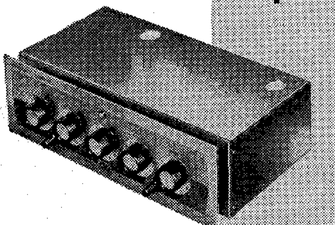

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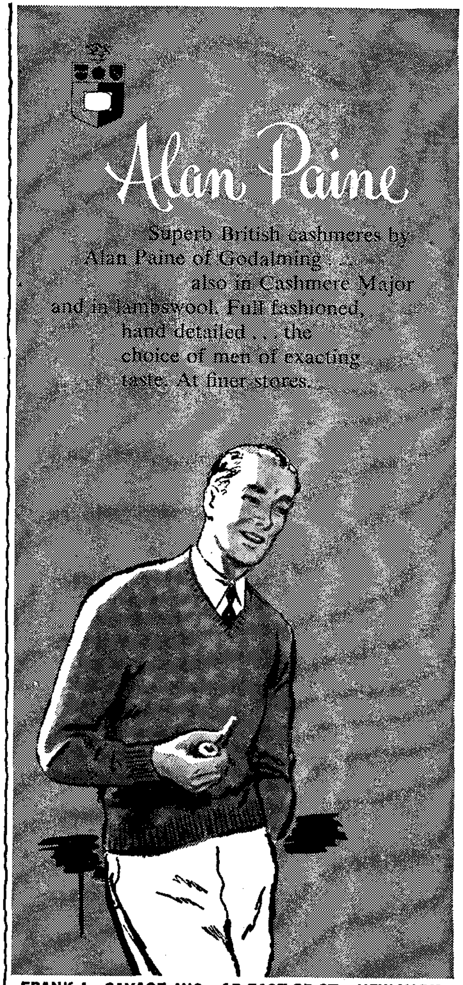
the party on a portable machine. Five-year-old Davy Hawthorne, solicited for a comment, said into Adamov's microphone, "Hello, everybody, Happy Christmas. Daddy wants me to go to bed, but we're all having a grand time, so I'm not going." Adamov also recorded "Silent Night," which the cast, gathering around the tree, sang with a volume that drowned the next-room thumping of the dance band.

After two, the party infiltrated the next room, the Astoria's "night club," which is permitted to operate later than twelve on Saturdays—the only night of the week when the patrons outnumber the personnel. The Soviet habit of seating strangers together does not encourage uninhibited conversation, and the cavernous restaurant, occupied to near capacity by Leningrad's élite, was unreasonably subdued, the merest few—mostly young Army and Navy officers with their sweethearts—taking advantage of the orchestra's respectable rhythms. The rest—artists and theatrical people, groups of military Chinese, jowly commissars accompanied by their uncorseted, gold-toothed wives—sat around as bored and uncaring as castaways on a Pacific atoll.

Earl Bruce Jackson took one look and said, "Whatcha say, cats, let's get the snakes crawlin', skin the beast and sprinkle pepper in his eyes!" Whereupon five members of the company commandeered the bandstand. The hotel musicians had not the least objection to being ousted. They were all fans of American jazz, and one of them, a devotee of Dizzy Gillespie, had accumulated a large record collection, he told me, by listening to foreign broadcasts and recording the music on discs made from old X-ray plates.

Junior Mignott spat into a trumpet, and banana-fingered Lorenzo Fuller struck piano chords. Moses LaMarr, a powerhouse with sandpaper lungs, stomped his foot and opened his mouth wide as an alligator. "Grab yo' coat 'n' get yo' hat, leave yo' worry on de do'-step . . ." It was as though the castaways had sighted rescue on the horizon. Smiles broke out like an unfurling of flags; tables emptied onto the dance floor. ". . . just direct yo' feet . . ." A Chinese cadet tapped his foot; Russians packed close to the bandstand, riveted by LaMarr's scratchy voice, the drumbeat riding behind it. ". . . to de sunny, *sunny*, SUNNY . . ." Couples rocked, swayed in each other's arms. ". . . side ah de streeeet!"

"Look at them zombies go!" said Jackson, and then shouted to LaMarr,



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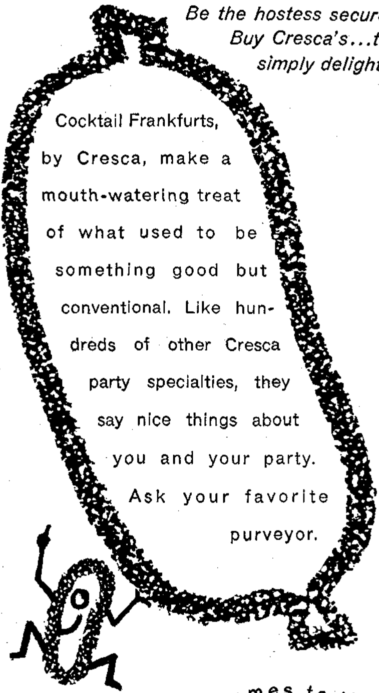

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Mrs. Breen, a smiling shepherdess gazing at her flock, turned to Leonard Lyons. "You see," she said. "We've broken through. Robert's done what the *diplomats* couldn't."

At one of the tables, a female member of the cast was sitting with three Russians, one of whom, a gnarled, unshaven gnome with frothing black hair, splashed champagne into a glass and thrust it at me. "He wants you to sit down, and, gosh, you'd better," the actress advised me. "He's a wild man." He was, I later learned, a Georgian sculptor, responsible for the heroic statuary in the new Leningrad subway. The others at the table, a man and wife, were silent until, a moment or two after I sat down, the actress and the sculptor got up to dance. Then the woman, a death-pale brunette with Mongolian cheekbones and green almond eyes, whom I shall call Mme. Zukovsky, said to me, "What an appalling little man. A *Georgian*, of course. These people from the South!" She spoke English with the spurious elegance, the strained exactness, of Eliza Doolittle. "I am Mme. Zukovsky, and this is my husband, the crooner," she said, introducing me to the gentleman, who was twice her age—somewhere in his sixties—a vain, once-handsome man with an inflated stomach and a collapsing chin line. He spoke no English. His wife was startled that I'd never heard of him. "No? *Zukovsky*? The famous *crooner*?" During the twenties and thirties, it seemed, Zukovsky lived in Paris, enjoying a minor vogue as a cabaret artist. When that faltered, he went on a honky-tonk tour of the Far East. Though of Russian parentage, his wife was born in Shanghai, and it was there that she met and married Zukovsky. In 1943, they moved to Moscow, where she launched a not too prosperous career as a film actress. "I am a painter, really," she said. "But I can't be bothered ingratiating myself with all the right people. That is necessary if you want your pictures shown. And painting is so difficult when one travels." Zukovsky was currently engaged in a series of concerts in Leningrad. "Zukovsky is more sold out than the Negroes," his wife informed me. "We are going to the Negro première. It should be a delightful evening, because the Negroes are so amusing and there is so little amusing here. Nothing but work, work. We're all too tired to be amusing. Don't you find Leningrad absolutely dead? A

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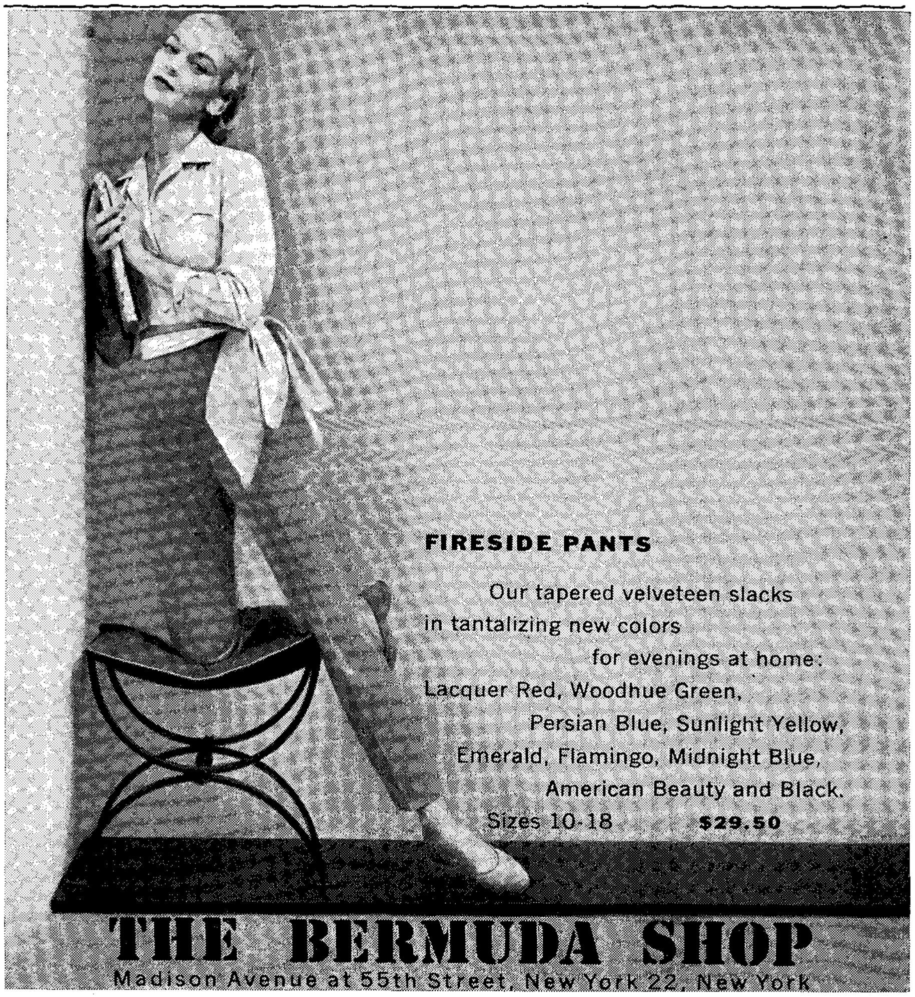

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beautiful corpse? And Moscow. Moscow is not quite as dead, but so ugly." She wrinkled her nose and shuddered. "I suppose, coming from New York, you find us very shabby? Speak the truth. You think *me* shabby?" I didn't think so, no. She wore a simple black dress and some good jewelry, and had a mink stole slung over her shoulders. In fact, she was the best-dressed, best-looking woman I'd seen in Russia. "Ah, you're embarrassed to say," she went on. "But I know. When I look at your friends, these American girls, I *feel* shabby. There are no nice things next to my skin. It isn't that I'm poor. I have money. . . ." She hesitated. The actress and the sculptor were returning to the table. "Please," she said, "I would like to say something to you privately. Do you dance?"

The improvised band was smooching its way through "Somebody Loves Me," and the crowd on the floor listened to LaMarr rasp out the lyrics with transfixed expressions. ". . . I wonder who, oh MAY-be, BA-by, MAY-be it's you!" Mme. Zukovsky danced well, but her body was tense, her hands icy. "*J'adore la musique des nègres*," she said. "It's so wicked. So vile." And then, in the same breath, she began to whisper rapidly in my ear. "You and your friends must find Russia very expensive. Take my advice—don't change your dollars. Sell your clothes. That is the way to get rubles. Sell. Anyone will buy. If it can be done discreetly. I am here in the hotel. Room 520. Tell your friends to bring me shoes, stockings, things for close to the skin. Anything." She dug her nails into my sleeve. "Tell them I will buy *anything*."

SET somewhat back from the Nevsky Prospekt, there is an arcaded building bearing a marked resemblance to St. Peter's, in Rome. This is the Kazan Cathedral, one of Leningrad's largest anti-religious museums. Inside, in an atmosphere of stained-glass gloom, the management has produced a Grand Guignol indictment of the teachings of the church. Statues and sinister portraits of the Popes follow one another down the galleries like a procession of witches. Everywhere ecclesiastics leer and grimace, make, in captioned cartoons, satyr suggestions to nunlike women, revel in orgies, snub the poor to cavort with the decadent rich. Ad infinitum, the museum demonstrates its thesis—that the church, Roman Catholic in particular, exists solely as a protection

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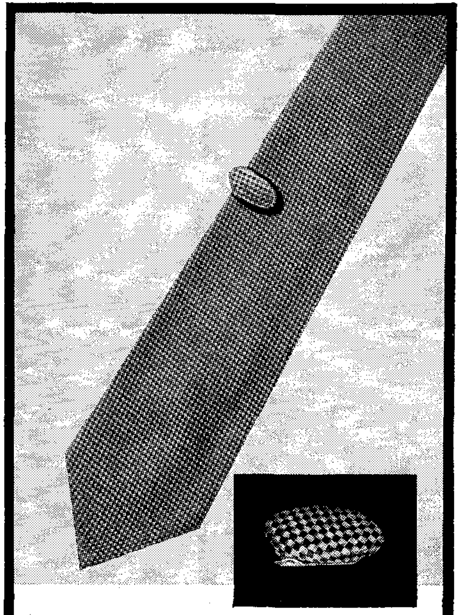

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for capitalism. One caricature, an enormous oil, depicts Rockefeller, Krupp, Hetty Green, Morgan, and Ford plunging avaricious hands into a mountainous welter of coins and blood-soaked war helmets.

The Kazan Cathedral is popular with children—understandably so, since the exhibition is liberally sprinkled with horror-comic scenes of brutality and torture. The schoolteachers who daily herd swarms of pupils through the place have difficulty dragging them away from attractions like the Chamber of the Inquisitors. The Chamber is a real room peopled with the life-size wax figures of four Inquisitors relishing the agonies of a heretic. The naked victim, chained to a table, is being branded with hot coals by a pair of masked torturers. The coals are electrically lighted. Children, after being pulled away, keep sneaking back for another look.

Anti-religious museums were not among the sightseeing projects its hosts had lined up for the "Porgy and Bess" cast. Quite the contrary. On Sunday, Christmas Day, the Russians offered it the chance to attend either a Catholic Mass or a Baptist service. Eleven members of the company, including Rhoda Boggs, a mezzo-soprano who plays the part of the Strawberry Woman, went to the Evangelical Baptist Church, whose Leningrad parishioners number two thousand and, incidentally, sing the standard, familiar Baptist hymns in Russian. Afterward, I saw Miss Boggs sitting alone in one of the Astoria restaurants. She is a round, honey-colored, jolly-faced woman, always carefully groomed, but now her little Sunday-best hat was slightly askew and the handkerchief she kept dabbing at her eyes was wet as a washcloth.

"I'm tore to pieces," she told me, her breast heaving. "I've been going to church since I can walk, but I never felt Jesus like I felt Jesus today. Oh, child, he was *there*. He was out in the open. He was plainly written on every face. He was singing with us, and you never heard such beautiful singing. It was old people mostly, and old people can't sing like that without Jesus helping them along. The pastor, a sweet old man, he asked the interpreter to ask us colored people would we render a spiritual, and they listened so quiet, all those rows and rows and rows of old faces just looking at us, like we was telling them nobody's alone when Jesus is everywhere on this earth, which is a fact they know already, but it seemed to me like they were glad to

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hear it. Anybody doubts the presence of Our Saviour, he should’ve been there. Well, it came time to go. To say goodbye. And you know what happened? They stood up, the whole congregation. They took out white handkerchiefs and waved them in the air. And they sang ‘God Be with You Till We Meet Again.’ With their own words. The tears were just pouring down our faces, them and ours. Oh, child, it churned me up. I’m all tore to pieces.”

THAT evening, with the première less than twenty-four hours away, the windows of the Astoria stayed lighted late. All night, footsteps hurried along the corridors, doors slammed, and telephones rang, as though a calamity were occurring.

In Suite 415, Ambassador Bohlen and his wife entertained a small group of aides and friends who had just arrived with them by train from Moscow. The gathering, which included Roye L. Lowry, Second Secretary of the Embassy and one of the two diplomats who had briefed the company in Berlin, and Mrs. Lowry, was exceptionally quiet, since the Bohlens didn’t want their presence in the hotel generally known until the last possible moment. Directly below the ambassadorial apartment, in Suite 315, Mrs. Breen was having a massage while her husband polished the pre-curtain speech he planned to deliver. It had been suggested to him that he might circumvent the Communist propaganda potential in “Porgy and Bess” by pointing out that its picture of American Negroes concerned the long ago, not today, so he added the line “Therefore, let our work tell you how we feel through the drama and music of ‘Porgy and Bess,’ a folk-story which took place in the past—years ago—in Charleston, South Carolina, in the U.S.A.” In Room 223, Leonard Lyons was at his typewriter roughing out the opening-night column he intended cabling his newspaper, the New York *Post*. “Onstage were the flags of both nations, the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A.,” he wrote, previewing the event. “The last time an American flag was displayed here was when there were only forty-five states in the Union. A representative of the Ministry of Culture phoned to inquire how many states are united now. Yesterday, a wardrobe mistress sewed three more white stars on the old flag.”

The hotel was seething with journalists. The *Saturday Evening Post* was represented in the person of Charles W. Thayer, Ambassador Bohlen’s brother-in-law, who had arrived, along with C. L. Sulzberger, of the New York *Times*, with the Bohlen party. The *Saturday Review* was sending Horace Sutton; *Time* and *Life* already had a photographer-reporter team on hand; Mrs. Richard K. O’Malley, representing A.P.’s Moscow bureau, was speeding toward Leningrad aboard the crack Red Arrow Express; and the night before the same train had brought C.B.S. correspondent Daniel Schorr. Now, in Room 111, Schorr, a heavy-set man in his late thirties, was trying simultaneously to correct a typescript, keep a pipe lighted, and dictate over the telephone to a stenographer in Moscow. “O.K. Here’s the story. You put in the slugs. Let’s go,” he said, and began to read from the typed pages: “ ‘The Porgy and Bess Company comma believed to be the first American theatrical troupe ever to appear in Russia comma will open its Soviet engagement tomorrow night before a selected audience of two thousand two hundred’—I repeat, ‘two two oh oh’—‘at Leningrad’s Palace of Culture comma but offstage the Negro actors and singers have already scored a smash hit period The sixty members of the cast comma just by being themselves comma have had a tremendous impact on this comma the second-largest city in the Soviet Union.’ . . . That’s right, isn’t it? It is the second-largest?” For twenty minutes more, Schorr droned out anecdotes and facts. The opening night had been sold out weeks in advance; long lines of Leningraders had waited many hours in the snow to buy tickets; the top price was sixty rubles ($15), a figure doubled and tripled on the black market. “Hey, what’s a synonym for ‘black market’ that we can get past the censors? O.K., make it ‘curb price.’ ” Toward the end, he was saying, “ ‘They have given Leningrad a Christmas probably unlike any in history period. Until four o’clock this morning they gathered around a Christmas tree dash provided by a solicitous Soviet government dash and sang carols and spirituals period.’ Yeah, I know I’m overfiling this story. But I got excited. Real excited. You can see it. The impact of one culture on another culture. And by the way, listen, I’m having a hell of a time. They’re a great bunch, these ‘Porgy and Bess’ people. Like living with a circus.”

ON Monday morning, the day of the première, the cast met in Leningrad’s Palace of Culture for a final dress rehearsal, with full orchestra. Originally, the Russians had intended housing

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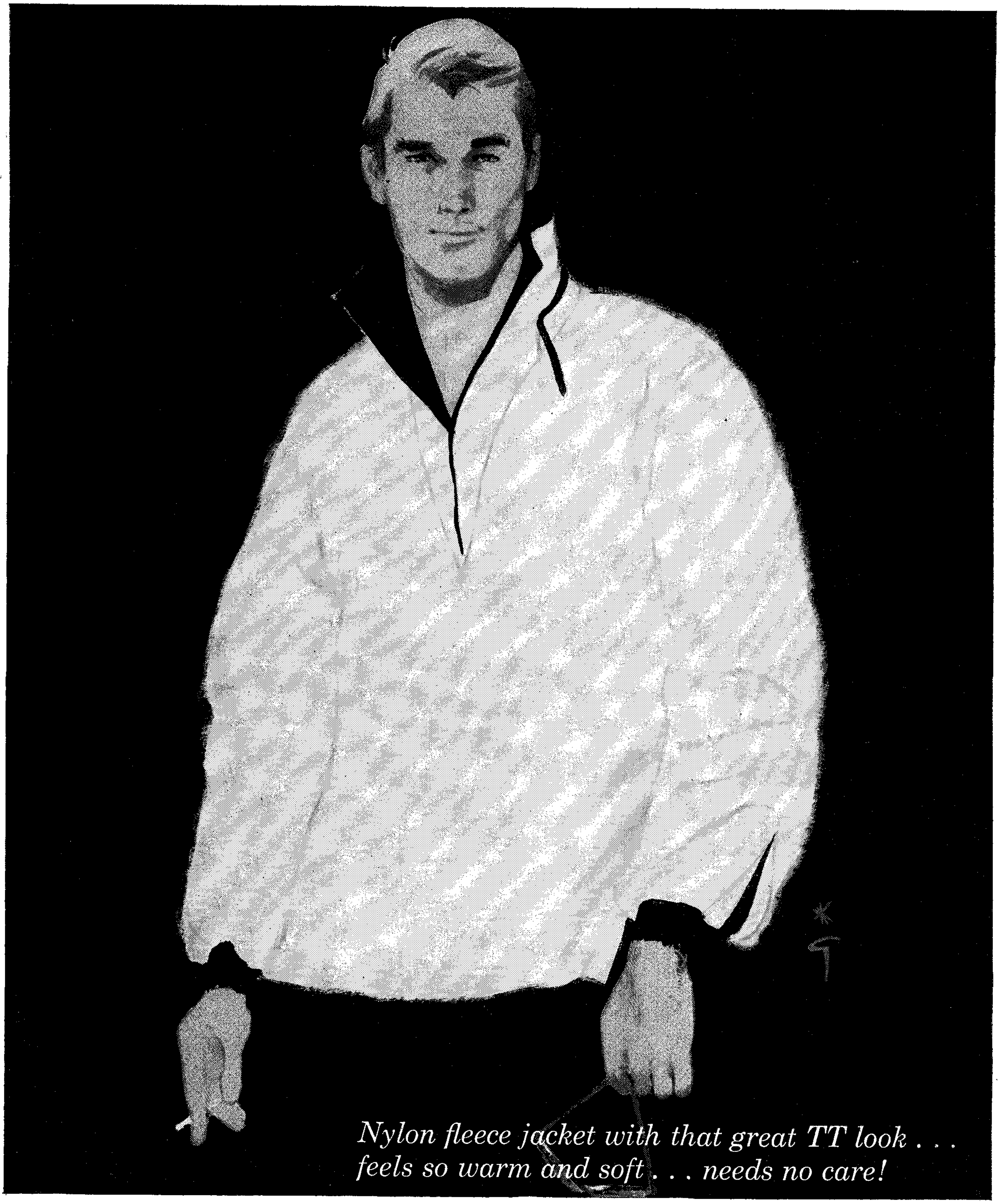
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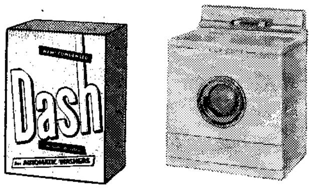

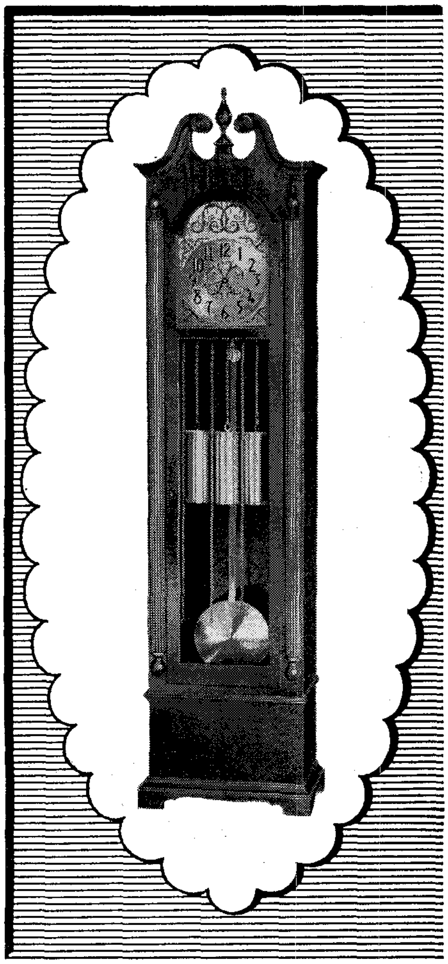

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the production in the attractive Maryinsky theatre, but the demand for tickets convinced them they could increase their take by transferring the opera to the huge Palace of Culture. The Palace, a pile of muddy-orange concrete, was slapped together in the thirties. From the outside, it is not unlike one of those decaying supermarkets along Ventura Boulevard. Several things about the interior suggest a skating rink—its temperature, for one. But Davy Hawthorne and the other children in the company thought it "a grand place"—especially the vast backstage, with its black recesses for hiding and its fly ropes to swing on, where the tough backstage crew, strong men and stronger women, caressed them, gave them sticks of candy, and called them "*Alluchka*"—a term of endearment.

I rode over to the rehearsal in a car I shared with two of the Ministry's interpreters—Miss Lydia and a tall, personable youth named Sascha. Miss Lydia, a woman who enjoys her food, was in a fine state of excitement, as though she were about to sit down to a delicious meal. "We will see it, no? Now we will *see* this 'Porgy-Bess,' " she said, wriggling on the seat. And then it occurred to me that yes, of course, at last Miss Lydia and her colleagues would be able to judge for themselves "this 'Porgy-Bess,' " the myth that had consumed their hours and energy ever since September 1st, when the negotiations between Everyman Opera and the Ministry of Culture had resulted in its extending its invitation to the troupe. Savchenko, too, would be having his first glimpse. Here and there along the route, Miss Lydia happily pointed at street placards advertising the show.

"How do you sit that still?" Miss Lydia inquired of Sascha. "Now we *see* it. Before the ordinary people."

Sascha *was* still. He had a stricken, seasick look, and not without reason. That morning, Savchenko had thrown Breen into a tailspin by telling him that the production's theatre programs were still at the printer and would not be obtainable for another few days. It was an authentic crisis, because the programs contained a synopsis of the opera's plot, and Breen was afraid that without this guide the audience would be hopelessly at a loss. Savchenko offered a solution. Why not have one of the Ministry's interpreters come out in front of the curtain before each act and outline the plot? Sascha had been chosen for the task. "How will I keep my knees from shaking?" he said, his eyes glazed with premature stagefright.

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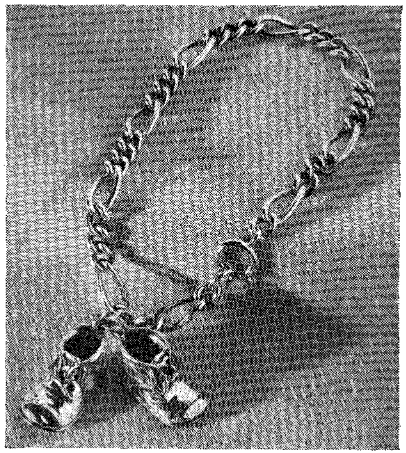

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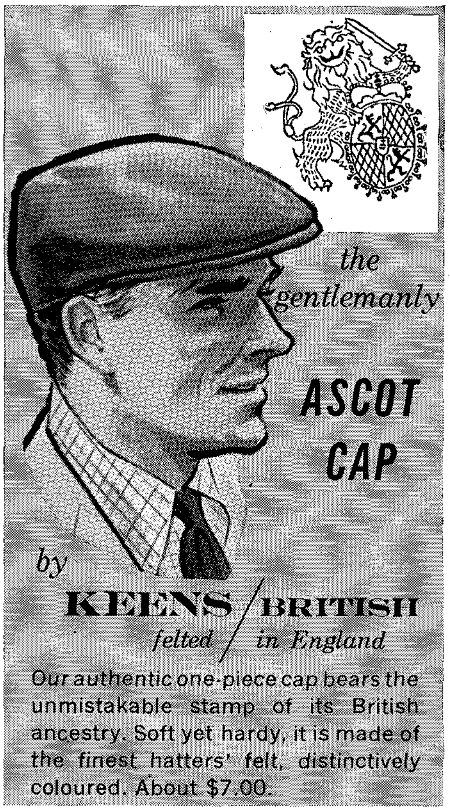

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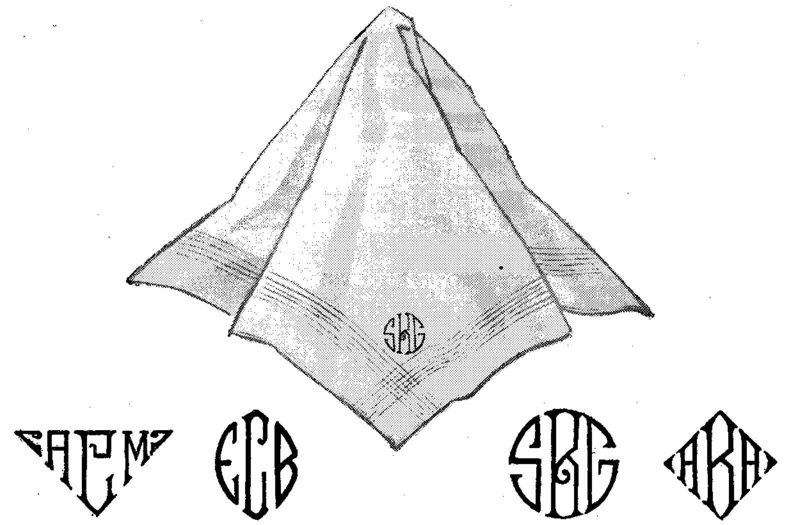
"How will I speak when there is no water in my mouth?"

Miss Lydia tried to soothe him. "Think only what an honor!" she said. "Many important people will be present. You will be noticed. If you were *my* son, Sascha, I would be very proud."

Inside the darkened auditorium of the Palace of Culture, Sascha and Miss Lydia found seats in the fourth row. I sat down behind them, between Savchenko and Adamov. Some thirty other Russians, who had finagled invitations to watch the run-through, were scattered around in the first several rows. Among them were Moscow journalists and photographers who had come to cover the première. The orchestra in the pit, an importation from Moscow's Stanislavsky Theatre, was winging through the overture with confident ease. The conductor, Alexander Smallens, a Russian-born American who has made almost a life work of "Porgy and Bess," having maestroed its every incarnation, including the original 1935 production, told me after the rehearsal that the Stanislavsky orchestra was the sixty-first to do this production of the opera under his direction, and the best of the lot. "Superb musicians, and a joy to work with," he said. "They love the score, and they have the tempo, the rhythm. All they need now is a little more of the *mood*." Onstage, Breen, wearing a beret, a windbreaker, and a pair of frontier pants, motioned members of the cast into place for the first scene. Overhead rehearsal lights shadowed the actors' faces, drained the color from the scenery, and accentuated its wrinkled wornness. The set, a simple, functional job, depicted a corner of Catfish Row, with its balconied houses and shuttered windows. Presently, responding to a signal from Breen, a soprano leaned over a balcony and began to sing the opening song, "Summertime." Miss Lydia recognized the melody. She swayed her head and hummed with the music until Savchenko tapped her on the shoulder and growled an admonition that made her shrink in her seat. Midway through the performance, Adamov dug me with his elbow and said, "I speak pretty good English, right? Well, *I* can't figure what the hell they're yelling about. All this dialect stuff! I think—" But I never heard what he thought, for Savchenko turned with a look that strangled him. Most of the Russians were as silent as Savchenko could have wished. The rows of profiles, silhouetted in the glow from the stage, remained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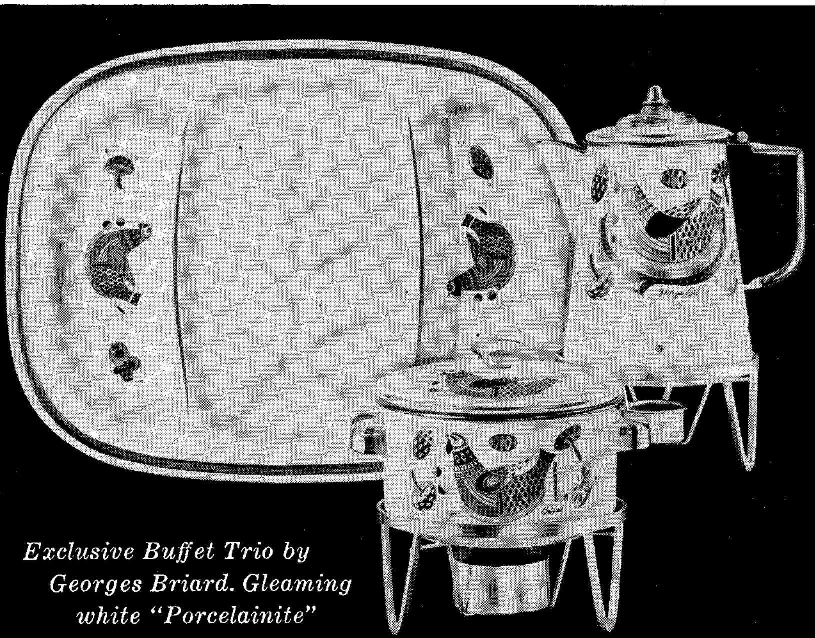
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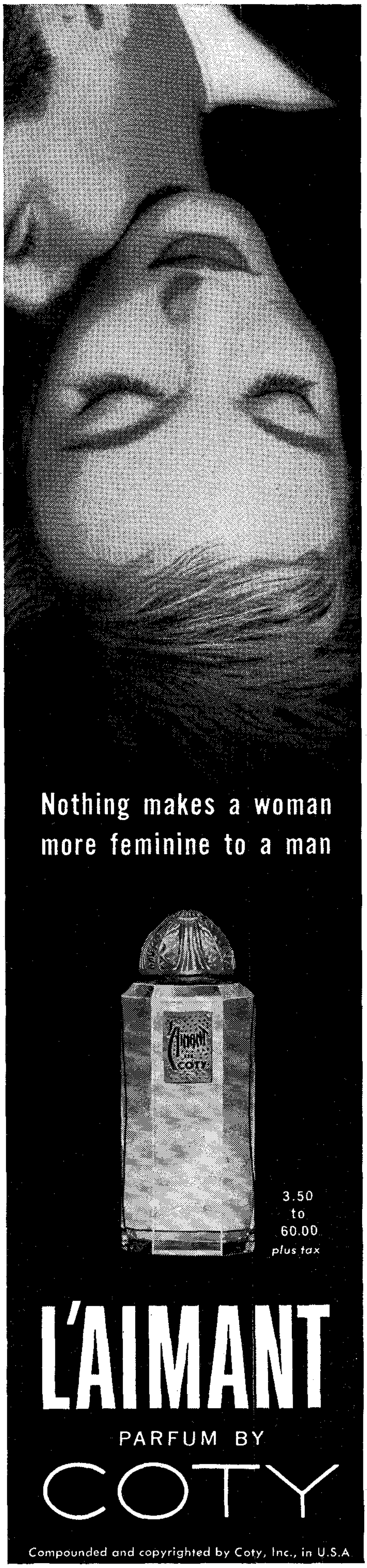
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as severely unmarred by expression as coin engravings. At the end, there was a quiet drifting off to the cloakrooms. Savchenko and Miss Lydia, Sascha and two other young men from the Ministry—Igor and Henry—walked together to where an attendant was holding their coats. I went over and asked Miss Lydia her opinion of what she'd seen. She bit her lower lip, and her eyes darted toward Savchenko, who said firmly, "Interesting. Most interesting."

Miss Lydia nodded, but neither she nor Sascha, and neither Igor nor Henry, would venture a different adjective. "Yes," they all said. "Interesting. Most interesting."

The average playing time of "Porgy and Bess" is approximately two and a half hours, but this final run-through, involving many pauses for the redoing of business and lines, as well as whole songs, had lasted from ten o'clock until two. The cast, edgy with hunger and anxious to return to the hotel, was annoyed when, after the theatre had emptied, Breen informed it that the rehearsal was not yet over. He wanted to restage the curtain calls. Though only the two players in the title roles took individual bows, the pattern of calls already established required six minutes to complete. Not many productions can expect an audience to provide six minutes of sustained applause, but Breen now proposed extending these six minutes indefinitely by contriving what amounted to "a separate little show," he said. "Just an impromptu thing," he added. "Sort of like an encore." It consisted of having a drummer beat a bongo while, one at a time, all the members of the company sashayed across the stage winking and waving, inviting individual applause. The director, and even the stage manager, the wardrobe mistress, and the electricians were to receive homage from the audience. One could draw one of two conclusions: either Breen was counting on an ovation of volcanic vigor or he feared the reverse, and so was insuring prolonged applause by staging these "impromptu" extra curtain calls. Obviously, under the delicate diplomatic circumstances, no audience would walk out while the performers were still, in a sense, performing.

Limousines had been put at the disposal of the leading players. Martha Flowers, who alternates with Ethel Ayler in the role of Bess, and who was to sing the part that evening, offered me a ride back to the Astoria. I asked if she was nervous about the première. "Me? Uh-uh. I've been doing this show two

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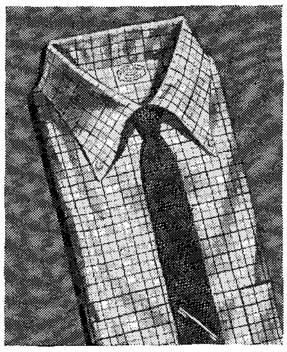
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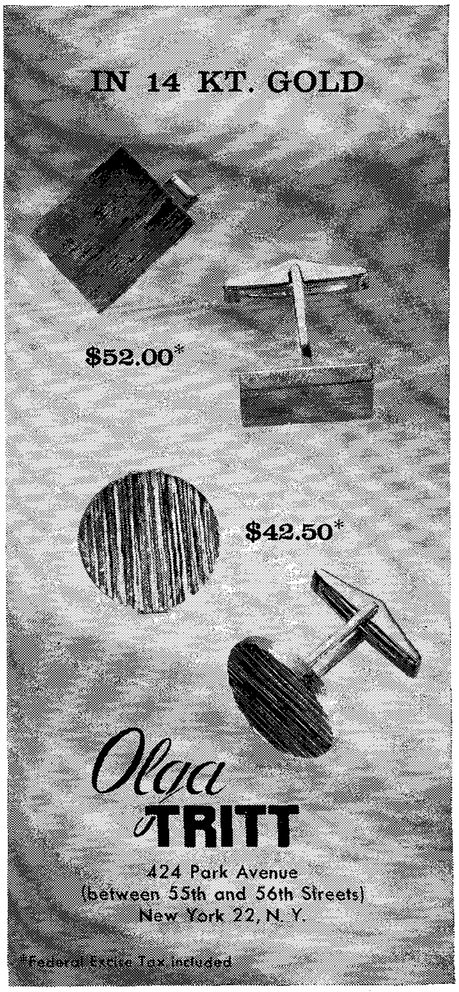
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years. The only thing makes me nervous is maybe I'm ruining my voice for serious work." Miss Flowers, a young Juilliard graduate, is ambitious to make a reputation as a concert recitalist. She is small and perky. Her lips, even when smiling, are turned downward, as though she'd just tasted a green persimmon. "I'm tired, though. I sure am that. This kind of climate's no good for a singer. You've really got to watch your throat. The other Bess—you know, Ethel—she's in bed with a bad cold. Got a temperature and everything. So I'll have to sing the matinée tomorrow, and maybe the evening, too. Well, a person could ruin their voice *forever,* carrying on like that." She talked of her schedule between the rehearsal and curtain time. "I ought to eat something. But first I'll take a bath. I'll take a nap, too. We start for the theatre at six. Maybe six-thirty I'll be slipping into my costume and pinning that old red flower in my hair. Then I guess I'll have a long sit."

AT six-thirty, the hour when Miss Flowers was presumably in her dressing room pinning a cloth rose in her hair, Mrs. Breen and Mrs. Gershwin were in the Bohlens' suite, where they had been asked to have drinks before leaving for the Palace of Culture. Breen himself, too busy to accept the Ambassador's hospitality, had already gone to the theatre. The drinks, Scotch-and-tap-water, were being served by Lowry and Mrs. Lowry, a couple well matched in their decorous, rather schoolteacherish demeanor. Mrs. Bohlen's close friend Mrs. Sulzberger, the quick-witted wife of the *Times* man, was also present, as a sort of auxiliary hostess. Mrs. Bohlen, a serene woman with a dairymaid complexion and blue, sensible eyes, gave the impression of being able to keep any conversation afloat, however awkward, and there was, if one remembered the exceedingly reproachful letter Breen had dispatched to Bohlen a few days earlier, a certain awkwardness inherent in this meeting between representatives of Everyman Opera and the State Department. As for the Ambassador, one would not suppose, from his amiable manner, that he had ever received such a letter. Bohlen, a career diplomat for more than twenty-five years, a large number of them spent at the American Embassy in Moscow, where he once held Lowry's post of Second Secretary (he became Ambassador in 1953), still resembles a photograph that was taken of him in 1927, the year he graduated from Harvard. Experience

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has made his sportsman's handsomeness harsher and salted his hair, but the direct look of youth, of rugged stamina, has stayed with him. He lounged in his chair, sipping Scotch and talking to Mrs. Breen as though they were in a country room before a warm hearth and with lazing dogs on the floor.

But Mrs. Breen couldn't relax. She sat on the edge of her chair. "It's so sweet of you to have come. Just dear of you," she told Bohlen. "It means so much to the cast."

"You don't think we would've *missed* it?" said Bohlen, and his wife added, "Not for anything in the world! It's the high point of the winter. We've thought of nothing else, have we, Chip?"

"It means so much to the cast," Mrs. Breen said again.

"It means so much to *us*," said Mrs. Bohlen. "Our life isn't so amusing we could afford to miss something like this. Why, we'd have got here if we'd had to walk the whole way, or crawl on our hands and knees."

"It's just dear of you," Mrs. Breen said. "And, of course, we're all thrilled about the party in Moscow."

"Oh, yes—the party," said Mrs. Bohlen. In honor of the company's Moscow première, two weeks later, the Bohlens had arranged to give an official reception at their residence, Spasso House.

"Robert and I do hope Mr. Bulganin will be there," Mrs. Breen said. "We want to thank him personally for all the courtesies we've received. The Ministry of Culture paid Robert a lovely tribute. Seven ivory elephants." (Mrs. Breen was referring to a mantelpiece parade of ivory-colored elephants that Savchenko had given Breen for Christmas.)

"How very nice," said Mrs. Bohlen. "Well, of course, we can't be quite sure *who's* coming to the party. We're sending out two hundred invitations, more or less, but since Russians never answer an R.S.V.P., we never know whom to expect or how many."

"That's right," said the Ambassador. "You don't count on these fellows until they walk in the door. Any of them. And when they give a party themselves they almost never invite you until the last minute. All of us in the diplomatic corps keep the evening free when we know there's going to be a big affair at the Kremlin. We just sit around, hoping the phone will ring. Sometimes we're in the middle of dinner before they invite us. Then it's a rush. Fortunately, you never have to dress for

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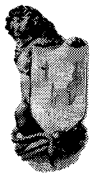

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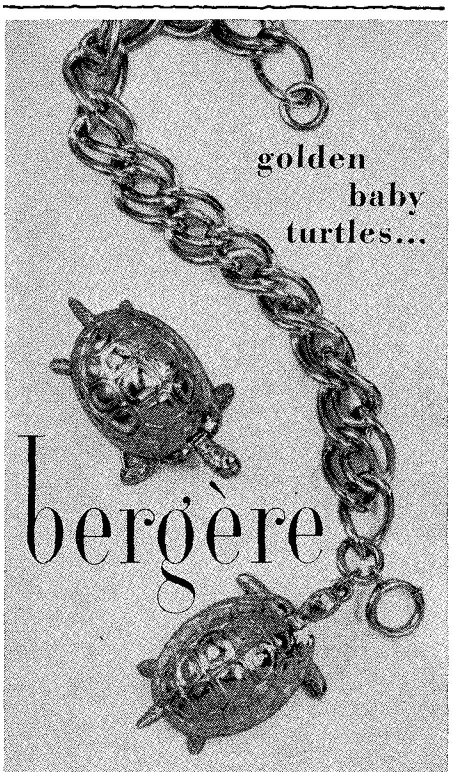

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these things." He was reverting to a previous topic, and a painful one for Mrs. Breen, who, earlier in the day, had been chagrined to learn that Bohlen had not come equipped to attend the opening in black tie. Indeed, driven by her determination to make everything "gala," she had gone a step further and envisioned the Ambassador arriving in white tie and tails, which was what her husband planned to wear.

"It never occurred to me to bring a dinner jacket," said Bohlen, fingering a button of the dark-gray suit he considered appropriate to the occasion. "No one wears them here. Not even for a première."

Over in a corner, Mrs. Gershwin and Mrs. Sulzberger were discussing the same subject. "Of *course* we shouldn't dress up," Mrs. Gershwin said. "That's what I've told Wilva all along. We dressed for the ballet the other night and looked perfectly ridiculous. Oh, there's too much fuss around here. I don't know what the fuss is all about. After all, it's *only* little old 'Porgy.' "

"Actually," said Mrs. Sulzberger, a Greek-born woman whose clever eyes sparkle with Mediterranean mischief, "it might not be a bad thing for the Russians to see people dressed. There's no excuse for going about looking the way they do. When we first came here, I felt sorry for them." She and her husband had been in the Soviet Union for two weeks, as house guests of the Bohlens, she explained, and added, "I imagined the way they dressed—the dreariness of it all—was because they were terribly poor. But really, you know, that's not true. They look this way because they want to. They do it on purpose."

"Yes," said Mrs. Gershwin, "that's what I think."

Lowry caught the Ambassador's eye and glanced significantly at his watch. Outside the hotel, a Zis limousine sat with its engine purring, ready to carry the Bohlens to the theatre. Other Zises, a street-long gleam of them, waited for Mrs. Breen and Mrs. Gershwin, for Savchenko and Adamov and the correspondents of the A.P., *Time* and *Life*, C.B.S., and the rest. Soon the cars would start slithering across the square like a funeral cortege.

Bohlen swallowed his Scotch and accompanied his guests to the door of the suite. "I don't think you have anything to worry about," he told Mrs. Breen. "The Russians are very musical people."

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ing, too," Mrs. Gershwin remarked to Mrs. Breen as the two ladies descended the stairs.

"Adorable," said Mrs. Breen. "But Robert and I *did* want it to be gala."

Across town, at the Palace of Culture, snow-sprinkled crowds were massing on the sidewalk to watch the ticket-holders arrive, and inside the theatre a sizable audience, baking in a blaze of newsreel and television lights, was already seated. Baskets of flowers, yellow and white, flanked the stage, and crossed flags, a mingling of Stars and Stripes and Hammer and Sickle, floated above the proscenium. Backstage, where the tuning orchestra's chirping flutes and moaning oboes echoed like forest sounds, Martha Flowers, costumed and completely calm, despite the distant, rising hubbub, was having, as she had predicted, a long sit.

AND it was very long. The curtain had been announced for eight o'clock, but at eight o'clock only the preliminaries began. First, the audience stood at solemn attention while the orchestra played the national anthems of the two countries; Savchenko had courteously insisted that "The Star-Spangled Banner" should be heard first. Ambassador and Mrs. Bohlen, the Sulzbergers, the Lowrys, Miss Ryan, and Leonard Lyons were all together in the front row. Near them, on a platform extending forward from one side of the stage, a squadron of photographers waited impatiently until the anthems ended; then the platform resembled a besieged fortress, photographers firing away while assistants reloaded their cameras. Some of the people on the platform, like C.B.S.'s Daniel Schorr, alternated between cameras and tape recorders as they went to work documenting the pre-curtain ceremonies. There was no need for the photographers' haste. The speeches, and their translations, lasted an hour.

The Russians were brief enough. Konstantin Sergeev, the dapper young ballet master of the Maryinsky, shook hands with Breen and, speaking in English into a microphone, said, "Dear brothers in art, welcome. We in the Soviet Union have always paid attention and tribute to the art of the United States. We know and cherish the works of such fine artists as Mark Twain, Walt Whitman, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Jack London, and Paul Robeson. We appreciate the talents of George Gershwin, and that is why this meeting is so joyous." (Afterward, apropos of this speech, Mrs. Gershwin said, "I thought I'd *faint* when I heard the name Gershwin being lumped in with all those Communists.")

Breen bowed to Sergeev and stepped up to the microphone, an impeccable figure in trim dinner jacket and starched shirt. "He just lost his nerve," said Miss Ryan, explaining why at the last minute her employer had abandoned the idea of wearing white tie and tails. But now, watching Breen acknowledge the applause that greeted him, one wouldn't have guessed he had ever lost his nerve in his life. His smooth blond face, under the strong lights and exploding flash bulbs, possessed an inward-gazing remoteness, as though he had for so long dreamed the scene before him that it was still a dream, and when he spoke, his measured, resonant actor's voice contained not the slightest tremor. With graceful sweepings of the hands, he introduced Ambassador and Mrs. Bohlen, who rose to acknowledge the applause. The Ambassador had been expected to deliver a speech, but, much to his relief and Breen's regret, the Russians, extremely sensitive to protocol, had asked that this part of the program be deleted, because they had no one "of comparable eminence" to make a rejoinder. Mrs. Gershwin was also introduced, and the conductor, Alexander Smallens, who received a generous hand when Breen announced that Smallens had been "born right here in Leningrad." Breen then presented members of the cast who were not performing that evening—Ethel Ayler, the alternate Bess, sufficiently recovered from her cold to climb out of bed and into a skimpy, strapless blue gown, and Lorenzo Fuller, an alternate Sportin' Life. Fuller had a "few" words to say, among them a Russian phrase he had memorized—"*Dobro pozhalovat druzya*," which means "Welcome, friends." The audience roared approval. But as Breen rambled on, with more acknowledgments and protestations of cultural solidarity, and with the Russian interpreter trailing along behind him, the clock hands crept toward nine, and even the frenzied photographers paused to consult watches. "Jesus, they ought to have a gong around here," said one correspondent. "Like Major Bowes." It was as though Breen had overheard him, for abruptly the ceremonial group vacated the stage.

The theatre grew quieter than a hens' roost at sunset as the audience settled back, confident that now the curtain would rise and reveal what it had paid its rubles to see—"Porgy and

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Bess." Instead, Sascha appeared. He crossed the stage stiff-legged and wobbly, as though he were walking the plank. A sheaf of typewritten pages quivered in his hands, and his bloodless face was drenched with sweat. The instant the audience caught on to why he was there—to read them the opera's plot—the hens' roost turned into a hornets' nest. They apparently couldn't tolerate another syllable *about* the show; they simply wanted to see it. And mutiny broke out in the balcony, where rude voices started shouting, and it spread to the orchestra; the patrons clapped, whistled, stamped their feet. "Poor Sascha, oh, poor boy," said Miss Ryan, covering her face with her hands. "It's too terrible. I can't bear to watch." Several rows back of Miss Ryan, Sascha's two friends, Igor and Henry, slumped on their spines, but Miss Lydia, less squeamish, glared at her neighbors. Onstage, Sascha went on reading, in a mumble, as if he were whispering a prayer against the deafening tumult; like Breen before him, he seemed locked in a dream, a numbing, naked-in-the-street nightmare. Smallens flicked his baton, and as Sascha, unapplauded, retreated into the wings, the overture sounded.

It was soon evident that the audience regretted not having paid more attention to Sascha's résumé of the tale the opera tells. In skeleton, the story is this: A crippled beggar, Porgy, falls in love with a Charleston tart, Bess. Alas, this easily swayed young woman is under the wicked influence of two other men. One, a devilish dope peddler, Sportin' Life, has enticed her into drug addiction, while the second, a muscular criminal named Crown, monopolizes her libidinous impulses. Porgy disposes of the latter rival by killing him in self-defense, and when he is sent to jail for the deed, Bess alleviates her woes by going on a dope binge, during which Sportin' Life persuades her to forget Porgy and traipse off with him to New York. "Dat's where we belong, sister," he sings as they head for the sugary lights of Harlem. In the last scene, Porgy, acquitted of Crown's murder, sets out for the North in a goat-drawn cart, believing, and leaving the spectator to believe, that he will find Bess and bring her home. Although this narrative line seems straight as a ruler, the intricate vocal and choreographic terms in which it is developed would confuse any audience unfamiliar with English, particularly if the music, the style of dancing, and the dramatic approach were all virgin territory, as they were to the

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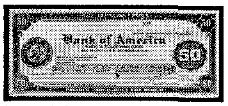

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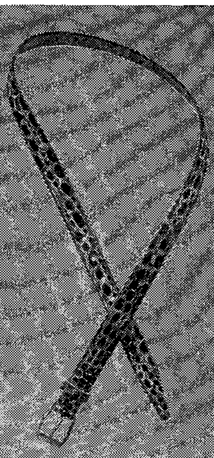

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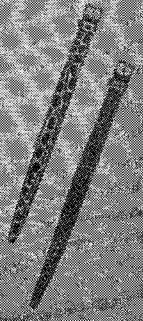

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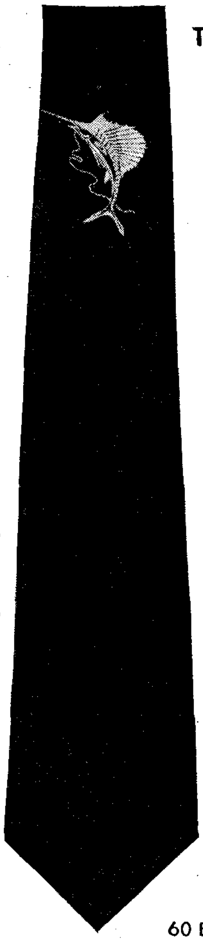
overwhelming majority of those assembled in the Palace of Culture.

The opening aria, "Summertime," ended, and there was no applause. The entrance of Porgy went unheralded. When, soon afterward, Leslie Scott, playing the part, finished "They Pass by Singing" and a reprise of "A Woman Is a Sometime Thing," he paused for applause. The fact that none came caused a temporary lapse in the stage action. Recovering, the cast launched into the jazzy crap-game sequence. Whispering ran through the audience, as though people were asking each other what it meant, these excited men tossing dice. The whispering gathered momentum and turned into gasps, a tremor of shock, when Bess, in her initial appearance, hiked up her skirt to adjust her garter. Miss Ryan observed to Mrs. Lowry, "If they think *that's* so daring, just wait." The words weren't out of her mouth before Sportin' Life's witty, lascivious gyrations ignited fresh firecrackers of audible astonishment. The crap game concludes with Crown killing one of Porgy's neighbors. A funeral scene follows; while the murdered man's widow sings a lament, "My Man's Gone Now," the mourning inhabitants of Catfish Row sway in a tribal circle around the corpse. At this point, an important Soviet dignitary turned to a correspondent and said in Russian (later translated for my benefit), "Ah, now I see! They are going to *eat* him." The deceased, undevoured, was trundled off to his grave, and the opera progressed to Porgy's optimistic "I Got Plenty o' Nuttin'." Scott, a big, solidly constructed baritone, belted the song across the footlights with a fervor that should have stopped the show. It didn't.

The audience's persistent silence seemed not altogether attributable to apathy. For the most part, it appeared to be the result of troubled concentration, an anxious desire to understand; fearful of missing the essential phrase, the significant clue that would dissolve the mysteries confronting them, people listened and watched with the brooding intentness of students in a lecture hall. But the first act was almost over before the warmth that comes with comprehension was wafted through the theatre. It was created by "Bess, You Is My Woman Now," a duet sung by the principals. Suddenly it was clear that Porgy and Bess were in love, that their song was a tender rejoicing, and the audience, rejoicing, too, deluged the performers with applause that was brief but heavy, like tropical rain. However,



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the drought set in again as the music moved into the jamboree fanfare of "Oh, I Can't Sit Down!," the first-act finale. The scene is peppered with folklorish humor, and, occasionally, isolated chuckles, lonely patches of laughter, indicated that there were persons who appreciated it. After Porgy sang a reprise of "I Got Plenty o' Nuttin'," the curtain descended. Silence. The house lights began to come up; the audience blinked, as though until this instant it hadn't known the act was over. It caught its breath, like passengers at the end of a roller-coaster ride, and began to applaud. The applause lasted thirty-two seconds.

"They're stunned," said Lowry, parroting the words, though somehow transforming the spirit, of Breen's prophecy. "They've never seen anything like it."

If the Russians were stunned, they were not alone. Several of the American journalists huddled together, comparing notes. "It's not going over," a baffled Daniel Schorr complained to a bewildered *Time* and *Life* photographer. And Mrs. Bohlen, following her husband up the aisle, looked poignantly pensive. Later, she told me the thought behind the expression: "I was thinking, Well, we've laid an egg. Now what are we going to do about it?"

Out in the crowded lobby, Mrs. Breen smilingly expressed sentiments of a sunnier nature; according to her, the performance was going "beautifully." A correspondent interposed to ask why, in that case, the Russians were "sitting on their hands." Mrs. Breen stared at the questioner as though she thought him certifiable. "But they aren't *supposed* to applaud," she said. "Robert *planned* it that way. So that there wouldn't *be* any applause. It interrupts the mood."

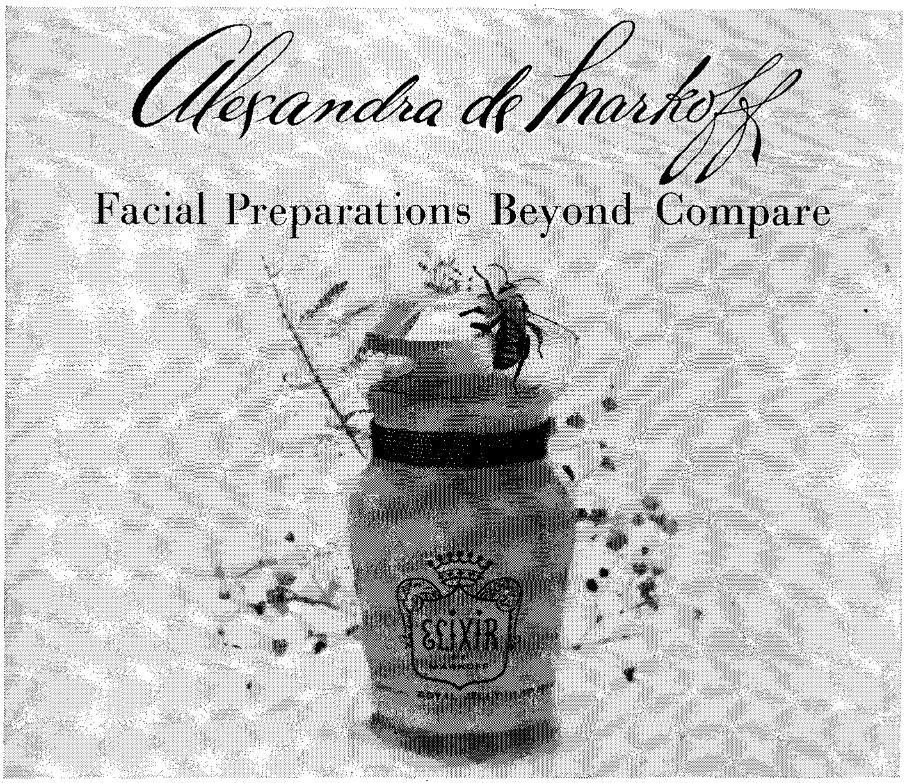
The Wolferts agreed with Mrs. Breen; they felt that the première was turning out a triumph. "First time we've seen the show," said Wolfert. "I don't like musicals. Got no use for them. But this one's pretty good."

Savchenko and Adamov circulated, sampling opinions.

"It's a very big success," Savchenko said.

Adamov, whose slang was growing richer under the company's tutelage, said, "So a lot of squares don't dig it. They don't flip. So is that big news? You got squares in New York, ain'tcha, man?"

Mme. Zukovsky and her husband passed by. "Oh, we're amazed!" she told me, flourishing a sword-length cig-



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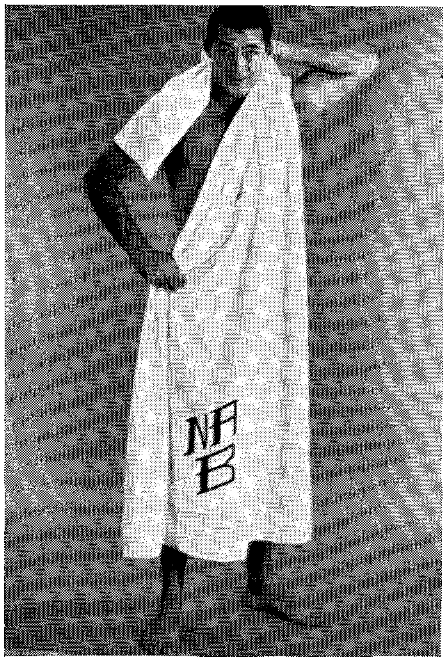
arette holder. "Zukovsky thinks it *très dépravé*. Not I. I adore the vileness of it all. The rhythm, the sweat. Really, the Negroes are too amusing. And how wonderful their teeth!" Moving closer, she said, "You did tell your friends? Room 520. Don't telephone. Come quietly, bring anything. I will pay very well."

Stefan Orlov was standing at a refreshment counter, a glass of mineral water in his hand. "My friend," he said, clapping me on the shoulder. "What a night we had, yes? The next morning, my wife, she had to beat me out of bed. Tie my shoes and knot my tie. Not angry, you understand—laughing at me." He produced a pair of opera glasses and peered through them at me. "I saw Nancy. I wondered should I try to speak to her. But I said to myself, 'No, Nancy is sitting with fashionable people.' Will you tell her that I saw her?" I said I would, and asked if he was enjoying "Porgy and Bess." "I wish I had a ticket for every night," he said. "It's an experience. Powerful! Like Jack London. Like Gogol. I will never forget it." He pocketed the opera glasses. A frown creased his forehead, he opened his mouth to speak, changed his mind, took a swallow of mineral water instead, then changed his mind again, and decided to tell me: "The question isn't whether I forget. Or what we old ones think. It's the young people who matter. It matters that they have new seeds planted in their hearts. Tonight"—he looked around the lobby—"all these young people will stay awake. Tomorrow, they will be whistling the music. And in the summer that's what you'll hear—young people whistling along the river. They won't forget."

Backstage, tranquillity prevailed as the performers prepared themselves for the second act. Leslie Scott, not in the least unnerved by the reception of the first act, grinned and said, "Sure, they're kinda slow. But most audiences don't warm up until the duet, and that went over O.K. From here on out, we'll sail."

Martha Flowers, freshening her makeup in front of a mirror, said, "This audience, that audience—I don't know the difference. You wouldn't, either, you been doing this show two years."

But Sascha, lacking Miss Flowers' professional savoir-faire, was an alarming sight as he waited in the wings to resume his role of plot-narrator; with head bowed, and holding on to a dancer's practice bar like a fighter on the ropes, he listened dazedly while his sec-



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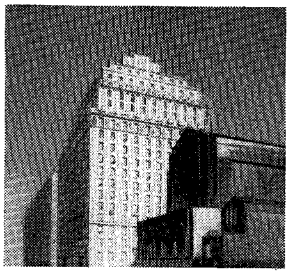

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onds, Igor and Henry, whispered encouragement. To Sascha's surprise, his second round was victorious. The audience was eager to hear what would happen in the next act, and Sascha (who two weeks later applied to the Moscow Art Theatre for a drama-student's fellowship) recounted Crown's murder, Porgy's imprisonment, and what follows to rapt listeners. He walked off to one of the largest hands of the evening; Miss Lydia was still clapping after the house lights had dimmed.

The element of the opera that seemed to disturb the Soviet audience most, its sensuality, reaches a peak of Himalayan proportions in the opening twenty minutes of Act II. The song "I Ain't Got No Shame (Doin' What I Like to Do)" and the shake-that-thing brand of choreography accompanying it proved too aptly titled, too graphically illustrated, for Russian comfort. They were met by a stony lack of response. But it was the ensuing scene that contained, from a prudish viewpoint, the real affront. The scene begins with Crown attempting to rape Bess and ends with Bess raping him. This, too, was not appreciated. But Leslie Scott's prediction that the second act would "sail" was almost fulfilled during the opera's remaining hour. The street-cry song of the Strawberry Woman started favorable winds blowing. Again, as in the love duet, the situation—simply a peddler selling strawberries—was one that the Russians could grasp, be charmed by. After that, every scene seemed to be accepted, and though the performance did not sail, perhaps because too much water had already been shipped, at least it floated.

As the curtain fell and the calls commenced, cameramen, scooting up and down the aisles, divided their shots between applauding Russians and salaaming actors. "They're stunned," Lowry once more pronounced, and his wife tacked on the inevitable "They've never seen anything like it." The applause, which one experienced witness described as "nothing compared to an opening night at the Bolshoi," sustained the customary six minutes of curtain calls, then swiftly declined. It was now, when people were leaving their seats, that Breen made his bid for a more impressive demonstration by unleashing the extra, "impromptu" curtain calls he had rehearsed that afternoon. On came the cast, one by one, cavorting to the beat of a bongo drum. In the endurance test that followed, the audience compromised by substituting a chantlike pattern of clapping for authentic

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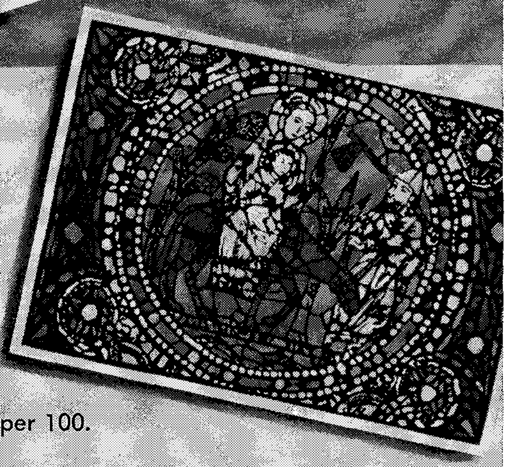

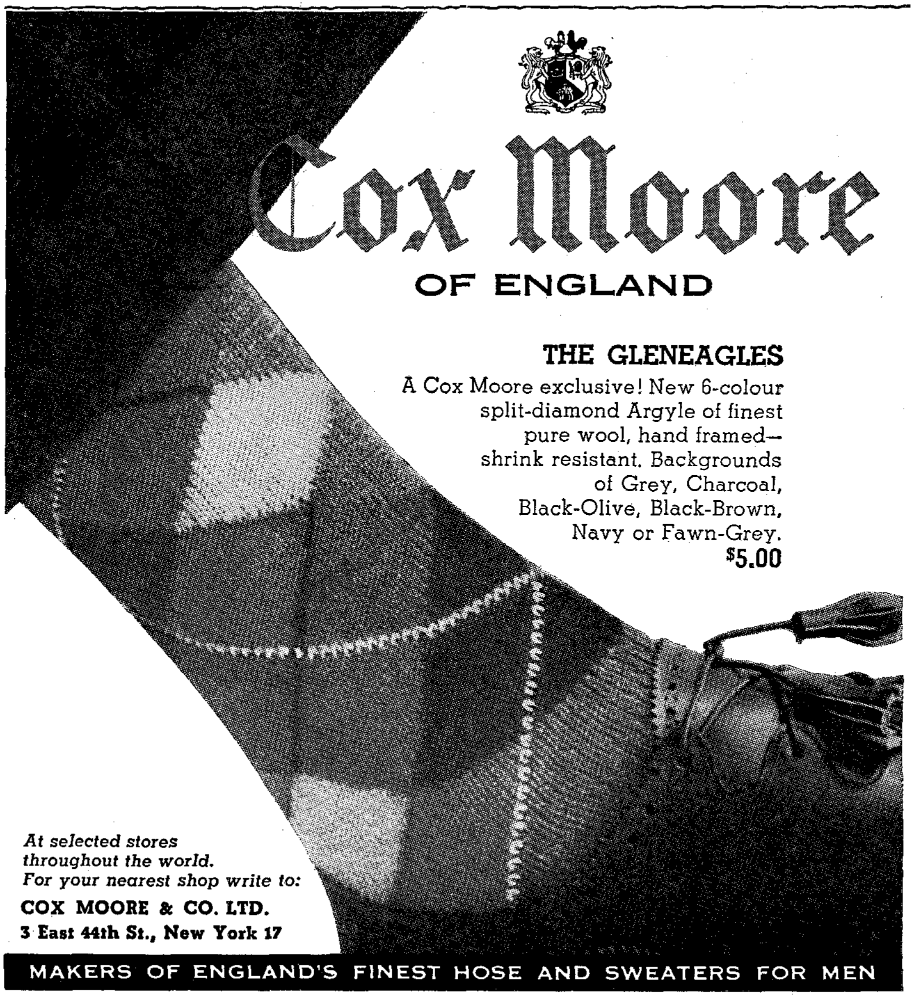

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applause. Three minutes passed—four, five, six, seven. Finally, when Miss Flowers had blown a last kiss across the footlights and the last electrician had been acknowledged, Breen, taking the ultimate bow, permitted the curtain to be lowered.

Ambassador and Mrs. Bohlen and various Soviet officials were ushered backstage to shake hands with the cast. "I don't know what all the fuss is about," Mrs. Gershwin gaily cried as she squeezed through the backstage pandemonium. "It's *only* little old 'Porgy.' "

Savchenko pushed toward Mrs. Breen; stiffly offering his hand, he said, "I want to congratulate you on a very big success."

Mrs. Breen dabbed at her eyes. "That ovation. Wasn't it glorious?" she said, turning to gaze at her husband, who was posing for a photograph with Bohlen. "Such a tribute to Robert!"

Outside, since the limousines were not yet taking people back to the hotel, I looked for a taxi, and had to walk some distance before finding one. A threesome—two young men and a girl—were walking ahead of me. I soon gathered that they had been part of the "Porgy and Bess" audience. Their voices reverberated down the shadowed, snow-silent streets. They were all talking at once, an exhilarated babble now and again mixed with humming—the strawberry street cry, a phrase of "Summertime." Then, as though she had no real understanding of the words but had memorized them phonetically, the girl sang, "There's a boat that's leavin' soon for New York, come with me, that's where we belong, sister . . ." Her friends joined in, whistling.

REVIEWS of the production were published by two of the city's leading papers, *Smena* and *Evening Leningrad*. In Ambassador Bohlen's opinion, the articles were, "by and large, really excellent. Very thoughtful. It shows they took it seriously."

The *Evening Leningrad* critic, V. Bogdanoff-Berezovski, wrote, " 'Porgy and Bess' is a work stamped with brilliant talent and unusual mastery . . . and was warmly received by the audience." Fifteen hundred words elaborated on that statement. He praised the score ("Gershwin's music is melodic, sincere, intentionally suffused with Negro musical folklore. There are plenty of really expressive and contrasting melodies"), Breen's direction ("The show is directed with great

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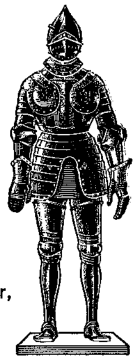

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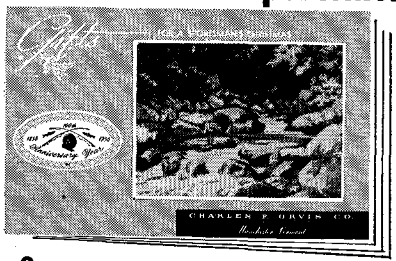

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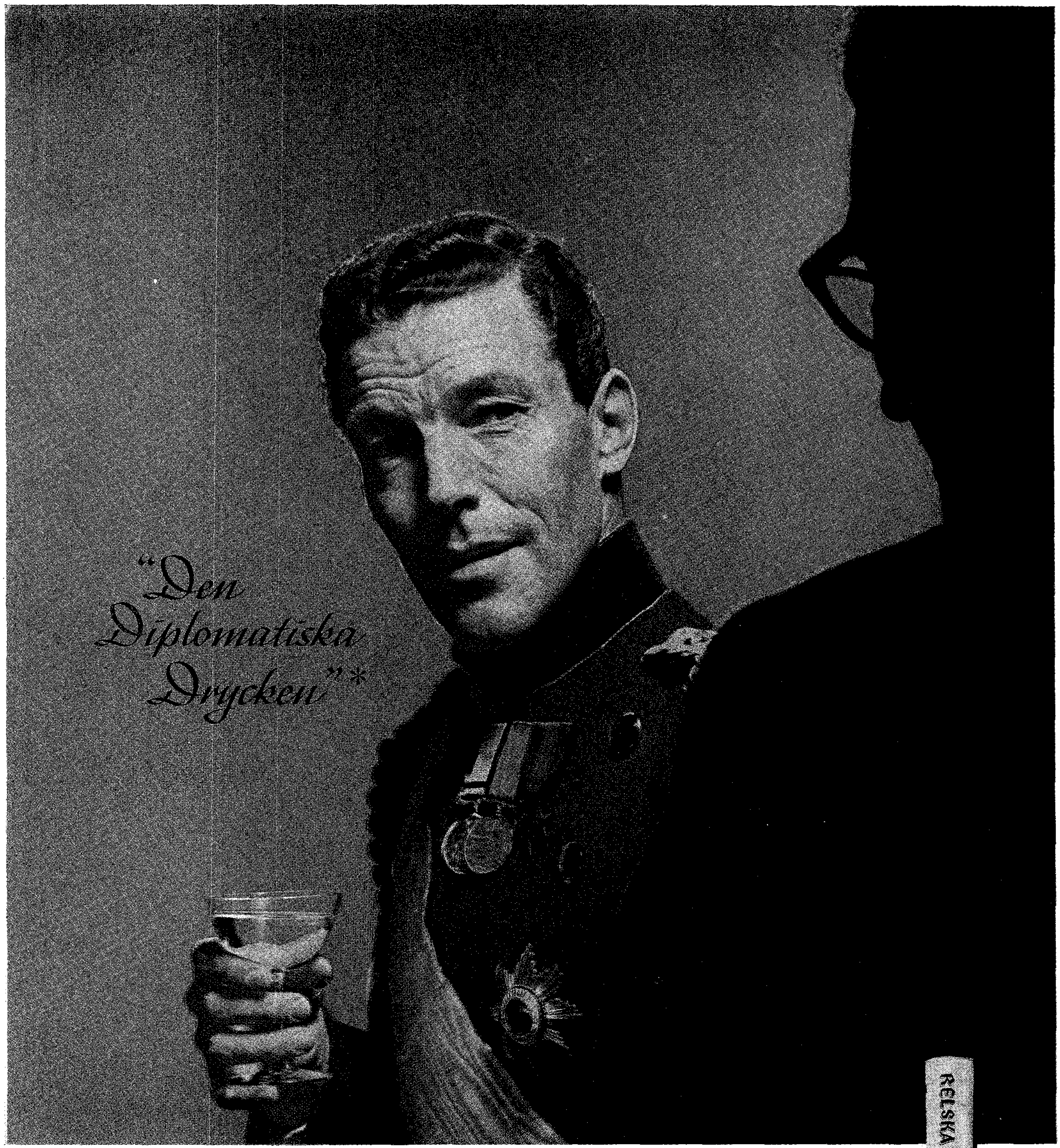
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mastery and rivets one's attention with its dynamic sweep"), the conductor ("The musical part of the performance is on a very high level"), and the cast ("The actors play together with a harmony rarely to be seen"). The libretto, however, provoked a gentle reprimand, for the writer noticed in it "some elements of expressionism and melodrama, an abundance of the customary details regarding criminal investigation." Nor did *Evening Leningrad* forget to press the political pedal: "We, the Soviet spectators, realize the corrosive effect of the capitalistic system on the consciousness, the mentality, and the moral outlook of a people oppressed by poverty. This lifts Heyward's play, as set to music by Gershwin, into the realm of a social drama." But these comments seemed a mere obbligato compared to the loud chords of propaganda that opponents of the "Porgy and Bess" tour had anticipated.

The second critic, U. Kovalyev, writing in *Smena*, mentioned an aspect of the opera that had been ignored by *Evening Leningrad*. "The astoundingly erotic coloring of some of the dancing scenes is unpleasant," he wrote. But "on the whole 'Porgy and Bess' constitutes one of the most interesting events of this theatrical season. It is an excellently performed production, colorful, full of movement and music. It testifies to the high talent of the Negro people. Very possibly not all of the music and the staging will be approved by the Soviet audiences and everything will not necessarily be understandable to them. We are not used to the naturalistic details in the dances, to the excessive jazz sound of the symphony orchestra, etc. Nevertheless, the performance broadens our concept of the art of contemporary America, and familiarizes us with thus far unknown facets of the musical and theatrical life of the United States."

These reviews did not appear until Thursday, three days after the opening. By then, their publication was rather an anticlimax, and the company was inclined to regard them with a yawn. "Sure it's nice they write O.K. things, but who cares?" said one member of the cast, expressing the prevalent attitude. "It's not what the Russians think. It's the stuff they're hearing about us back home. *That's* what counts."

Later that day, Breen received a cable on the subject from Everyman Opera's New York office. Miss Ryan typed copies of it, and she was about to put one of them up on the company's bulletin board when I came into the

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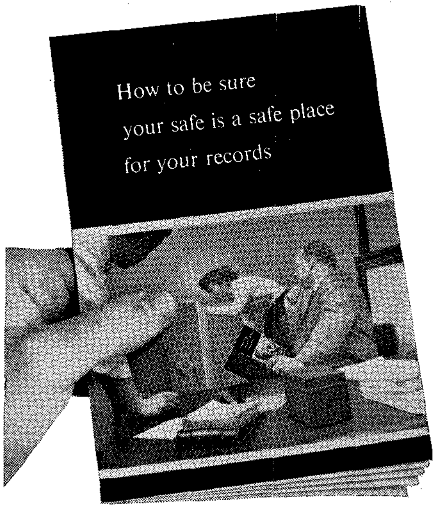

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lobby. "Hi," she said. "Guess what? Stefan called. He wants to take me dancing. Anything to get away from 'Porgy and Bess.'" And she thumbtacked her typewritten copy of the cable to the bulletin board:

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All afternoon, members of the company passing through the lobby stopped to read the message from New York. It made them grin; they walked away with lightened steps.

"Whatcha say, man?" said Earl Bruce Jackson to Warner Watson as they stood reading the cable. "We're making history!"

Watson, rubbing his hands together, replied, "Yep. I guess we've got history fenced in." —TRUMAN CAPOTE

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE CHRISTIAN FRONT

[*From the Montana Kaimin, Montana State University*]

"Sex Can Be Fun," the first in a series of discussions sponsored by the Student Christian association and open to all University freshmen, will be held in Craig hall lounge tonight at 6:30, according to Cathy Lindeman, Billings, president.

•

Chicago Corp. today announced plans for merging its subsidiary, Champlin Refining Co., with the parent company, and changing the name of Chicago Corp. to Champlin Oil Ampersand Refining Co. Stockholders will vote on the proposals at a meeting call for Nov. 27.—*Chicago Herald-American.*

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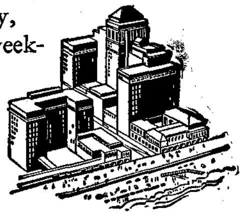

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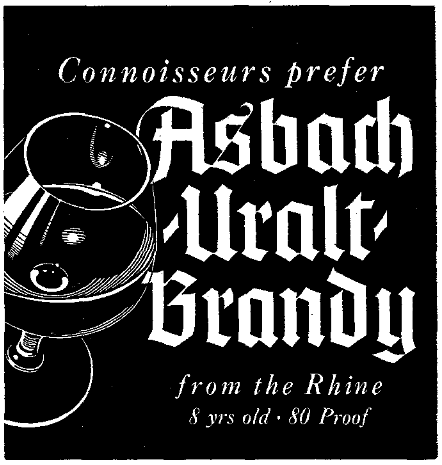

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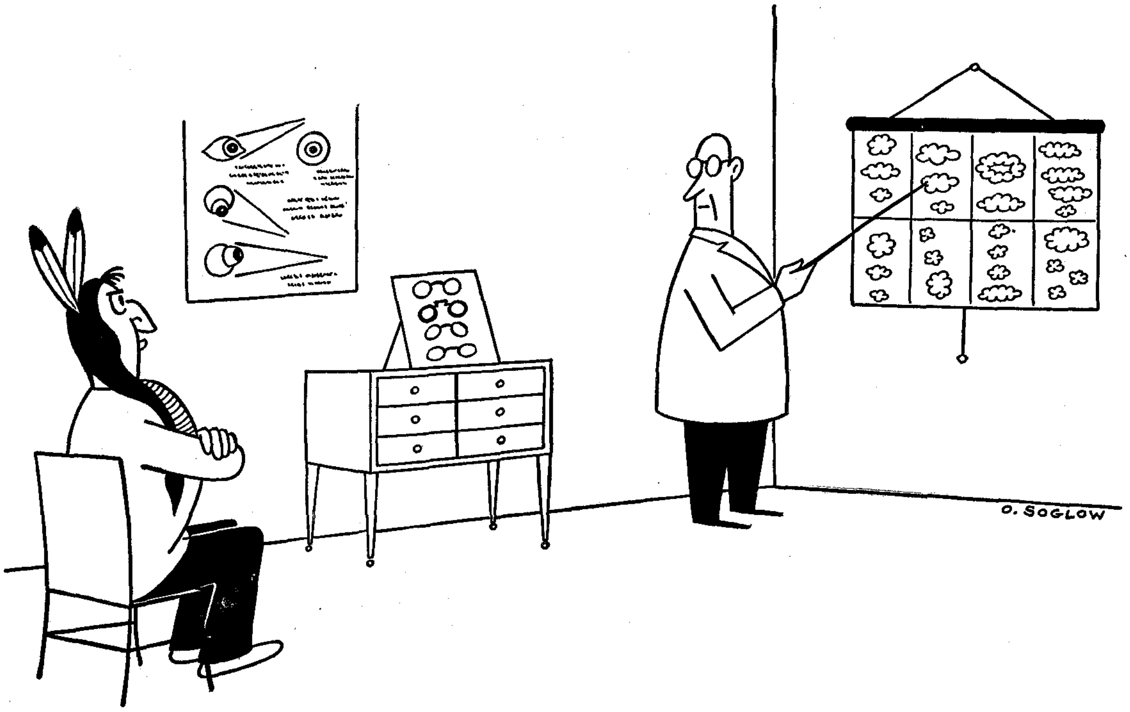
THE THEATRE

IN A VERY MINOR KEY

AFTER the first production of Shaw's "The Apple Cart," in 1929, the critics were substantially agreed that it was a confused and irresponsible attack on democratic government, and that it advocated instead absolute monarchy, or even a kind of modified Fascist dictatorship. In a characteristically disingenuous preface, written in 1930, Mr. Shaw cleared all this up to virtually nobody's satisfaction. While democracy is the most inefficient form of government known to man, he said, in effect, it is in no danger from royalty, which has been doomed since the end of the seventeenth century; and a dictatorship, though in many ways desirable, is unthinkable unless it can be placed in the hands of a man of total wisdom and benevolence, guaranteed never to abuse his powers. No such men exist, he hastened to add, but the frequent references to Mussolini in the preface were admiring, on the whole. The great enemy, he went on, is plutocracy, which has bought and destroyed both royalty and democracy, and may easily go on to swallow up the world. Our salvation—if, indeed, we have any—lies in the intelligent application of Socialist and Communist principles by a group of men and women all of whom resemble Mr. Shaw in their wit, charm, encyclopedic knowledge, and essential contempt for democratic processes. It is all a little hard to grasp.

The political argument that occupies around three-quarters of the play naturally says these things much less directly, and, in fact, often seems to be saying something quite different. King Magnus, who rules over Britain in the nineteen-sixties, is about to be stripped of the last of his royal authority by the members of his Cabinet, who are trying to compel him not only to sign away his power of veto but also to agree to refrain from making speeches or addressing communications to the press on any matters more weighty than the laying of cornerstones. Magnus, however, is practically the ideal Shavian hero—urbane, subtle, eloquent, immeasurably superior in every way to his plebeian adversaries—and he has no intention of being reduced to a cipher. The means he adopts to defeat them are brilliantly simple. He announces that he will abdicate in favor of his son, but demolishes their triumph almost instantly by informing them that he plans to run for Parliament, where, of course, his supernatural personality will presently put him at the head of a government of his own. Although Mr. Shaw states firmly in his preface that it was not his purpose to present a contest between a natural leader and a congregation of fools, one is not likely to deduce anything else from the proceedings on the stage. "The Apple Cart" may not be precisely a poem in praise of the hereditary aristocrat, but to read an almost diametrically opposed meaning into it, as the author instructs us that we should, is an exercise in perversity too difficult and exhausting for me.

In addition to its central struggle, the play, like almost all of Mr. Shaw's, contains various more or less related political and economic excursions. The idea of all-conquering plutocracy is represented by a tremendous monopoly known as Breakages, Ltd., which simultaneously enriches itself and maintains a spurious air of national prosperity by buying up and suppressing all inventions that threaten to bring about the manufacture of first-rate products and hence to do away with the vast replacement industry. This technique corresponds roughly with the current one of built-in obsolescence, and it is very ingenious. Its connection with the combat between Magnus and his Ministers is that Breakages is infinitely more powerful than either of the contestants, and can destroy most of the simple politicians at will. Another interesting theme, though one with less direct bearing on the play, is a projected merging of Britain and the United States, which has decided to repeal the Declaration of Independence. This is greeted with considerable horror by everybody, since it can clearly mean nothing for England but a subordinate position in a nation made up otherwise of howling barbarians, and fortunately nothing comes of it. Finally, and inevitably, there is some discussion of love. This arises from the circumstance that the King is enjoying the society of a mistress as well as a wife, and it is compressed into a fairly brief sequence in the middle of the play, when the first of these ladies, irritated in general by what she considers Magnus's stuffy morality and



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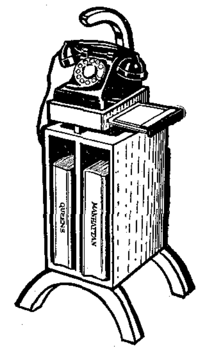
specifically by his insistence on getting home in time for tea with the Queen, ends the debate by wrestling him skillfully to the floor. This interlude, while clearly the work of a lifelong vegetarian, is pretty funny, and serves admirably to fortify the audience against the further political instruction that is to come.

Any consideration of "The Apple Cart" cannot, of course, overlook the turns history has taken in the twenty-seven years since it was written, and I'm afraid that wars, depressions, atomic bombs, and all the other unforeseeable calamities that have befallen us make many of its prophecies and panaceas seem rather absurd. A not particularly coherent play in the first place, it is now a sadly dated one, in spite of a few timely substitutions here and there, like "United Nations" for "League of Nations," and I doubt if it offers enough humor, charm, or dramatic interest to fascinate you, regardless.

The production given it at the Plymouth is not much more than adequate. Maurice Evans, who has impersonated kings before, is an urbane and genial Magnus but somehow less regal than I would like to see him, though the precision of his diction is, as always, impressive. Of the ladies in the cast, Signe Hasso is lively and extremely decorative as the royal mistress, and if *her* diction is strongly tinged with Swedish, I loved her anyway; Claudia Morgan, another attractive woman, does very well as a Cabinet member who is in the habit of entertaining her constituents with music-hall turns; and Katherine Hynes and Pat Nye are satisfactory as the Queen and a serious-minded legislator, respectively. The gentlemen, however, cast for the most part in routine character assignments, amused me less, though Mercer McLeod is satisfactory as a man of the people, Charles Carson makes a sufficiently resounding Prime Minister, and Raymond Bramley's broad caricature of the American Ambassador is probably just what Shaw intended. Robert O'Hearn's three settings and Noel Taylor's costumes have a suitable flavor of Graustark.

IT is an easy and generally reprehensible practice in my profession to extract a line from an obviously doomed play and reprint it in the subsequent obituary, along with some jocular comment to the effect that the reviewer's own opinion could scarcely be more tidily expressed. I do my best to avoid this disreputable habit, but sometimes



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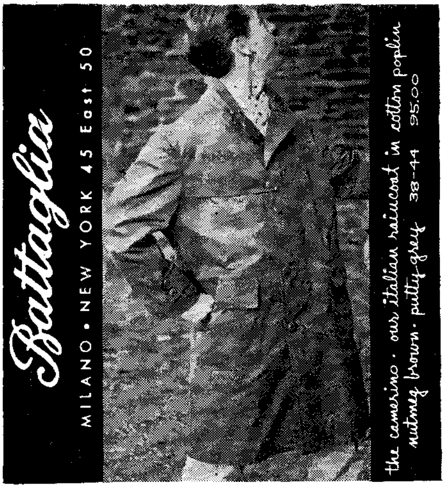
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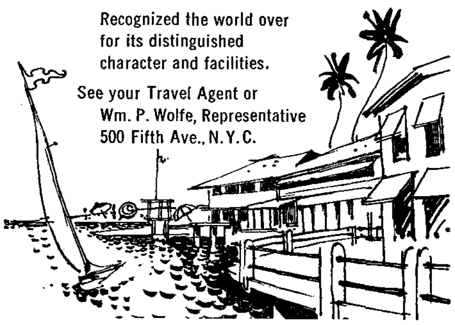
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the temptation is irresistible, and this, I fear, is the case with "Double in Hearts," a farce comedy by Paul Nathan that skulked into the John Golden one night last week. The comment, delivered by an actor named William Redfield in the course of the interminable and highly repulsive drunk scene that opens the play, is "This evening is certainly going to be a bastard." I don't believe I have ever thought of a theatrical offering in precisely these terms before, but a bastard it was, and a terribly silly one at that.

The plot, like that of another lovechild, called "The Tender Trap," had something to do with two young men who share an apartment in New York and devote most of their time to molesting girls. The novelties in this new treatment of the theme are that one of the gentlemen is mourning the death of his psychiatrist—a circumstance that permits quite a lot of little jokes about psychiatry, none of which are any good—and that one of the ladies is said to be a member of Phi Beta Kappa and consequently uses words like "empathy," though seldom correctly.

The cast of four is composed of William Redfield, Laurence Hugo, Julia Meade, and Neva Patterson. Miss Meade and Miss Patterson are both strikingly handsome women, and Mr. Redfield and Mr. Hugo have, I suppose, a certain dim allure. Whether their behavior can be accurately diagnosed as acting is something else again. They were directed by John Gerstad, who presumably instructed Mr. Redfield to play almost the whole first act with his eyes crossed and his tongue hanging out. The set was designed by Sam Leve, and when one of the ladies remarked that it struck her as perfectly charming, I knew at once that she would stop at nothing.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

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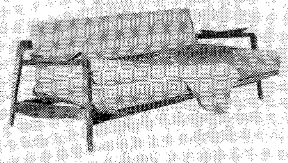

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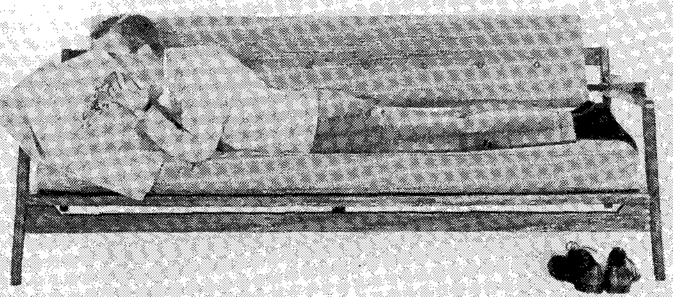

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FOOTBALL

Man of the Hour

YALE, which has been saving up players for this year (eighteen seniors, eighteen juniors), is blessed with capable and rapid backs, who had no more than momentary difficulty in disposing, by a score of 25–7, of a battered, bloody, and quite possibly bowed Cornell last Saturday. The most important piece of Yale machinery, though, is John Owseichik (pronunciation optional), who is twenty-one, a guard, captain of the team, a senior, an economics major, and a high-school boy from the small Massachusetts town of Greenfield. He is also, when his football helmet is off, six feet three, eyes of steel. His function, on offense, is to knock out of position, or feint out of position (the process is known to technicians as trapping), one or more of the men most likely to impede the forward progress of Yale ballcarriers. For a while in the second half of the game in Yale Bowl, it looked as if Cornell had trumped up a defense against him, but he was on the rampage again before long. On plays in which power, rather than guile, is the chief element, Owseichik shoots ahead with such force that part of the opposing line—a line like Cornell's, anyway—seems to spurt backward. It is worth noting that three of Yale's four touchdowns were made by teammates who had merely to follow in Owseichik's giant steps.

These are the years of picturesque names in Ivy League football, which was once played entirely by Smiths and Joneses and Poes and Mallorys; another skilled Yale senior is Paul Lopata, an end who—in a season during which Yale passing hasn't had exactly the zip it had back in the time of, say, Jerry Roscoe—catches passes thrown at difficult angles and speeds. Another welcome addition to the collection is the Cornell sophomore Tom Skypeck, whose work at quarterback against Yale was consistently commendable up to the moment when, slightly damaged, he had to be withdrawn.

The defeat of Cornell was accomplished with all the dispatch that had been expected. Perhaps the reason Yale, which has won all its matches this fall, hasn't yet played the sort of

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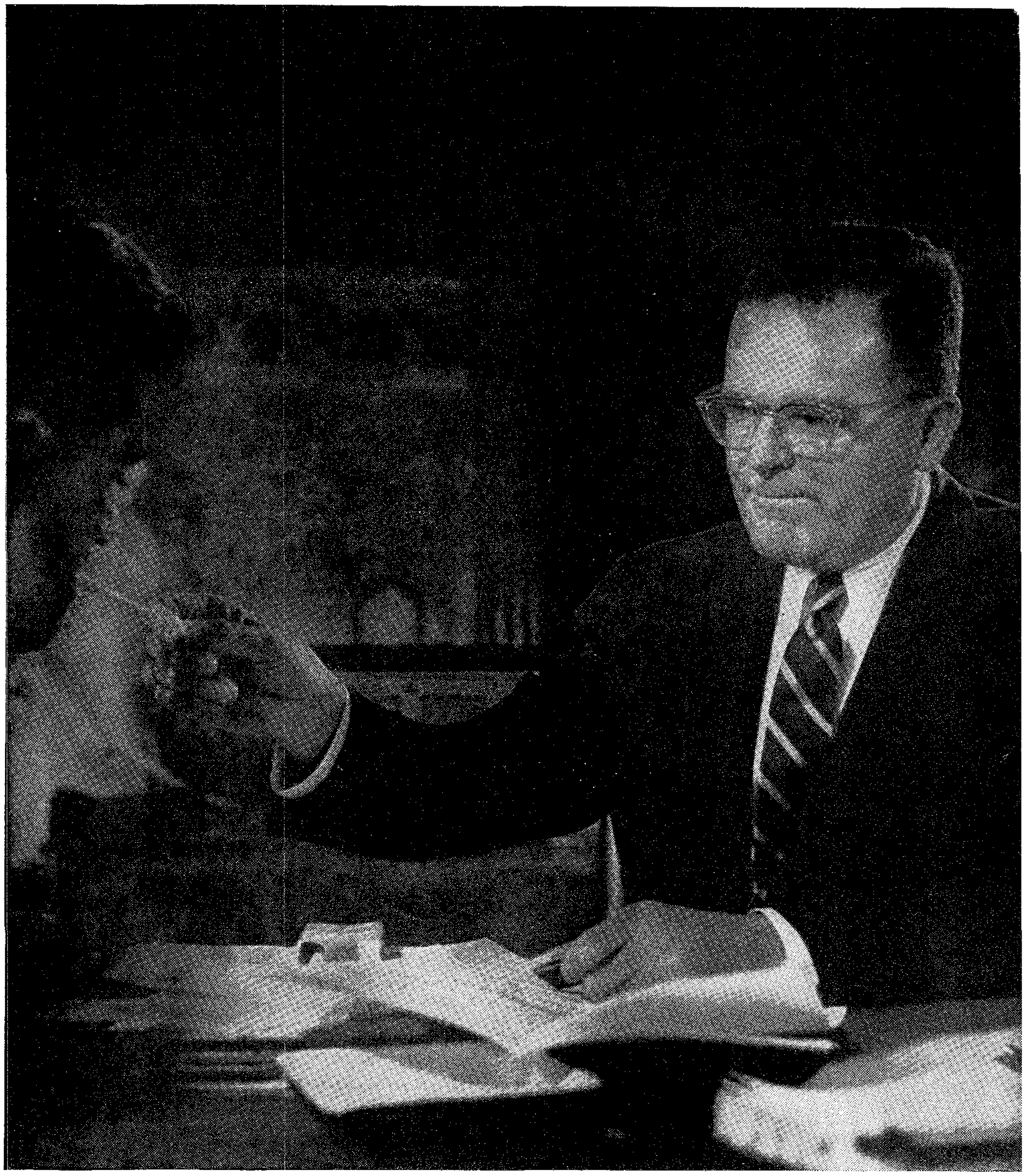

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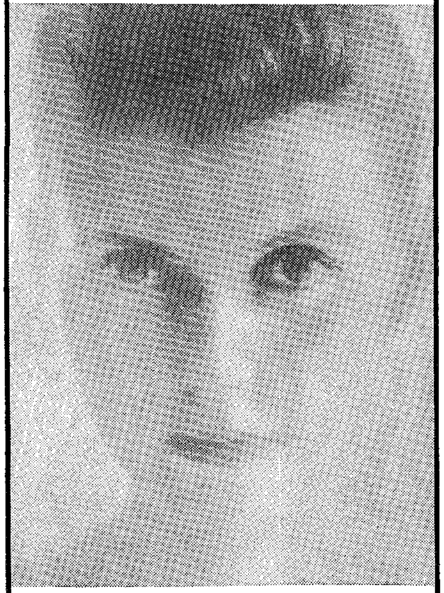

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football it is capable of playing is that it hasn't yet met a team that would make such football a necessity. One day, Gulliver may tire of being handcuffed by the little folk, get up off the ground, and really wallop somebody his own size.

THERE aren't many unbeaten teams left around here now. The one that had the best chance of spoiling its record last weekend was Princeton, which has always seemed under a mental as well as a physical handicap whenever it has met Colgate. (The mental problem dates from the era of Colgate's Edward Tryon, a remarkable back, which must be thirty years ago.) This time, Princeton came from behind to win, 28–20, which could mean that its psychosis about Colgate is at an end; to judge by its performance two weeks in a row, its physical handicap is obviously at an end. Yale-Cornell was to have been the Ivy League match of the season; now it appears that Yale-Princeton will be the one.

Army and Navy, to whom consistency is clearly not a jewel, had bad Saturdays. I am informed by a Syracuse partisan that Army—which lost, 7–0, to his team, a squad that plays big-league, rather than Ivy League, football—put on a pretty good show, even though its bright particular star, Bob Kyasky, didn't carry the ball once in the second half. Navy won, 13–6, but all it beat was Cincinnati, a team that seemingly hadn't had time to study the book of rules. It turned out that the referee had. Out West, what was for years the most efficient of all the big-league teams had an even more terrible Saturday. The week before, Notre Dame had lost to Purdue, 28–14. Last week, it lost to Michigan State, 47–14. For a couple of generations, Notre Dame's system for the care and feeding of growing athletes had seemed foolproof. The only trouble was that it wasn't a patentable device. —J. W. L.

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He described the fitting of the Snark, on the day before the flight, with a "destructor," a rectangular rod about four feet long, attached to the root of the missile's wing. He said that if something were to go attachet m-s reothofaoih dteot7.Oz zH sile's wing. He said that if somehing were o go wrong during he atachedt o theroot o ft he missile's wing. He said that if something were to go wrong . . .—*Utica (N.Y.) Press.*

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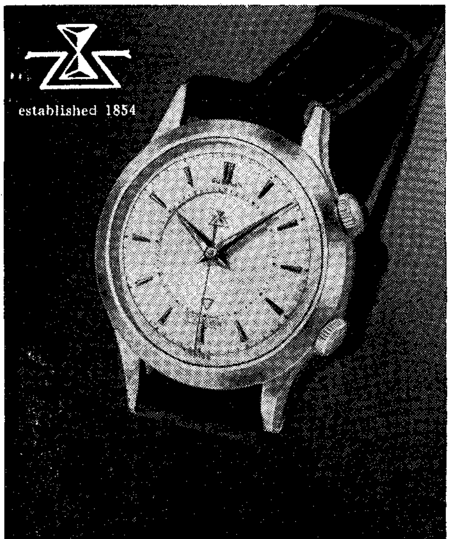

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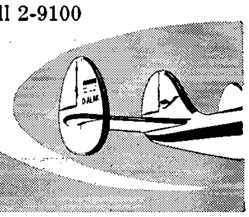

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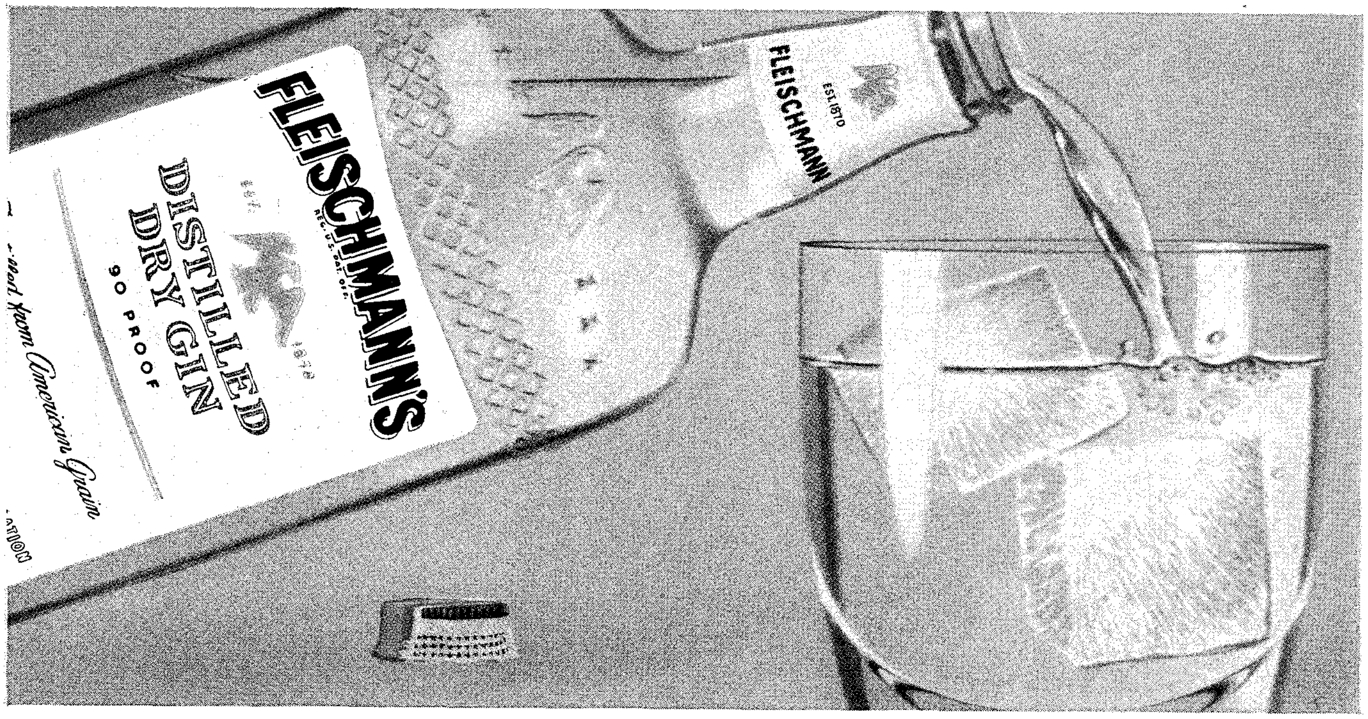
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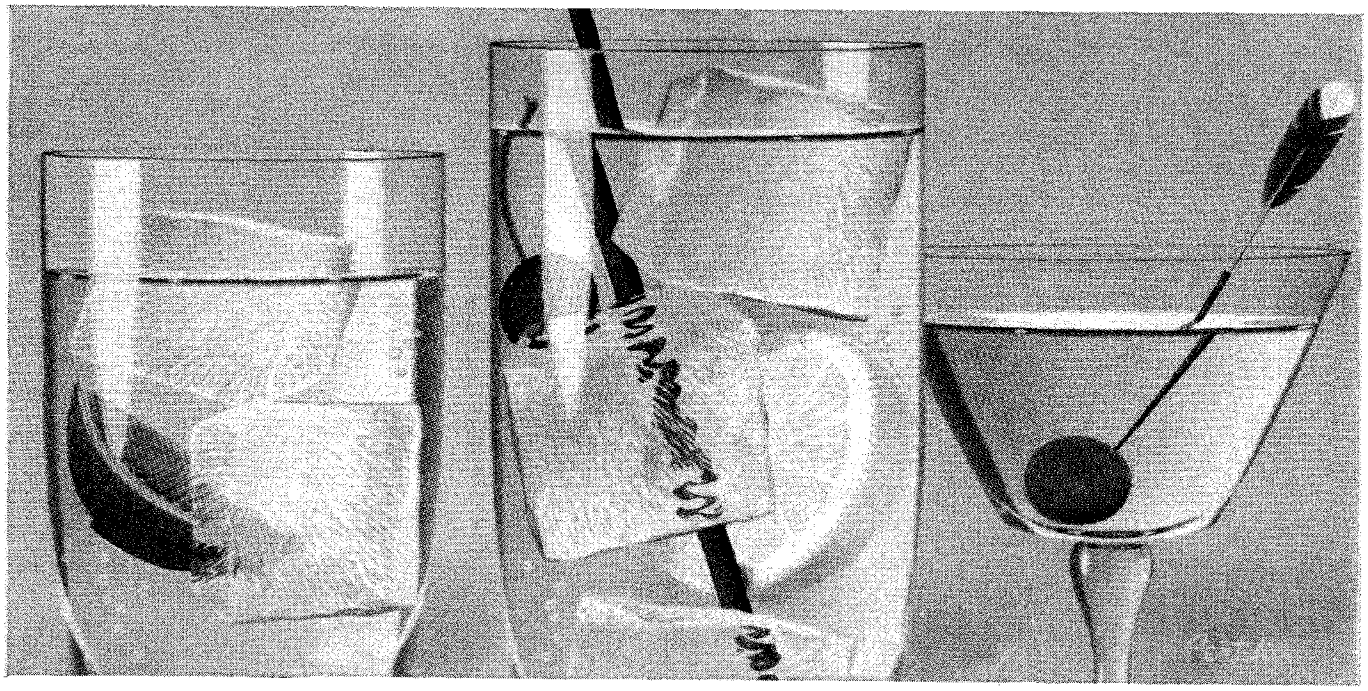

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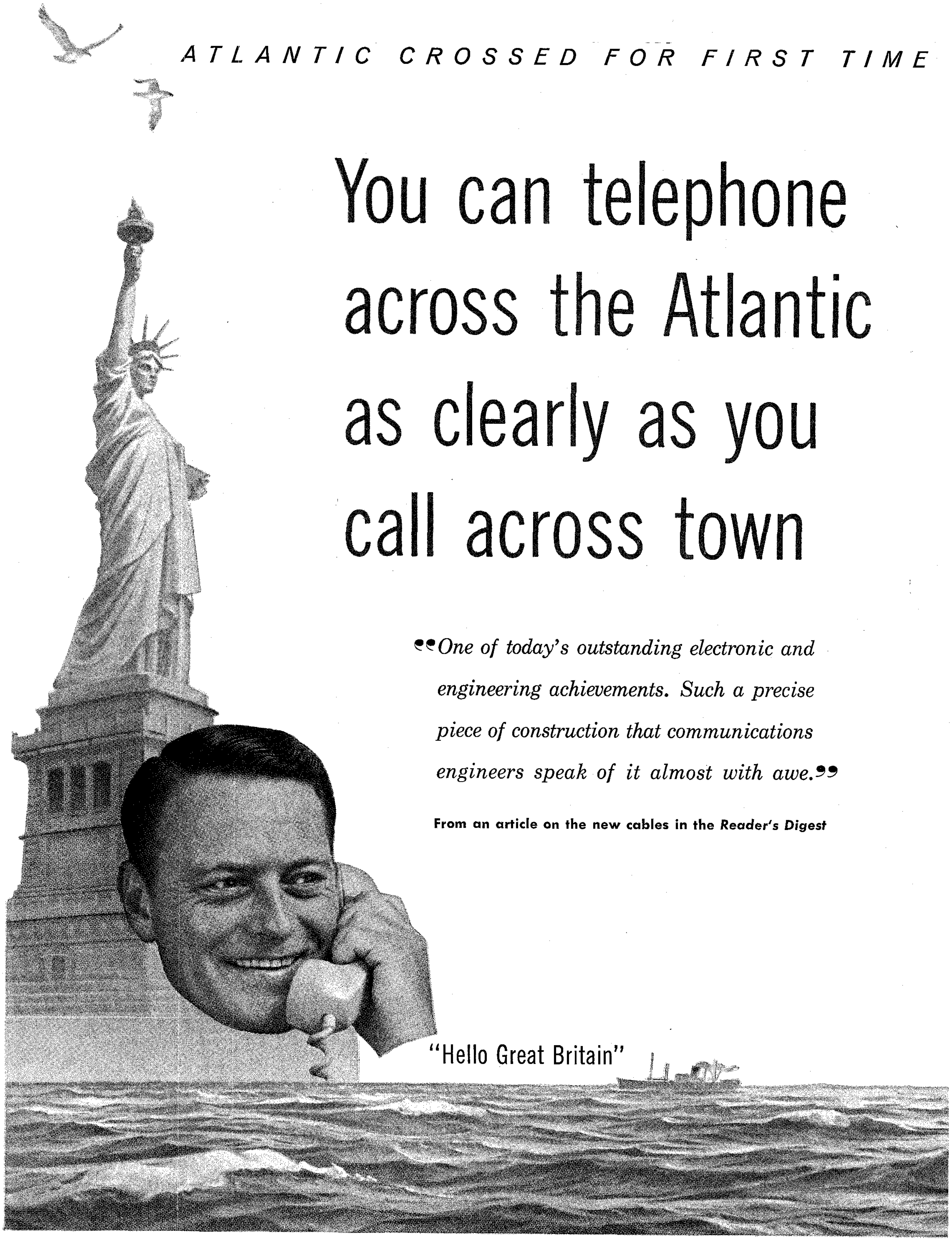

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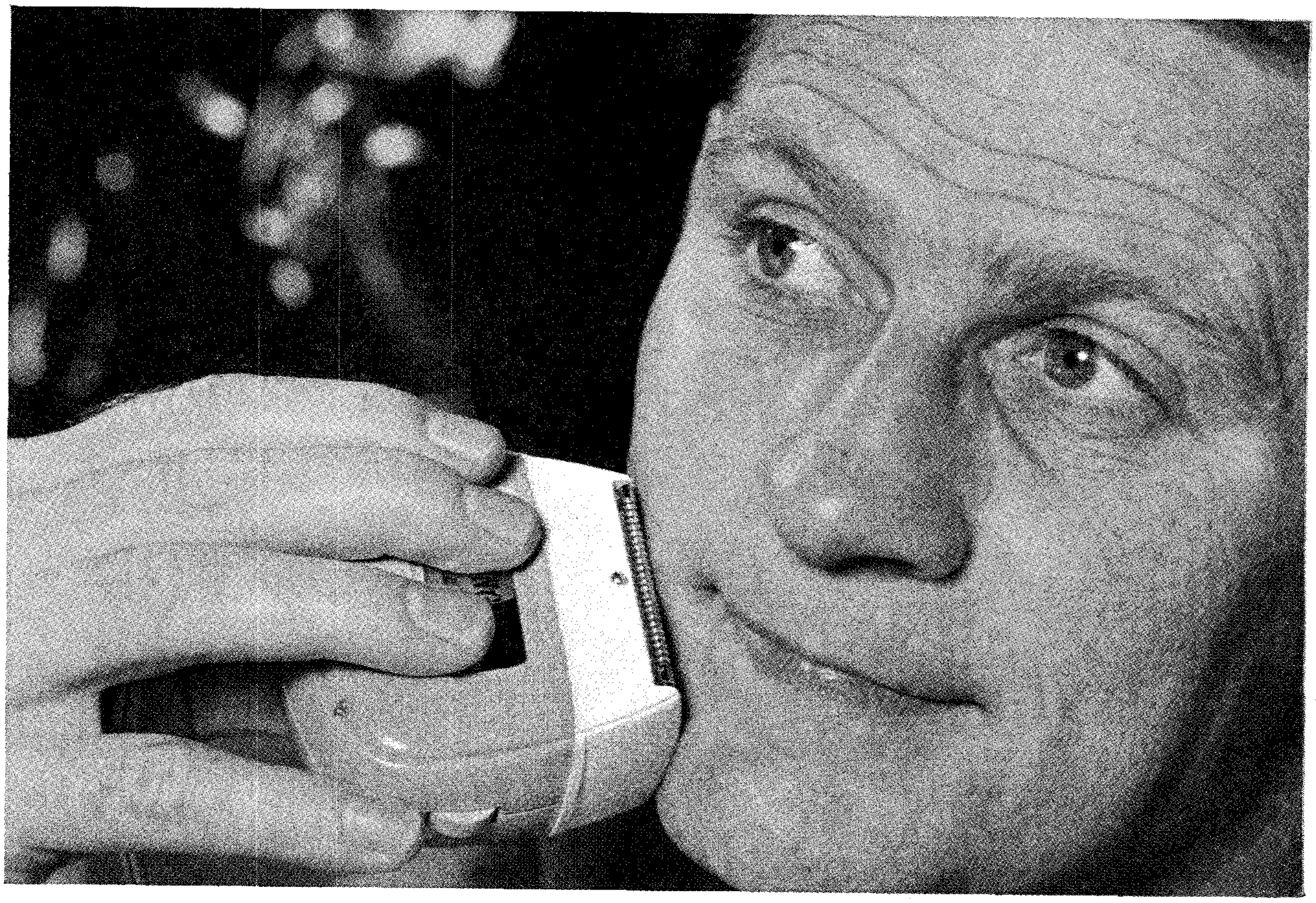

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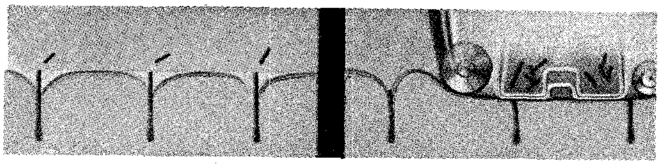

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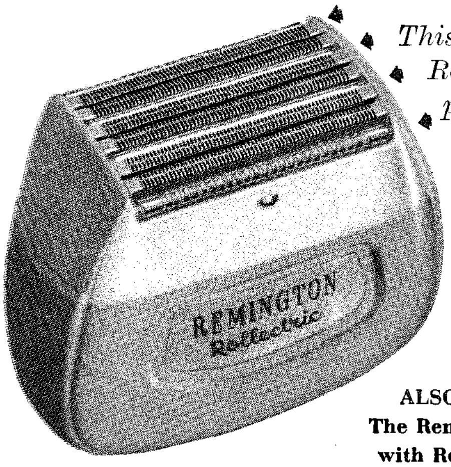

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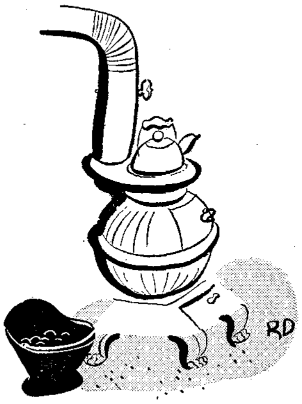
EARLY JOURNEYS

NOT long ago, I came across a travel advertisement that set me to thinking. It was directed at what, as far as I know, is a comparatively new target for the steamship companies and the airlines—children. Or at least it was aimed, if not exclusively at children, at parents-*as* parents, instead of at the untrammelled couples usually seen skylarking against Old World backgrounds in travel advertisements. In this one, there were a couple of children standing in some sort of park with a fine old castle looming above it. "I am so glad Daddy and Mummy took us with them this time!" the caption ran. "It's such fun, and we are learning such a lot, too!" Well, *I* was taken on a number of trips and stayed in a number of places when I was a little girl, and ever since I saw that advertisement, bits of those journeys and sojourns have kept coming back to me. I don't know exactly how much I learned on my trips, but I was glad to be taken along on them.

I was born in The Hague, and my first journey was to Paris. I was three months old, and don't remember a thing about it. My second trip, also to Paris, took place three years later. My mother's best friend, who had married a Frenchman, lived there. I was told to call her *Tante* Tilly; that's all I remember about that time. On my third visit to Paris—I was five—Jerome, *Tante* Tilly's eldest son, and I were cuffed by the cook for eating the *pointes* of a basketful of fresh croissants. A couple of years later, I went to Brussels, with my family, for the Christmas season. Brussels was sheer heaven, being full of *marrons glacés*. At home, I was allowed no more than a nibble of that luxury; in Brussels I was allowed several pieces at a time. In Brussels, also, there was the Palais de Glace, an indoor skating rink where *le five-o'clock* was served. One could have ices brought to little tables in the midst of palms, soft lights, and music. In those days, I loved to draw and paint, and in the Palais de Glace I filled my sketchbook with ladies in enormous fur toques and long, tight costumes with lace jabots. Wearing bunches of violets tucked under their chins, they glided over the ice alongside gentlemen in tweed suits and chamois gloves. I had never before seen such elegance, and to skate indoors seemed to me much more agreeable than to skate on a Dutch canal in the bitter cold.



My next journey was to England. I went one summer, with my father. We crossed the Channel at night on one of the sturdy old Batavier boats, all moist mahogany and brass, and smelling of hot oil and tar. When we had got aboard, I sat up in my narrow berth, peering through the porthole, hearing clinking and hissing and tooting all around me. As the boat moved away from the wharf, the night was alive with trembling green, yellow, and red lights. Before I fell asleep, I wondered if ships' captains were ever allowed to take their wives along. I was certain that I could live on a ship forever.

On my English journey, my father and I stayed in London, where I was taken to see the sights. An elderly lady took me. Who was she? One of the family? A friend? I have no idea. She told me several times that it was excellent for me to see the things we saw—the Tower, the crown jewels, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament. But I did not stare spellbound at these wonders, for I was spellbound staring at the English schoolboys, with their blazers, their gray trousers, and their tiny round caps. I even met one of these superior beings, at his parents' house, one Sunday in the country. He was about thirteen—a handsome, gentle blond boy, dressed, on this occasion, in white flannels. Blond? His hair was pure gold and soft as silk.

After a long luncheon, at which there were a great many people, and two footmen serving, this boy took my hand and told me he would show me around. We went down many steps to a cool, cellarlike room with a stone floor. All along the walls were shelves, and on these were shallow pans filled with fresh milk set out to cool. The boy dipped a finger in one of them and licked it. "Do try it," he said. I tried; it was delicious. We went on dipping and licking for a while. In one wall was a tiny window—a round hole cut in the gray stone. I looked out and saw—and I see it now, this moment—a minia-

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anything...
but give her
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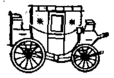

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ture landscape: green grass, a clump of trees, cows dozing in a pool of shadow, a blue sky, and, far off at the horizon, a yellow rim of ripe wheat.

I went to England a couple of times more, and those times are mixed up in my memory. I do remember some things. I recall my surprise that English villa gardens were so much less private than villa gardens in Holland—no high brick walls with jagged glass on top of them to keep out miscreants, no tall gates or hedges. I remember finding a small spring in a field, and lying down and drinking the ice-cold water; this was at a picnic, where—again to my surprise—sheep strolled freely around the picnickers. And, above all, I remember staying up late one summer night, sitting on a terrace, smelling unknown flowers, looking at immense trees, black against the sky, and eating cold peaches. I had never eaten fruit late at night. I had never eaten anything late at night, and it was one of the great charms of that holiday.

Probably it would be difficult for an American child to understand how I felt, but I had never had the freedom of the kitchen, or snacks when I wanted them, or meals alone with my friends. My meals at home were on the dot, and supervised: breakfast at eight, with brother and governess; lunch with them and my mother at twelve-thirty; a cup of tea and a Petit-Beurre after school; dinner with Mother, Father, governess, and brother at six. In England, the food was as varied as the times at which I ate it. No more breakfasts of milk, bread, egg, and apple, but toast, fried fish, and stewed fruit. Adieu Petit-Beurre! Instead, small, moist sandwiches filled with watercress or cucumber. I had always cared more for salt than for sweet, and after tasting shrimp paste and anchovy paste I knew that those were what, in future, I meant to live on.

"You seem to have thought of food continuously," my mother remarked acidly when I was back in Holland once more, and this was almost true, but not quite. There was one other thing I enjoyed tremendously and dwelt on. This, I remember, was on my final childhood visit to London. I was twelve, and my father took me to various art museums. I had always enjoyed going to them in Holland, but this was something new—something more than the placid enjoyment I had experienced there. This was a revelation. For the first time, I saw my own favorites—pictures that I had collected copies of to decorate my bedroom, and that were to me the most

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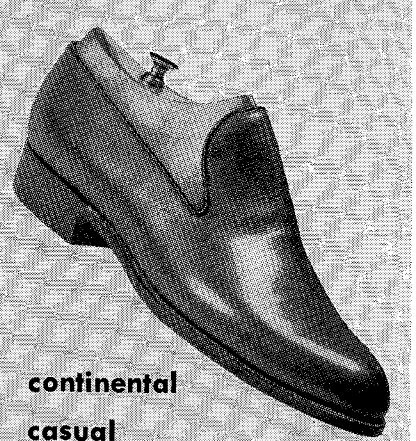

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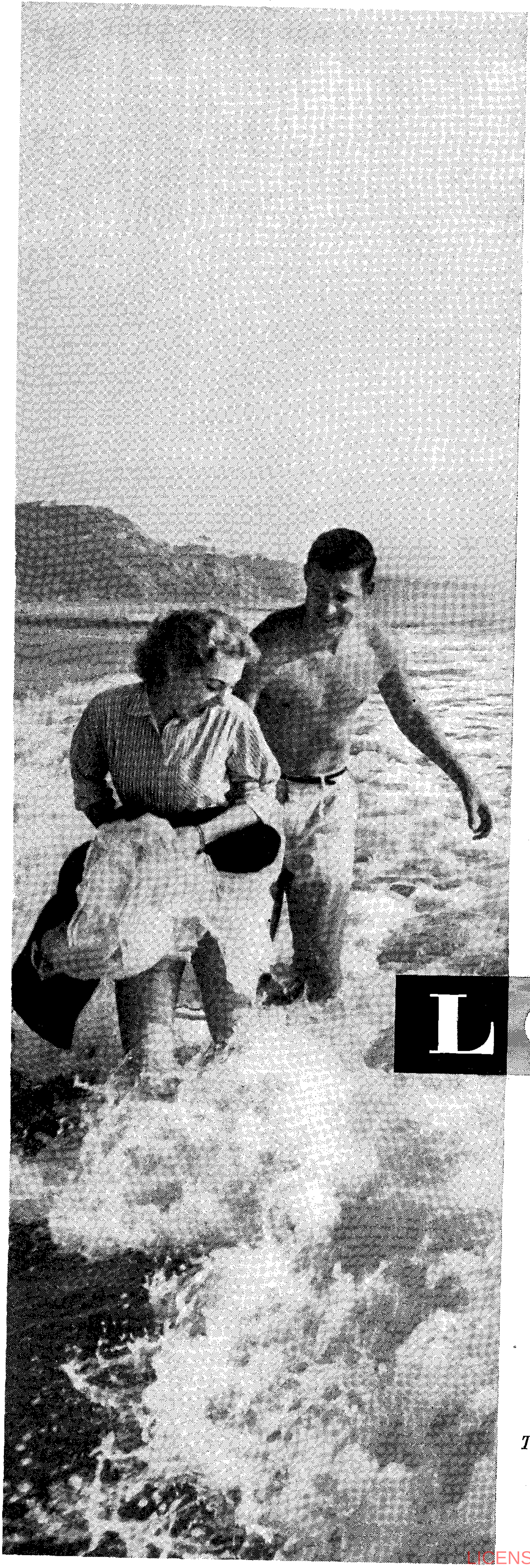
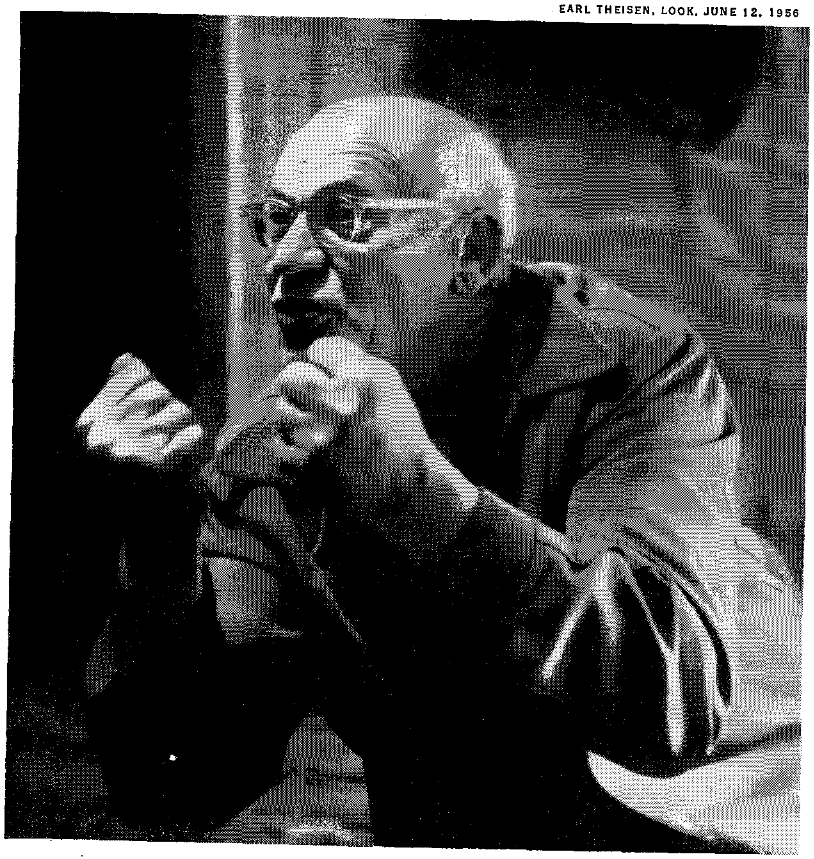


MAURICE TERRELL, LOOK, APRIL 5, 1955

EARL THEISEN, LOOK, JUNE 12, 1956



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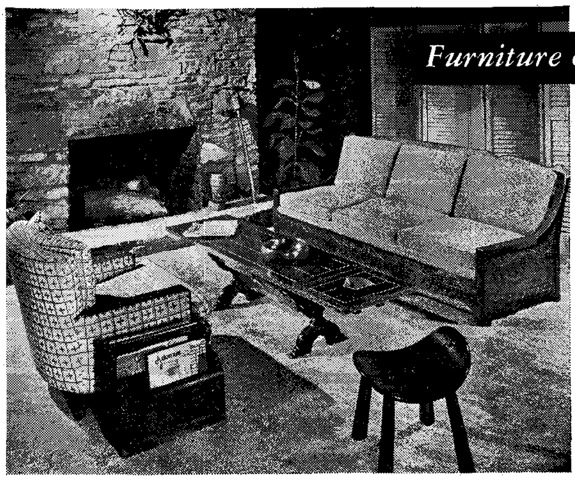

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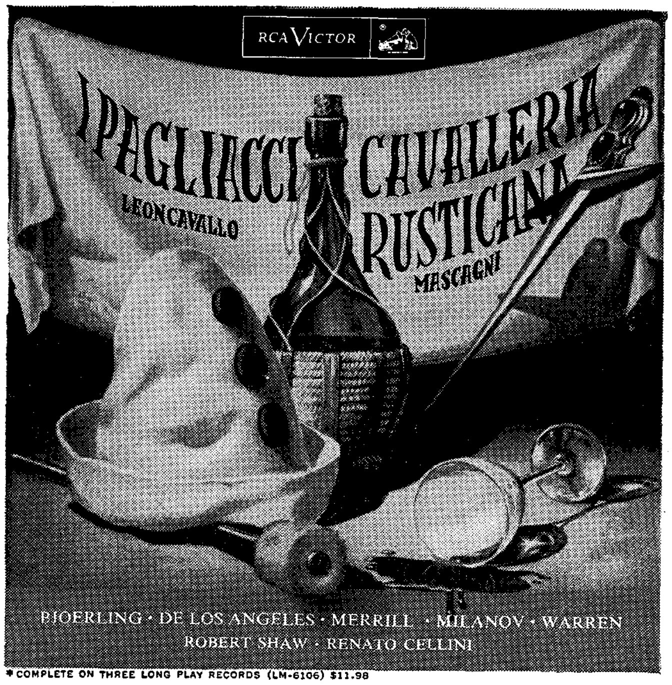
beautiful pictures in the world. They were the portraits of faintly smiling, supremely elegant ladies with powdered hair, roses at their bosoms, and lace on their sleeves, of haughty gentlemen with stars, rosettes, and ribands on their chests, their silken legs crossed, one hand thrust in the waistcoat, the other fondling the smooth head of a dog. They were pictures of children in silk and satin and ruffles, with pale sashes around their waists, and buckled shoes, sitting on garden seats or on swings, or standing beside ponies. How lovely, how gay they all were! How, I wondered, could anyone (my father, for example) prefer those dreary Dutch portraits of dreary Dutch men and women, always dressed in black with white collars and cuffs?

THAT visit to London forms the last but one of my memories of childhood travel. In July of the following year, which was 1914, *Tante* Tilly invited me to visit her in Switzerland. She was spending the summer in a chalet near Geneva, with her four children, her sister, a *mademoiselle*, and a cook. Her husband was to join them later. Now, it is impossible for a child from the lowlands not to be amazed at his first sight of Switzerland—the sloping meadows full of flowers, the chalets and farms, the garlanded crucifixes at crossroads, and, above them all, the mountains, snow-topped even in midsummer.

Jerome and I took walks, played tennis on a court overlooking a deep valley, and went to the children's balls held at nearby hotels, and after two weeks I was bored to death. Every day was the same. Walks that went up and up, then down and down. I didn't really care about tennis or about dancing the polka. I wished I were somewhere else, and soon enough I was. On the second of August, Switzerland mobilized, and all the summer vacationers began trying to get back to their own countries, *Tante* Tilly among them. We packed, and eventually all of us departed for Geneva. We were detained there a while, and then we went on to Paris—a long, uncomfortable journey, which I remember chiefly because we seemed to spend all our time getting in and out of trains, or waiting for them.

In Paris, we learned that *Tante* Tilly's husband had been called up, and that no one had any idea where he was. The next few weeks were frantic. Daily, the news from the front became worse; the German Army advanced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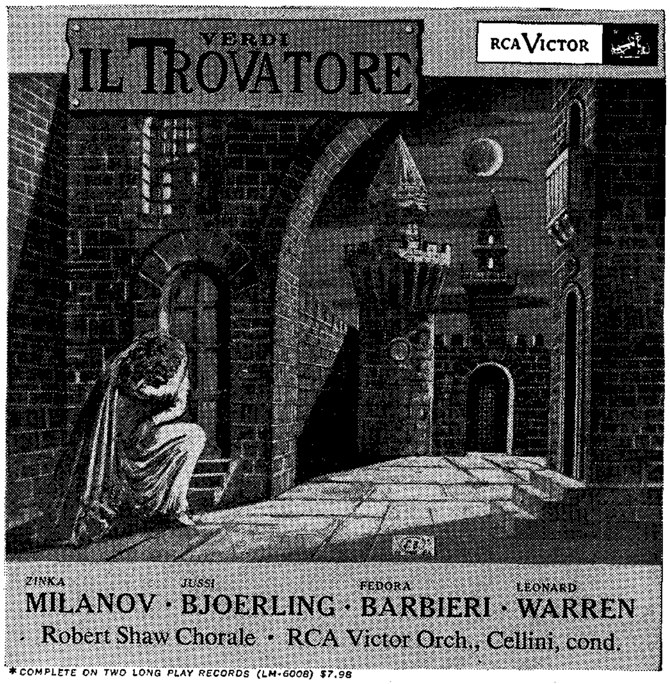
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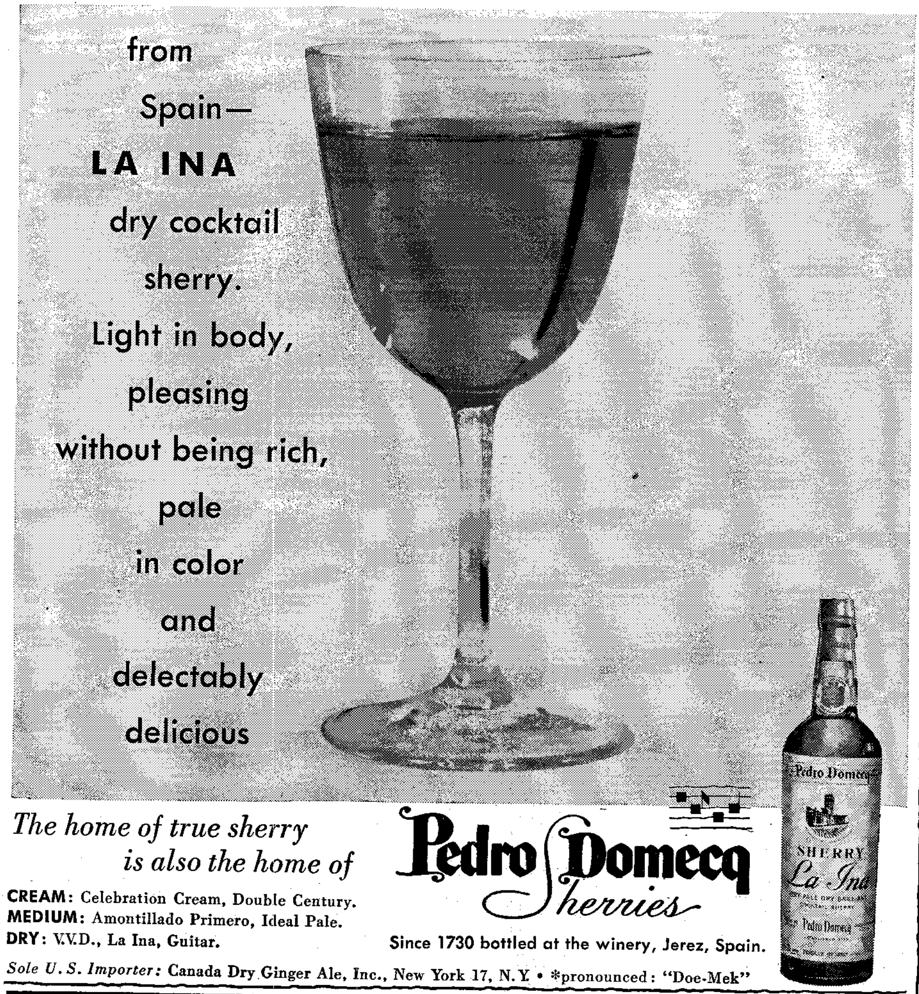
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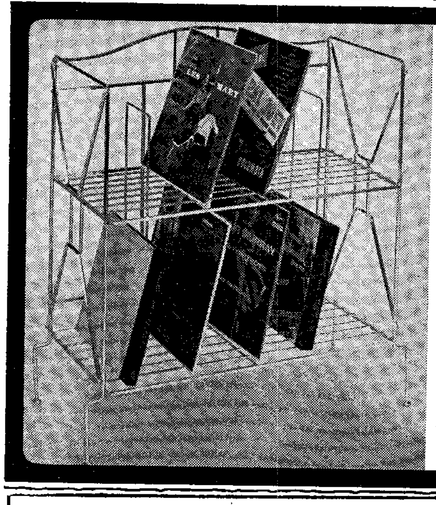
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steadily. The French government left for Bordeaux. *Tante* Tilly and the other grownups were wild with anxiety and hardly had a civil word for the children. And since it was impossible to send me back to Holland just then, I was taken along when the whole group set off once more, this time for a tiny village about sixty miles south of Poitiers, where friends of *Tante* Tilly's owned an abbey, to which they had already fled. They had urged her to come to the village, and had, in fact, already rented a house for her there. It was in good condition, and was looked after by a caretaker and his wife. So, after another tiresome journey, we all arrived there one midnight in September.

I woke the following morning in a large, high bed with a green curtain around it. I sat up and looked out at the room. Its ceiling was very low, its walls were whitewashed, and its floor and massive furniture were of old, dark, shiny wood. There was one window but no view; the bronze leaves of a tree hid everything. There were no pictures on the walls or ornaments of any kind except a crucifix above the marble mantelpiece and, on a table, a small vase filled with heliotrope. I thought it the most beautiful room I had ever seen.

I STAYED almost two months in that village, and all the time I was in a state of complete happiness, of exalted bliss. I did not know why, any more than I had known why I felt so dull, so bored, in the country of Alps and conifers. I know now, though. It was simply that I happened to be in a place where I belonged—a quiet place of moss-covered walls, old trees, and half-open gates giving glimpses of beauty. I loved it all: the house itself, with its white-shuttered front and its walled-in garden at the rear; the rooms, almost bare but made beautiful by the few pieces of darkly glowing furniture they did contain; the narrow halls; the kitchen, with its stone floor, and its oaken beams on which cheeses lay ripening on fresh grape leaves; the smells of beeswax, apples, and drying herbs. And the garden—the lovely, sombre, mute garden where no flowers grew, only weeds and bushes and trees, where the paths were moss-covered and hedged in by boxwood and stone statues strangled with ivy and periwinkle, and where, on the dark earth, a few yellow leaves lay lightly.

Almost daily, we children and *Tante* Tilly visited the abbey. A great many

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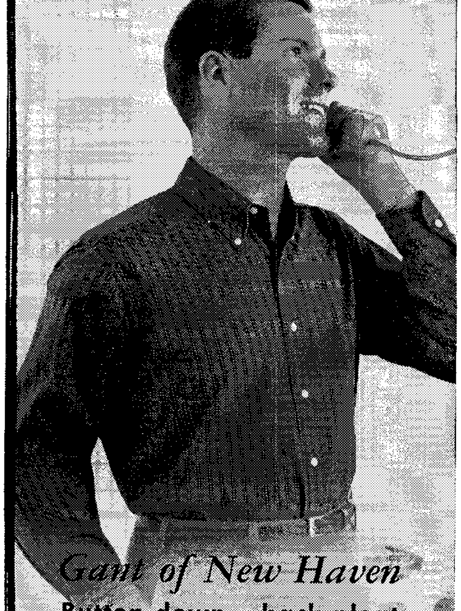

Gant of New Haven
Button-down, back-pleat
in regimental stripes. Brown with navy, red or green with black. Imported woven Swiss cotton. 14½-16½, sleeves, 32-35. **$10**
Gant dress shirt, Oxford cloth. 14½-17½, sleeves, 32-36. Blue **$5.50.**
White **$5**
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people—chiefly women and children, all of them related—lived there. The women knitted and chattered, wrote letters to their men at the front, or picked grapes in the nearby vineyard. Two of the youngest ones, hardly more than girls, were always laughing, crying, and darting hither and yon, or suddenly plopping down on a bench, unbuttoning their blouses, and suckling their small babies. They were the only ones who took notice of us children. They would go with us for walks in the village, or would help us arrange flowers at the altar of the church.

It did not matter to us that the older women bothered with us very little. There was enough to occupy us. Plenty of books—old ones, beautifully illustrated with pictures of ships, butterflies, or theatrical costumes; copies of *L'Illustration* of many years before; novels in English and German as well as in French. If we did not want to read, we could play the piano, dress up and have games of charades, or just explore the abbey. European children are not likely to be impressed by the oldness of their surroundings, and the oldness of the abbey did not impress us. We knew that the original parts of it had been built somewhere around 1100, and that the neighboring bridge was older still, but this meant little to us. What we liked was the new part, added in the seventeen-hundreds, in which were our two favorite rooms—the gun room and the *petit boudoir*. The gun room was just a room that had its walls hung with guns, pistols, and bows and arrows, and had lined-up suits of armor standing below these, and a stuffed bear at each side of its door. The *boudoir* had more charm. It was a small, circular room, all gold and crimson. Here, in glass-topped tables such as one sees in museums, lay countless trifles under lock and key: miniatures framed in pearls; enamelled snuffboxes with initials in diamonds on their covers; trinkets of ivory, tortoise shell, or wood; and mementos—medals, ribbons, flowers or hair in lockets, a fan, a discolored glove.

At other times, having had enough of the things of long ago, we would go out and roam the countryside. We must have made an untidy-looking group of children. At the head would be fifteen-year-old Nino, followed by his two younger sisters. Behind them would come their cousin, Marie-Charles, aged fourteen, always by himself and smoking a cigarette—*un type chic*, we all thought him. True, his black schoolboy apron diminished his chic somewhat,

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Classic copy of his favorite
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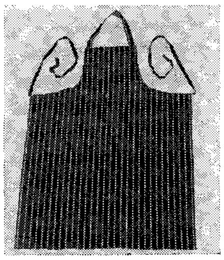

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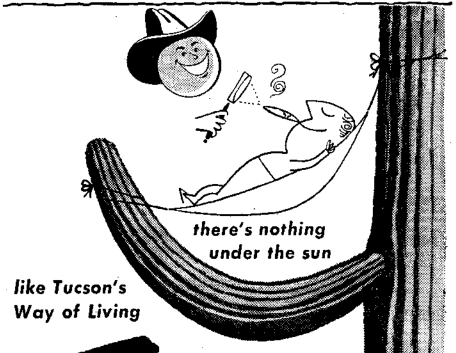
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New concept in weight control

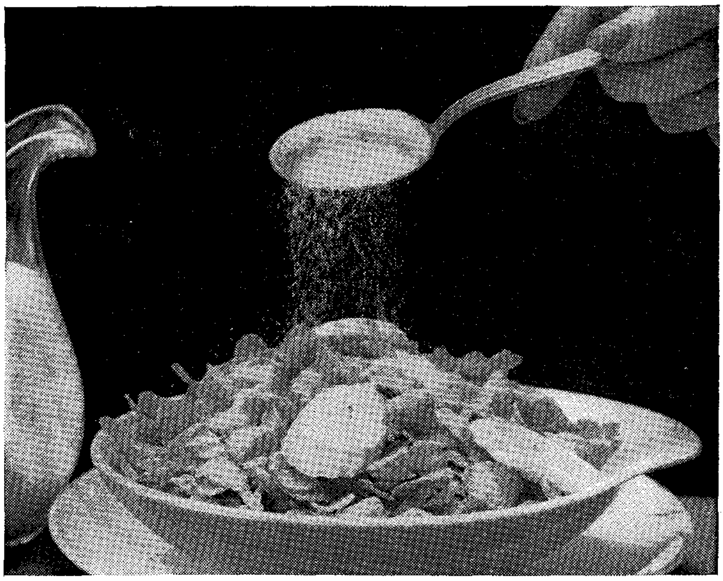
You don't have to give up sugar

Modern weight-control programs are based on cutting down portions, not cutting out foods you like

You may find that it's easier to cut down when you use sugar

Sugar helps keep your hunger satisfied on less food

Studies show that people who used sugar lost as much weight as those who gave it up



Like sugar on your cereal? There's no reason why you shouldn't use it.

Here's how the satisfaction you get from sugar actually helps you save calories

Perhaps you've heard people who tried artificial sweeteners say, "They just don't give you the same sense of satisfaction that sugar does."

They've hit on something that is now recognized to be very important in a weight-control program.

The sense of satisfaction that you do get from sugar is more than just an appeasement of the sense of taste. It is a fast, natural effect on the brain centers that help to determine how hungry you are.

The New Approach

That is why the amount of sugar you have become accustomed to using over the years may be just the right amount for keeping your weight constant. It is also one of the reasons sugar has been taken off the "don't use" lists in many of the newer weight-control programs being recommended by nutritionists and physicians.

These are nothing like the drastic or one-sided "wonder diets" that are continually cropping up. It has often been noted that *lost pounds are less apt to be gained back when the diet allows the same foods that would normally be eaten.* Instead of cutting out, you simply cut down!

How Sugar Helps

Sugar can make it easier for you to cut down because it satisfies appetite faster than any other food. Even when you are very hungry, if you eat or drink something that contains sugar shortly before a meal you will find it is much easier to be satisfied with less food. A nutrition authority calls these hunger-pacifying snacks "scientific nibbles".

And you can top off your smaller meals with simple desserts that contain sugar. They help you get as great a feeling of satisfaction from your smaller helpings as you would get from a much larger, but sugarless meal.

The calorie savings you make with artificial sweeteners, on the other hand, are often just "paper savings". Since they do nothing to help curb an oversize appetite as sugar does, they leave you as hungry as ever. You may find you are actually eating more—and more than making up the calories you supposedly saved.

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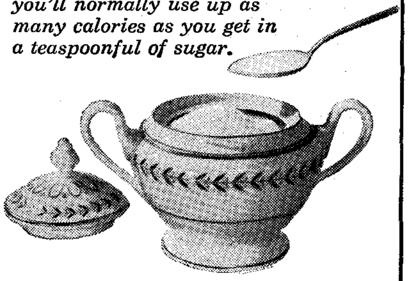

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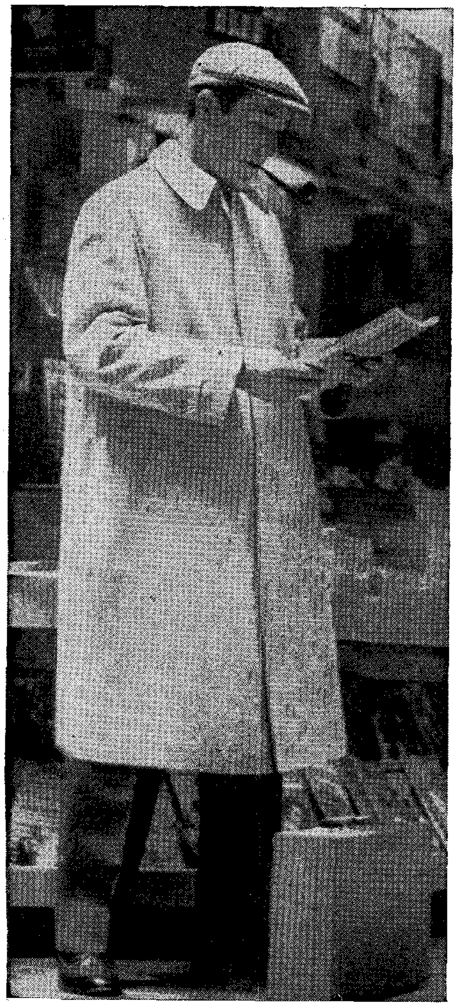

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but the tone of his languid "*Quoi?*" when one asked him a question made up for it. Jerome and I and four or five others would come next, and far behind, straggling and always giving up in the end, would come Alice, who was four, carrying her kitten. The kitten's name was Clemenceau.

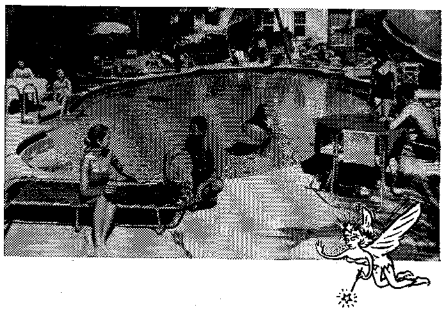
We would look for berries, and pick *cèpes*, and finally rest under a walnut tree, on one of the white stone walls that divided the pastures. We would shake the branches of the tree till the nuts pelted down, and we would crack them, and peel off their tough outer shells and their wet, dark inner skins, and eat the fresh white nuts. We would sit there a long while, swinging our legs, talking, singing songs. Finally, a mist would rise and the sky would become paler. The church bell would start to ring, and it would be time to go home.

We had our evening meal—a simple one of thick soup, bread, and wine and water—at a round table on which stood an oil lamp that left the room in deep shadow but lighted our faces softly. We went to bed early, and, once in my own room, I would work on some sketch I had made that day, or read in a book I had found downstairs, and the silence around me would be so great that it would have a sound of its own, like the swishing of waves far off.

SO the days passed. Not too long a distance away, the war was going on. Twice a day, the *tambour de ville* would read aloud the latest dispatches in the village square, and in the evening the local *gazette* arrived, but none of the really important news interested us children. What we liked was the news that Jerome picked up from the stationmaster, who would always be full of it after a train of wounded had returned from the front. Shivering with horror, we would listen to stories about the Germans eating babies or pulling the hairs out of women's heads one by one. When our elders overheard these conversations and told us not to believe such things, we were quite indignant. We wanted them to be true.

And then, one day, coming home at lunchtime, we found *Tante* Tilly and the other grownups packing frantically. We were leaving for Paris that evening, they told us. Paris was safe once more, and the sooner we got back there the better. There would be room for civilians on a certain train, and it was a chance not to miss.

Was I sorry to leave? Did I cry by myself in my beautiful room? I have no idea. But I do know that when, the next



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day, I was back in Paris, I found myself longing to return to Holland and my family. And *Tante* Tilly, who had received one or two anxious letters from my mother, went to the Dutch Embassy, and three days later they informed her that they had found a reliable person, himself returning to Holland, who would be willing to take care of me.

The reliable person turned out to be the kindest, most charming man imaginable—the minister of the Eglise Wallonne, in Amsterdam. On the day we were to leave, I found him waiting for me at the station, wrapped up in a black cape and several shawls, his arms full of magazines, bonbons, and flowers for me. It was a pity that I was not a couple of years older, for then I would have enjoyed his conversation; he was known for his liveliness and wit. But I was only a shy girl, and—in spite of my eagerness to be home—I was suddenly homesick for the village I had left. The journey was cold, gray, depressing. Was it, I kept wondering, really only a week ago that I had sat on a white wall under a walnut tree and a mild sky? It was dreadful to think that all that was over. My mother met us in, I think, Rotterdam, and even when I was in her arms I could not feel the happiness I had anticipated.

But when she and I finally arrived home (my family was living in the country not far from Amsterdam, at the time), and the tram let us off at the lane near our villa, and I found my brother and a group of my school friends waiting to welcome me, standing under the moist, dripping trees, waving little French flags and singing "Tipperary," my spirits rose.

For about a week, my friends treated me like a heroine—someone who, if not actually returned from the battlefields, was at least a confidante of the General Staff. This was very pleasant while it lasted, but soon their interest faded, and only one person seemed to be still concerned with what I had seen and done. The person was my history teacher. One day, he called me to him at the end of class and said, "I hear you were in France for quite a while. Where were you?"

"Oh, somewhere near Poitiers," I said.

"Near Poitiers? My dear child! You mean you stayed in *le Poitou*?" he cried.

I looked vague.

"Don't you know about *le Poitou*?"

I shook my head.

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of France," he said. "Why, it's full, simply full, of historical data. . . ." He paused for a moment, tilting his head back. "Charles Martel, the *sarrasins*, Eleonore d'Aquitaine, Richard Cœur de Lion—well, those are just a few of the names. And the châteaux! Magnificent! Magnificent! You *must* have seen them. You didn't? You didn't even see Lusignan? Well, what about the cathedrals? Saint-Pierre, at Poitiers, and Sainte-Radegonde? Marvellous buildings! Marvellous! And all those other things—abbeys, monasteries, monuments. Gallo-Roman—no, even earlier than that. Megalithic Roman, Gothic, Renaissance—whatever one could wish for. And you saw none of it? *None*? How is it possible! But what did you *do* there all day long? Weren't you bored?" —MADDY VEGTEL

•

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P.S. Under separate cover, I am taking the liberty of sending you our fall brochure. Let me assure you I will not persue the matter any further.—*Letter from a merchandise manager.*

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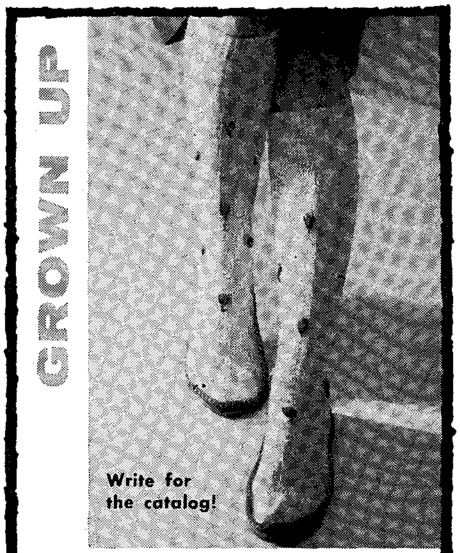
•

THE MYSTERIOUS POLITICAL SCENE

[*Muriel Bowen in the Washington Post & Times Herald*]

Jane Barkley, the beautiful widow of the late Sen. Alben W. Barkley, (D-Ky.), is doing her bit for the Democratic cause as receptionist at the National Volunteers for Stevenson-Kefauver Organization headquarters on Connecticut ave. . . .

Lunchtime yesterday was typical. A young man came in with a book of Dylan Thomas poems under his arm. "I'd like to do something—I'd like to volunteer," he stammered. "How splendid," says Mrs. Barkley, "let me put you in touch with just the person who wants people like you . . ." She directed him to a room on another floor.



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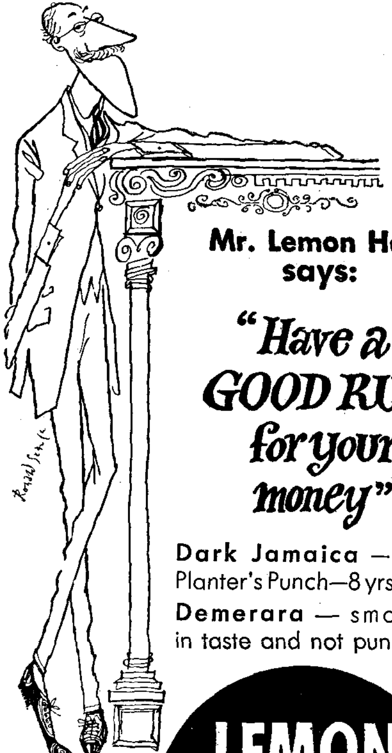

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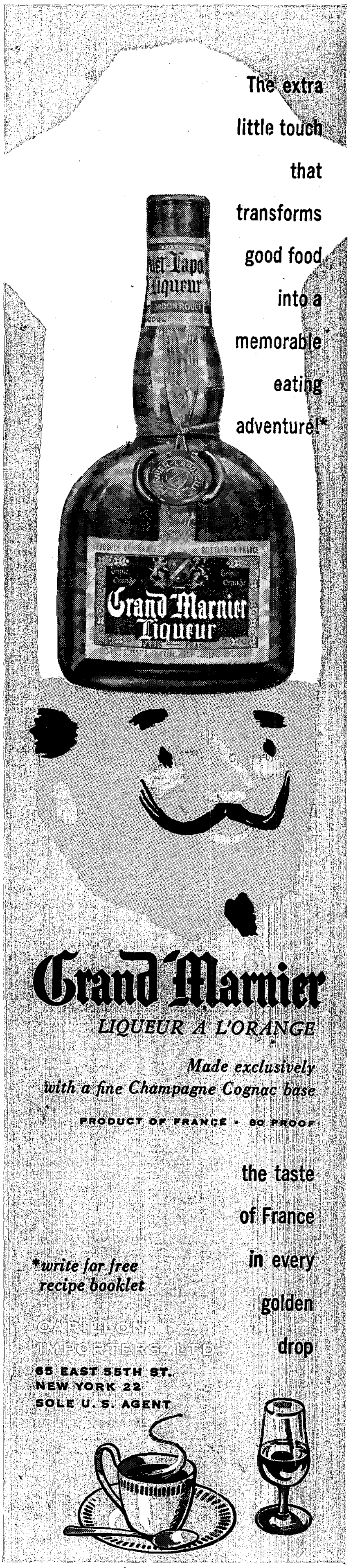

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THE ART GALLERIES

East Is West and West Is East

THIS has been a week for the exotic in the galleries. For instance, there are a number of exhibitions by Asiatic artists, and since these range from the Japanese scroll paintings, or *kakemonos*, by the Vietnamese Mme. Le-thi-An, at the Argent, and the equally traditional water colors and Chinese calligraphic exercises by Wang Chi-yuan, at China House, to the modernist works of Kenzo Okada and Zao Wou-ki, at the Parsons and Kleemann, respectively, they are an exceptionally varied assortment. I confess I'm not greatly taken with the works of contemporary academic Oriental artists. As is true of all formalists, they tend to perpetuate the patterns but not the spirit of their predecessors, and their paintings often are listless and empty in consequence. Mr. Wang's pictorial efforts fall into this category—with the exception, perhaps, of his series of linked panels called "Lake Mountain" and the rather freely drawn New York sketches numbered 17 and 18 in the catalogue—and I was principally interested in his calligraphic studies.

Calligraphy, or the practice of writing as a decorative art, is reckoned a higher accomplishment in China than painting. It is judged, I understand, by the taste and skill displayed in the arrangement of the characters into a compact, unified aesthetic design. Its finer points are a mystery to me, but I have always been fascinated by the combination of precision and subtlety the work displays. (I suspect that in its higher reaches it is something of a mystery to the Chinese as well; a couple of Chinese friends of mine, who are amateur calligraphers, are occasionally mildly at odds over the translation of some of the more elaborate specimens.) Wang offers five examples, in a variety of styles, ranging from the free, sort of flowing Ts'ao style to the heavier, blockier one of Chüan, and they have a classic elegance that is thoroughly engaging. I could wish, indeed, that there had been more of them.

Mme. Le-thi-An's *kakemonos*, while generally traditional in manner, have a freedom of execution that, combined with a good deal of real poetic feeling, gives them distinction. She shows, as well, considerable originality in the development of her compositions. Landscapes and flower studies—conventional subjects in this sort of work—engross her most. But her approach can vary from the big, boldly outlined "Snow Clad Bamboo," through the almost completely naturalistic "Cicadas"—in which the insects are shown, full size and glittering in the sunlight, clustered on a branch—to such more atmospheric pieces as "Twilight" and "Lonely Fisherman," with its solitary boat seen dimly, deep in a rocky inlet. I liked, too, "Autumn," very rich in color, and the blue, lively study of a school of tiny minnows called "Swimming Together."

SUPERFICIALLY, the two moderns on our list have little in common with their staider contemporaries. But beneath the overlay of Westernization that characterizes their work there are a delicacy of approach and an economy of treatment that suggest the Oriental. In a sense, too, the abstract style itself has its links with their heritage. Perhaps one reason so many of the early modernist Occidental innovators, from the Impressionists on down through Matisse and Kandinsky, drew on Eastern art in an effort to break with the classical European traditions was that Oriental painting has always had its own "abstract" idiosyncrasies—to the extent, at least, of a total or partial rejection of perspective and an insistence on flat design, along with certain formalized distortions. Indeed, in some fields, such as calligraphy, its aims are almost identical with our theories of abstraction. (When I twitted my Chinese friends about their difficulties in interpreting their examples, they pointed out that it might be just as hard for me to "define" a Mondrian or a Pollock.)

It is not surprising, then, that despite their quite different basic styles there's a happy mingling of Eastern and Western tendencies in both Zao Wou-ki's and Okada's work. Zao Wou-ki, considerably the younger of the two (he is thirty-six, as against the other's fifty-four), is more technically assured and more immediately beguiling. Also, perhaps because he has been living for the past eight years in Paris, he is more Europeanized. Klee bulks large in his work, for instance, particularly in his earlier pieces. (But then, isn't there a compensation here, in that Klee was one of those who leaned heavily on Oriental art for inspiration?) The show, a small

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THE UNRELAXED GENTLEMAN is Mr. Harris Zeitzew. He's a member of Capitol Records' famous record-rating "jury" which has just convened to render a verdict on a new Capitol album: is it good enough to bear the inscription "Full Dimensional Sound"?

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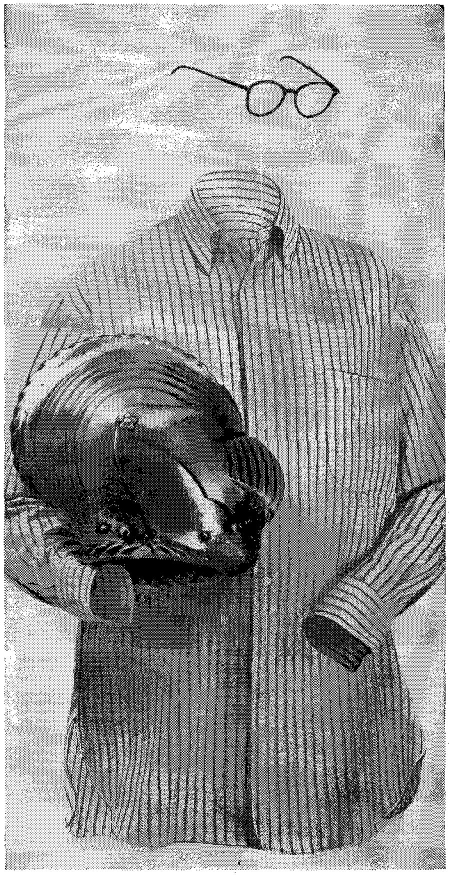

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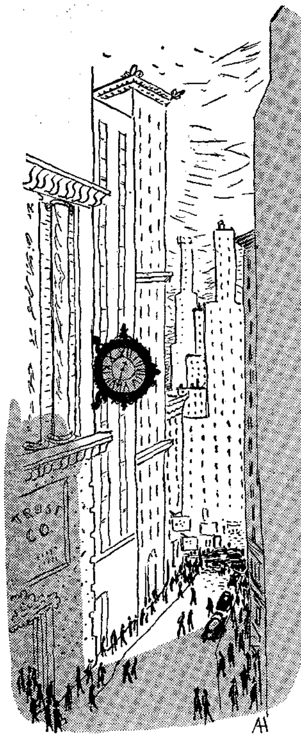
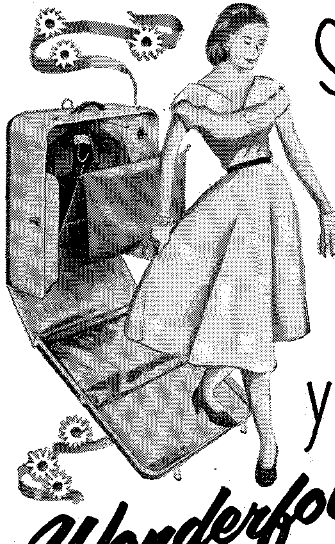
but well-planned performance, is arranged as a brief retrospective, with pieces dating from 1950 to the present, and if Klee shows up strongly in the green "Chinese Landscape" of 1950, perhaps the earliest painting in the collection, his influence decreases steadily as the artist's stay in Paris lengthens—and as, possibly, the immersion in other aspects of contemporary European activities deepens.

Thus "Chantier de Bateaux," of 1952, though Kleelike in essence, has a breadth of design that sets it apart from its predecessors, as has the even more freely handled "Oiseaux Volants," of the same year; and his latest pieces—"Vent du Nord," with its black, red-touched cloud, crusty with impasto; the calmer "Cerf Volant et Oiseaux;" and so on—have both individuality and considerable imaginative power. Paradoxically, it seems that the longer Zao Wou-ki remains in the West, the less apparent his purely Western influences become.

Kenzo Okada also lived in Paris, from around 1924 to 1927, but since this visit was sandwiched between stays in his native Japan (he has been in this country only since 1950), his influences are much more thoroughly absorbed. One gets traces of a muted Expressionism in his free use of color, and his forms have a loosely organic structure that is certainly Western in its derivation. But the feeling of the work, even when it is at its most abstract, is predominantly Oriental. Shapes are large and flat and their outlines delicate, and the design in





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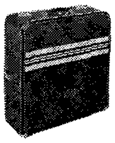

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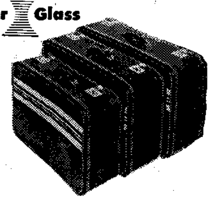

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general has a cool spaciousness that is rare in our own work of similar intention. All this makes for painting whose very unassertiveness tends to rob it of immediate appeal; its main values are a little beneath the surface, in a combination of poetic symbolism and fine compositional perception that is quietly but, I think, lastingly impressive. I liked especially the blue, firmly patterned "Returning Life," the bare brown-and-white "Wind Shadow," and the denser, darker-toned "Night Scroll."

—Robert M. Coates

•

Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent is a born saleswoman. It's a pity this attractive matron is not in the business world. She can talk the most resisting victim into recognition of the worth of some new product, or describe in a most convincing manner some invention she feels will be of vital assistance in improving either health or society.

Since her arrival with Mr. Vincent a month ago, she has been showing all her friends a pair of dark glasses perforated with many small holes, hardly larger than pin points.

First Mrs. Vincent asks, "Can you read small print without glasses?" Whereupon she hands out a card printed in tiny letters. Generally speaking, even if one's sight is 100 per cent, it is impossible to distinguish the words.

Mrs. Vincent then hands her odd spectacles to her "prospect," asks him to put them on and then try the small print. Of course the favor is granted, to the astonishment of the reader. These spectacles not only make reading easy, literally "without tears," but, says Mrs. Vincent, they rest tired eyes from the sun or when looking at TV.

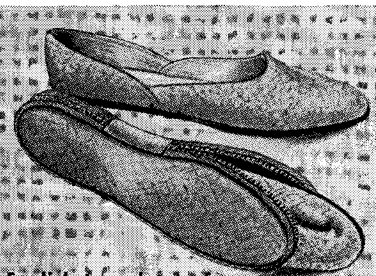
The inventor struck a gold mine when Mrs. Vincent became his champion at Cathedral City. Unfortunately, it seems that all eyes do not agree with these unusual aids and one must have an oculist's diagnosis before attempting to use them.

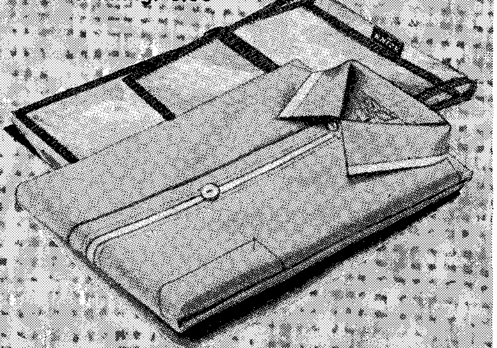
Another instance of Mrs. Vincent's unsolicited advice was her staunch support of beets as a diet conducive to producing a sylphlike figure. Beets, beets, beets; morning, noon, night; before meals, after meals—in any case, BEETS!

A day came when Mrs. X asked, "What doctor advised this strenuous diet?" Juanita airily replied, "Oh, it wasn't a doctor—my husband's barber told how it had helped him!"

Now, I am not saying that the glasses or the beets are injurious, but I did suggest that just as one should confer with an oculist as to the wisdom of using these magic glasses, so one should consult his doctor before undertaking to live on beets. Nevertheless, I strongly suspect that the irresistible Mrs. Vincent will return another year with some new, startling invention and just as many of her friends and acquaintances will be sold on it 100 per cent.—*Susan Smith in the San Francisco Examiner.*

Those that are still around, that is.





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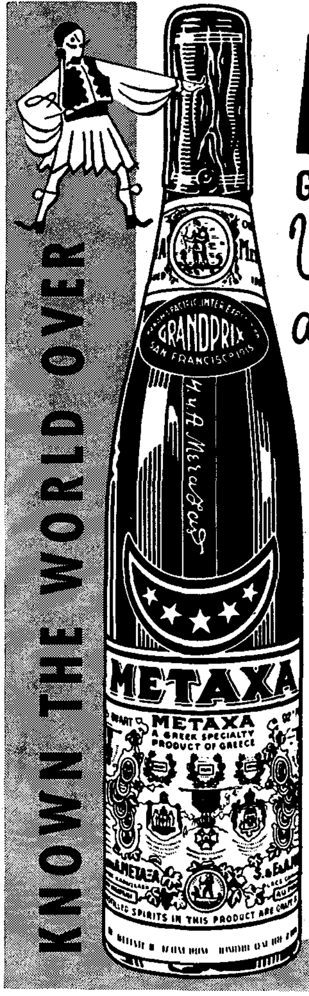

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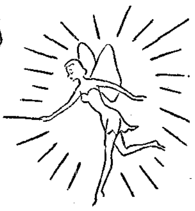

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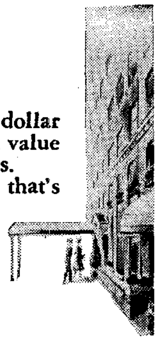

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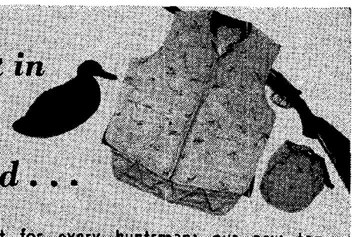

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OR, BLOW THE MAN DOWN

This is a narrative dirge about
A guy named Joe, who played the flaut.
Yes, Joe was a flutist, right enough—
A player of flauts who knew his stuff.
In sessions of jam or symphony
Joe played the flute—a flautist, he.

O.K.
But you see the trouble with Joe
Was this:
He simply didn't know
When to quit!
He couldn't just let alone
Well enough.
He took up the saxophone,
Then the heckelphone, then the *basson quinte.*

"Consider," he said to his friends, "the ant.
Talented, brilliant, industrious, clever—
Exactly like me—an ant would never
Say die till he'd learned to play upon
The chalumeau and the bathyphon.
No! He wouldn't say die, and neither will I
Until I've given them all a try.

"Not just the above, you understand,
But every goddam thing in the band
That's played by wind. I'll master them all—
The ophicleide squat and the tuba tall
And the picco pipe and the saxotromba
And other instruments without number.

"For instance, I'll lay you a Hepplewhite lowboy
That I can enchant you with the hautboy,
The shawm, the serpent, the flageolet,
The sarrusophone, the small musette,
The organ (mouth) or the aeolina,
The Wurlitzer (mighty), the concertina,
The piva, the phonikon, *and* the lur
By Sunday week.
And now I'm sure
You'll excuse me. I better get to work."

His friends all thought him a dreadful jerk,
But he did it, Joe did.
By Sunday week
He could make those instruments moan, or squeak,
Or hum, or whistle at will, he could.
You got to admit the kid was good.

And then a friend said, "How's about
A little number on the flaut,
Dear Joe?"
So Joe took up his flute.

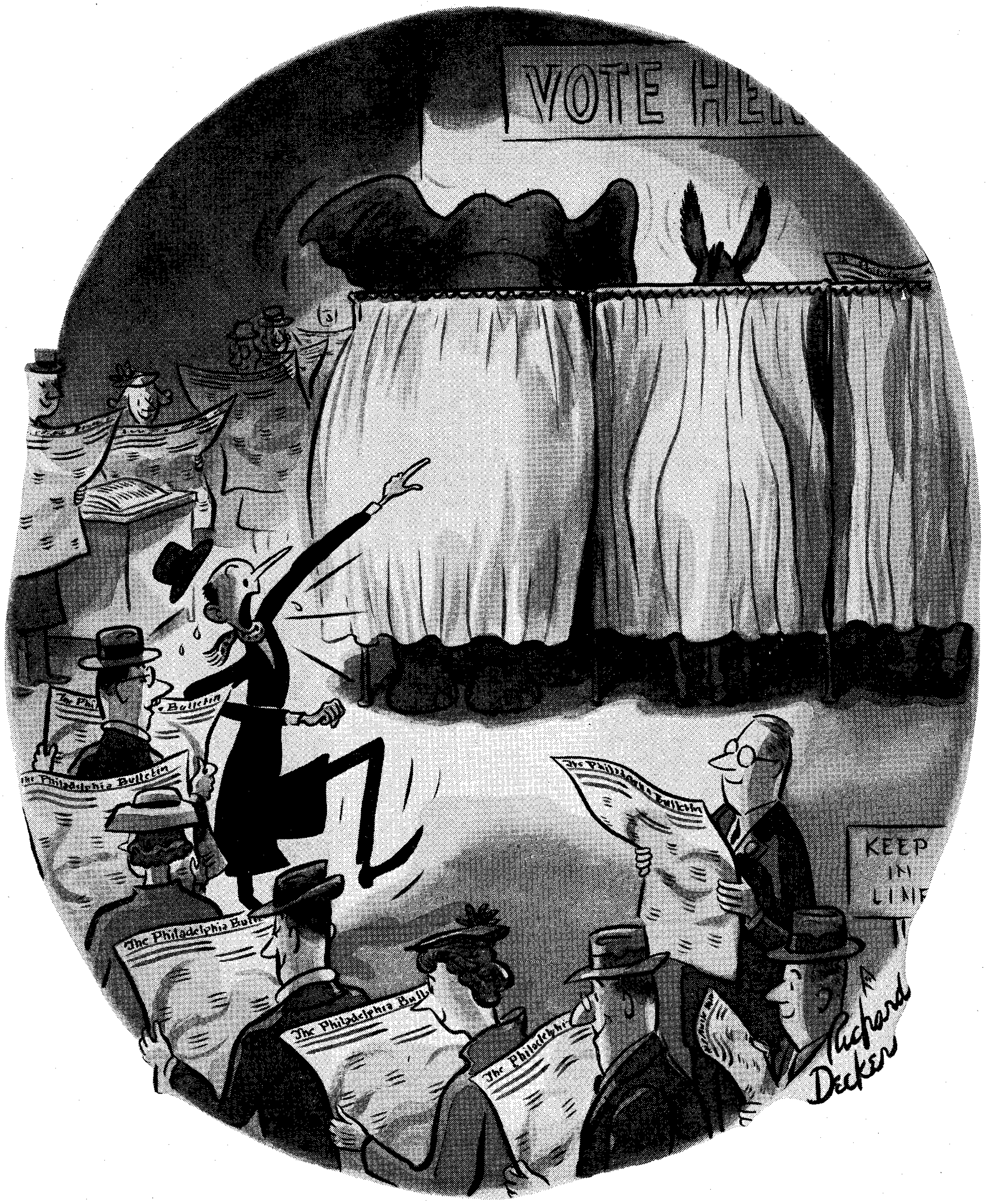
He couldn't recall how to make it toot!

Too late, he considered that the ant
Will never set out to do what it can't,
And knows when to quit, and can let alone
Well enough.
Joe groaned a musical groan,
And then he said die, and die he did.

* * *

Good luck in the Great Orch-es-tra, kid.

—PHILIP W. WRENN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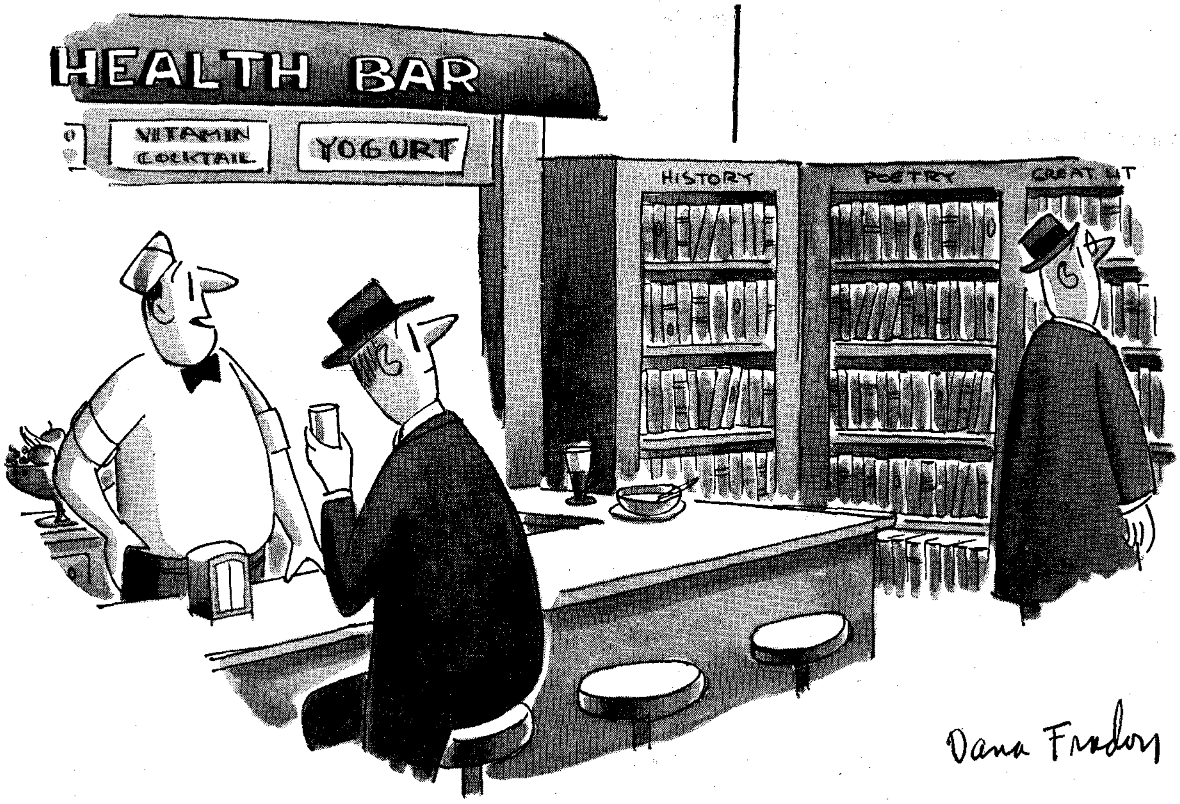
HAVING observed President Eisenhower's campaign in its early, sedentary stage in Washington, and having subsequently flown through much of the West, the South, and the Middle West aboard the Dick Nixon Special, I recently had a look at two phases of the Democratic campaign. First, I accompanied—or, rather, followed—Adlai Stevenson on an airborne tour that started from Chicago and took the candidate across the northern tier of states, with stops in Montana and Idaho; into the Pacific Northwest; and down the entire length of California. Stevenson and his large staff flew in a United Airlines DC-6B that had been chartered by the Stevenson-Kefauver Campaign Committee and was named, inevitably, the Joe Smith Express. The attendant correspondents, numbering about fifty on most legs of the journey, flew in a plane of the same model chartered from American Airlines. Two airplanes are customary for the entourage of a mid-century Presidential candidate, but life with Stevenson was made more complicated, and perhaps more hazardous, by the presence of still other aircraft, including, part of the time, a hostile one; in the Mountain States and the Northwest, the Joe Smith Express was closely followed by a plane bearing a Republican Truth Squad—a group of Republican luminaries assigned to bird-dog the Democratic candidate and refute his misrepresentations, if any, almost the instant they were made. (Sometimes they simplified their work by silencing Stevenson with noise, rather than confounding him with stubborn facts. At the airport in Boise, for example, the Truth Squad plane taxied up behind the crowd listening to Stevenson and kept its motors roaring for several minutes, thereby shielding the audience from possible truths as well as from possible falsehoods.) And in California our two large planes—we seemed by then to have eluded or outdistanced the Truth Squad—were joined by five small ones, each of which picked up one or two eminent campaigners from the Stevenson party, all of them Easterners, and flew them off to small communities in the central or southern parts of the state. Everything in politics must have a name nowadays, and this small-plane undertaking was called, with what seems a minimum of inspiration, euphony, and aptness, the Flying Front-Porch Campaign. The large and small planes rallied at Oakland in the morning, took off for separate destinations south of there, rallied again at Long Beach, dispersed once more, and finally came together that evening in San Diego, the terminal point of this particular journey.

The Flying Front-Porch Campaign was the second phase I observed. I flew down the Salinas Valley and several other coastal valleys, each more beautiful from the air than the last, in a Piper Apache that was carrying two well-known Stevenson evangels—Senator Albert Gore, of Tennessee, and Mrs. Edison Dick, of Chicago, who is national co-chairman of the Volunteers for Stevenson and Kefauver. Some of the other imported campaigners were Governor Robert Meyner, of New Jersey; Governor George Leader, of Pennsylvania; Governor Frank Clement, of Tennessee; and Senator Hubert Humphrey, of Minnesota. The use of the satellite planes was experimental. The idea was to see if the benefits of whistle-stopping in small cities could be enjoyed without a sacrifice of the time it takes a candidate to travel by rail through large, thinly populated areas. It was hoped that the appearance in out-of-the-way places of the distinguished stand-ins for Stevenson would give the people of California the idea that the Democratic Presidential campaign was being carried to the state as a whole—to the small towns and rural areas as well as to the great communications centers where big airplanes can be landed, where live audiences numbering in the thousands can be assembled, and where television and radio facilities can be contracted for. It was hoped, too, that the appearance of local candidates alongside the high-powered flying politicians would be as helpful to the ticket as similar appearances with a Presidential candidate on the rear platform of a campaign train had once been. To be sure, the value of the experiment has to be reckoned in the intangibles of publicity. Whistle-stopping would be



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next to worthless if it had its effect only on those who turn out for the depot meetings. As a case in point, Stevenson spent an entire day going through this same section of California by rail four years ago, and at the end of the day it was estimated that he had seen and been seen by only one or two per cent of the people living in an area whose total population was only eight per cent of the state's. It is doubtful whether the five small-plane campaigners did much better than that. While I was with Senator Gore, he made one talk over a local radio station, addressed a Democratic luncheon attended by no more than a hundred persons, and spoke before a gathering of twelve elderly people brought together by some kind of lobby for more generous pensions. Still, the knowledge that a campaigner has been in the area spreads about, and it is widely believed that the spread of this knowledge is helpful. It is possible, though, that even if the experiment conducted in California should be adjudged a thoroughgoing success, its value elsewhere would still have to be demonstrated. After all, the men and women who flew into the small towns to read lessons in political virtue and to recommend the election of local candidates were only proxies—and out-of-state proxies at that. In California, the fact that these people could be regarded as carpetbaggers did not matter; the place is a carpetbaggers' paradise. In other states, it might be different. Senator Gore, for example, shuddered at the thought of what might happen if the smaller cities of Tennessee found themselves the target of an invasion by a group of big-name party men from states that could not even be considered part of the same region. It is unlikely, too, that Pennsylvania would countenance a suggestion by the Governor of California—offered, say, in Pittsburgh—that Lewisburg Penitentiary might be a suitable place of retirement for a much honored and as yet unconvicted Pennsylvanian. In Oakland, however, Governor Leader was able to make his now famous joke about settling Richard Nixon on an island in San Francisco Bay (he says he never mentioned Alcatraz, and he never did, but that is what his chuckling audience thought he meant) without drawing any serious protest except from Leonard Hall, the Republican National Committee chairman, twenty-five hundred miles away in Washington.

Of Stevenson's own efforts as a campaigner, the one thing that can be said with any certainty is that, among all

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the men now on the road, he is the most uneven performer. President Eisenhower, Richard Nixon, and Estes Kefauver may never reach the heights of eloquence and persuasiveness that Stevenson frequently achieves; in fact, they all tend toward the humdrum, at least in the content of their speeches, and, of the three, only Nixon has any formidable gifts as an orator—or, more properly, an elocutionist. But they can all be counted upon to be as good one day as another, and their audiences, having some idea of what and what not to expect from them, are seldom disappointed, even though they are never really exhilarated. Stevenson both exhilarates and disappoints. He can be a washout, as he was at an airport rally in Great Falls, Montana, and as hot as a pistol an hour or two later, as he was in Boise. He can appear in an auditorium in Seattle one evening and leave the crowd about as he found it—demonstratively Democratic but not, as far as one could judge, deeply moved by his rhetoric or his personality—and go on to Portland and either create or find in what would appear to be a crowd very similar to the one he faced in Seattle a kind of excitement that a good many people had thought no longer possible in American politics. His Great Falls and Boise speeches were much alike in substance and in style, as were his longer and more formal addresses in Seattle and Portland. Indeed, allowing for the variations imposed by circumstances, the form of all Stevenson's speeches is quite consistent, and this is scarcely surprising, since they all come from the same hands. The speeches delivered before small groups and without benefit of text are genuinely extemporaneous, it is true, but the longer speeches—or what he and his advisers like to call "affirmations"—are the joint work of Stevenson and his large and impressive battery of writers, of whom the leading figures have lately been Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., John Bartlow Martin, and John Hersey. And although, for both large and small meetings, the substance varies according to the place and the political necessities, there is a general consistency of approach and manner. To be sure, Stevenson is, or aspires to be, light and funny and unashamedly partisan at his smaller meetings, where his only auditors are directly before him, and he tends to be solemn and unfunny and Ciceronian when he is making what he regards as a major address before a large audience and microphones. Nevertheless, he can be animated and splendidly communicative one evening and bumbling the next;

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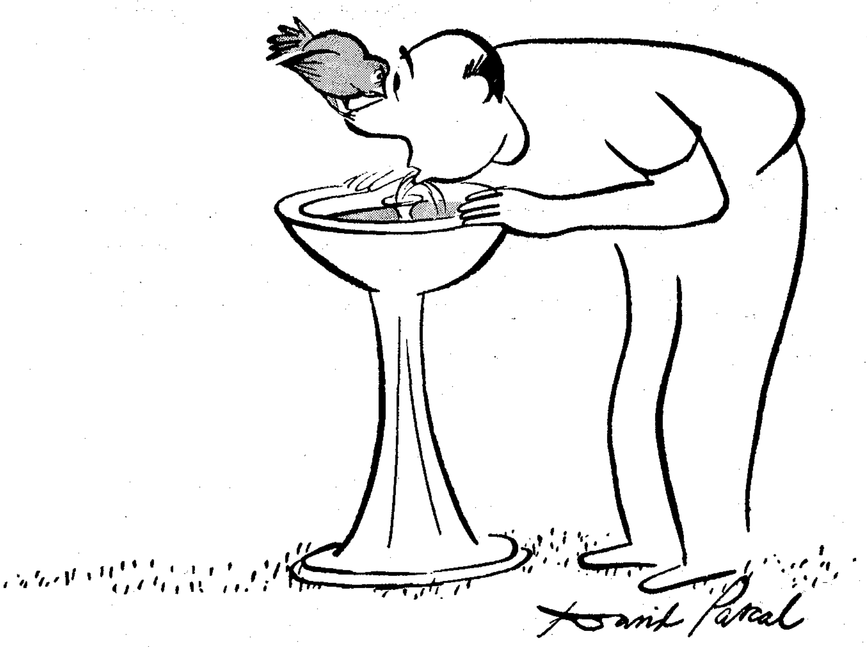

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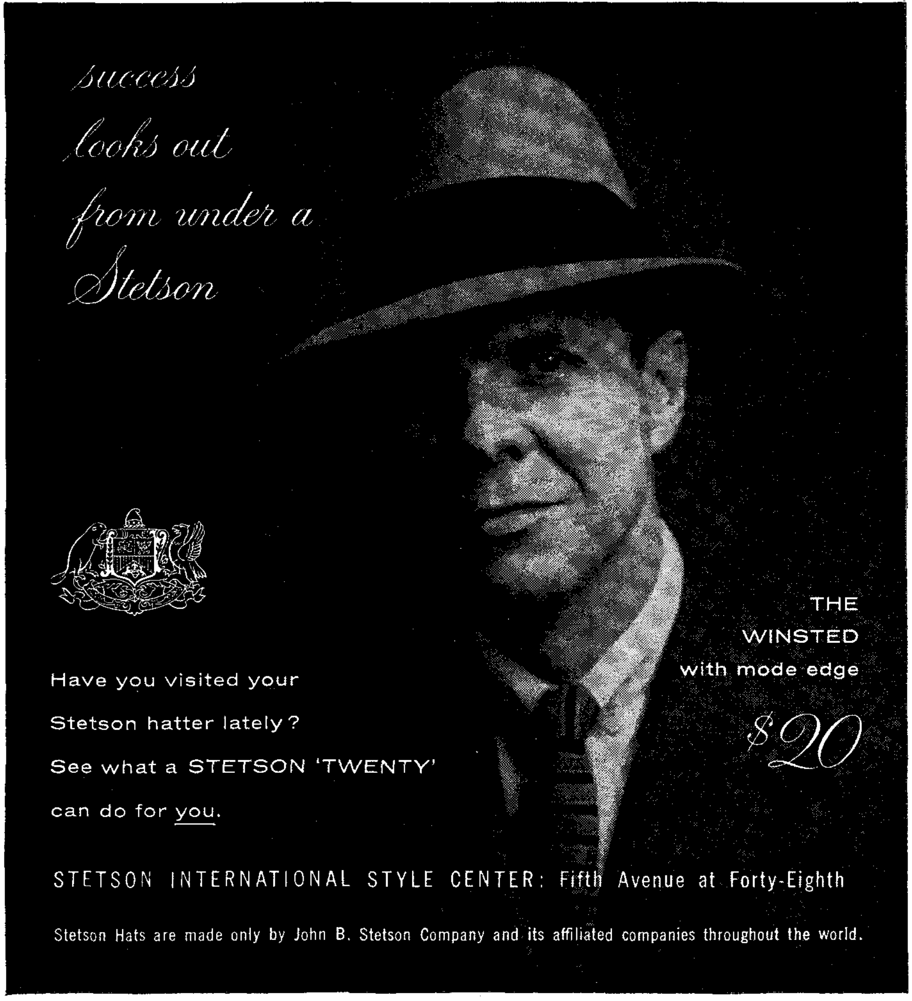
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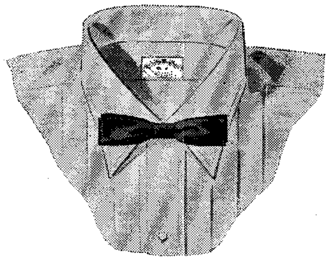

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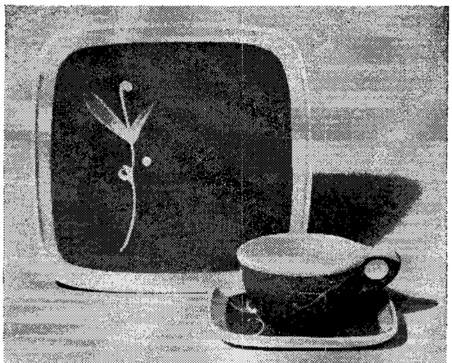

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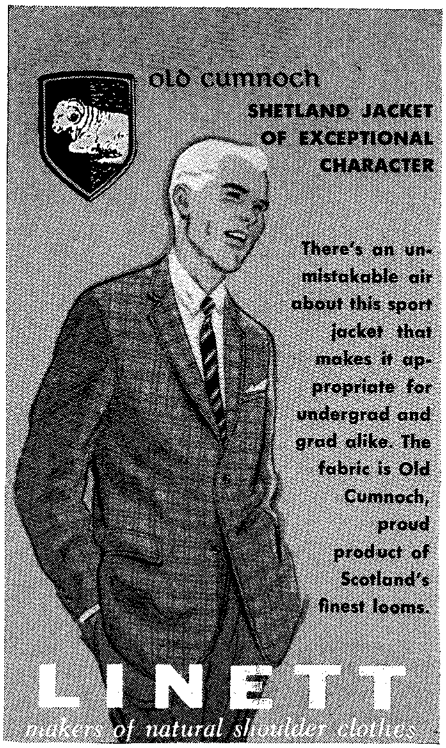
one small meeting can be a frost and another a crashing success, one large crowd wholly unresponsive and another scarcely able to contain its enthusiasm.

The question arises whether it is Stevenson who affects the crowds or the crowds who affect Stevenson. The answer is not a simple one. There is little doubt that the responsibility for a bored and uncomprehending audience rests with Stevenson, who has the observable capacity to stupefy by misplacing his emphases, swallowing his lines, and leaving people with the impression that he is a pedantic and rather stuffy man. Men and women, nearly all of them sympathetic to his candidacy and many of them deeply immersed in the work of his party, appear before him eager to be moved by his celebrated wit and command of language and go away chilled and bewildered. Unlike Nixon, who can take a series of unrelated propositions that are meaningless in themselves and convince his audience that he is speaking only self-evident truths marshalled into a logical argument, Stevenson can often make a closely reasoned and lucidly composed discourse sound so difficult and abstruse that people abandon any attempt to follow it. At other times, though, crowds find him at the top of his form, much better than advertised. It is Stevenson's fault when he fails and Stevenson's triumph when he succeeds, but that is not to say that he is completely independent of his audiences. On the contrary, he appears to be extremely dependent upon them—or, at any rate, upon his conception of them. An audience that is gay and demonstrative at the outset is pretty certain to get the triumphant Stevenson. An audience that waits for him to provide stimulation is pretty certain never to be stimulated. The two groups may be as much alike as any two groups can be, and their mood when Stevenson first encounters them may be merely the product of what has gone before. (At political meetings, there is almost always a lot that has gone before. No chairman in his right mind ever brings on a Presidential candidate until all the people the crowd did *not* come to hear—the local candidates, the deserving committeemen and committeewomen, the fund-raisers, and, of course, the chairman himself—have been heard from, usually at length.) Nevertheless, Stevenson appears to make an early judgment of what he is up against and to stand by it until he achieves either the resounding peroration or the shuffling fadeout. His timing can be terrible, but when he is inspirited by an audience, it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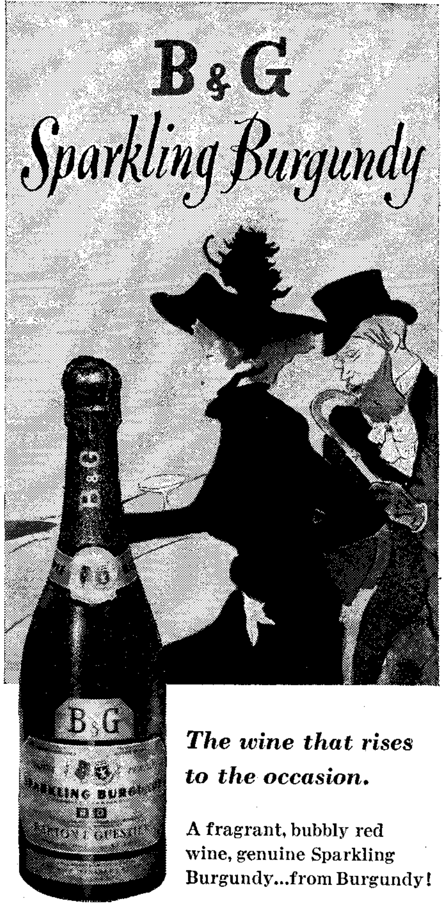

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can be masterly, and the speech that might have sounded as if it were a dull thesis by a dull graduate student becomes a public address of distinction and force and charm. Sometimes it takes very little to inspirit him. At one meeting, he was off to what seemed to be a slow start when a leather-lunged rowdy in the gallery shouted, "Go get 'em, Adlai!" Stevenson looked appreciatively in the direction of the voice, mumbled "I'll try," and suddenly shifted into high gear, where he stayed. The meeting was a huge personal success. He could almost certainly make the same kind of effort at all his meetings, but he does not seem able to convince himself that audiences are his for the taking.

Speeches and audience response are unquestionably factors of some weight in the political equation, yet they are far from being the largest factors. It is no doubt gratifying to a candidate to find that he has the power to ignite an audience, and it is no doubt saddening to him to look out on a crowd of yawners and squirmers. But the audience at the average political meeting nowadays consists almost entirely of people who will support the ticket whether the candidate rouses or bores them. While success or failure on a great television network is, of course, more serious, there is no evidence that oratory of any sort has ever been crucial. Certainly the race is not always to the eloquent, for some of the most successful politicians of this century have been fumblers with words and some of those who have gone down to defeat before them have been among the most articulate of men. Generally speaking, the largest factors—in the belief of the majority of political theorists, at any rate—are party organization and campaign issues. For Stevenson in 1956, however, speeches

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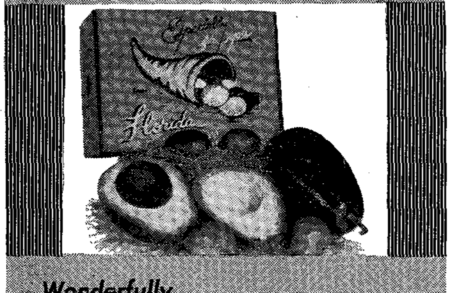

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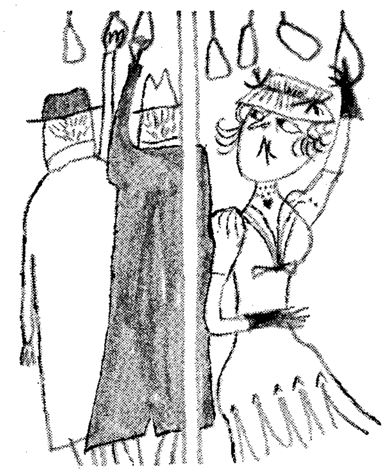
are a good deal more important than they have been for candidates in other years. There is nothing much he can do about getting into the White House except try to talk his way in. He cannot contribute much to the organization of his party; in the opinion of most observers, it is in better working order than it has been for many years. There are very few knowledgeable people who doubt that it will perform with maximum effectiveness in this year's Congressional elections, and the consensus is that it will probably capture both houses. Stevenson's principal hope, it is thought, is in riding in on the coattails of the Congressional candidates; that is, in persuading people who are inclined to favor the Democratic ticket except at the very top to count him in. His job is not so much to strengthen the Democratic organization as to have people regard him as part of it and essential to it. (Just as President Eisenhower must seek to convince voters that a Republican President ought to have a Republican Congress, Stevenson must seek to convince them that a Democratic Congress needs a Democratic President.) His candidacy, in other words, has to be sold direct to the consumer, and it will not be bought on account of its label. He has to make both his personality and his program attractive to independent voters. Up to now, the more he has said about his program, the more it has appeared—to men with only average powers of discrimination, at least—to be indistinguishable from President Eisenhower's. As for his personality, though it is very different from the President's, it is one that can be projected—again in the opinion of men with only average powers of discrimination—only by means of words. He is lucky in that he has a gift for putting them together; he would be luckier still if he had an unfailing gift for speaking them well.

In recent weeks, before Stevenson got into the controversy over the testing of hydrogen bombs, he made a bold effort to solve his many problems by merging the factor of organization with the factor of issues. Organization *is* the issue in 1956, he declared. Having accepted, for the sake of argument, the view that not many really large questions of national policy are in dispute this year, he said that the true question for the voter is "Which of our two great parties is the better qualified to provide the kind of leadership that America needs and Americans want?" It was a sound move, for there is little doubt that if a party,



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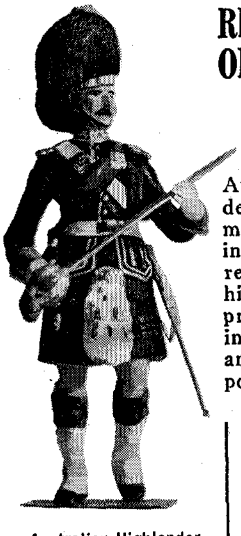

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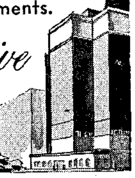
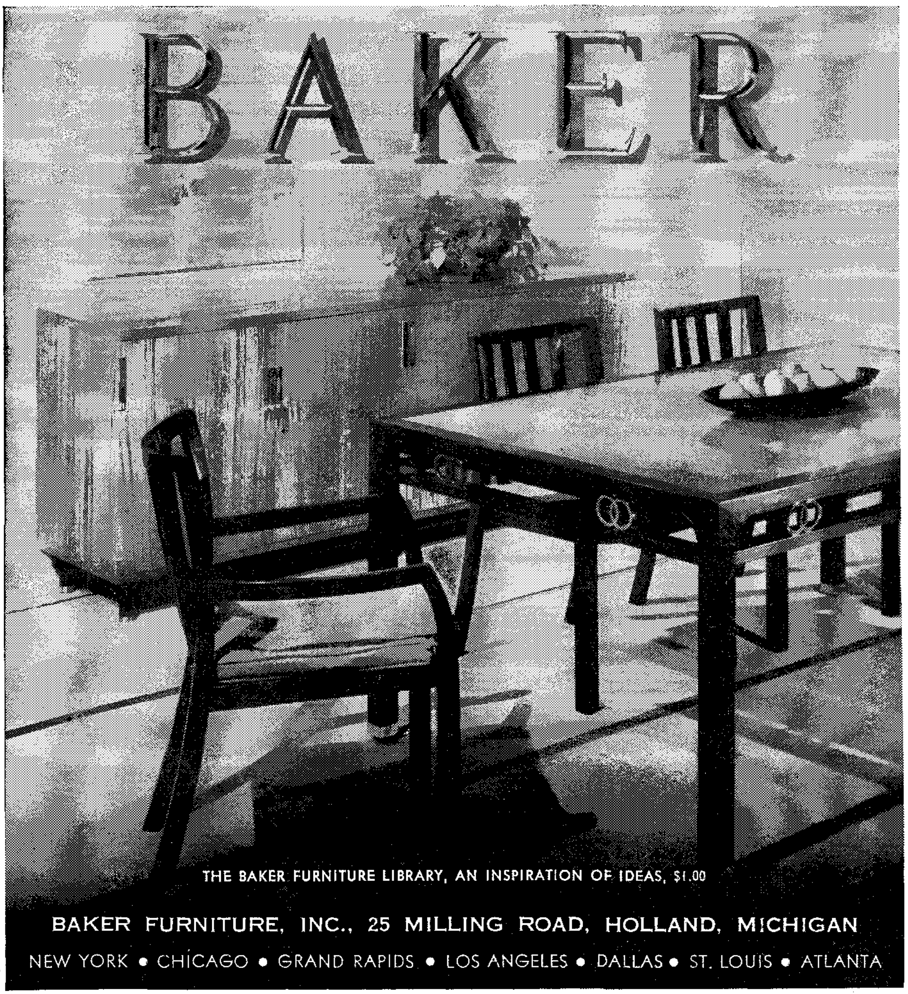


rather than a group of individuals, were being chosen to assume control of the executive and legislative branches, Stevenson's party would get the call. (It is in recognition of this fact that Richard Nixon, in most of his speeches, says, "The name of the party is immaterial. . . . The Eisenhower program is bigger than any party.") There are somewhere between five million and twenty million more Democrats than Republicans, and if ours were a parliamentary government, the Republicans would not have a prayer in most elections. But ours is not a parliamentary government, and the trouble with Stevenson's position was that he was merely asserting, and not demonstrating, the superior qualities of Democratic leadership. He pointed out that Republicans and Democrats had held the White House for an equal number of years—twenty-eight—in this century, and said that the Democratic years had been rich in innovation, while the Republican years had been mostly barren. To those who favor reform and innovation, this spoke well for the Democrats, but it did not prove that Stevenson as President could provide more and better leadership than Eisenhower as President. The unanswered questions were: How? In dealing with what problems? Stevenson, after all, is running against a man whom many Americans think of not as a Republican politician but as a tested leader.

IT is difficult to get along without issues in an election campaign. Our political system demands them. To many of us who were travelling with Stevenson, it seemed that his decision to challenge the Eisenhower administration on the H-bomb tests was born partly of his need to take the initiative on an issue of almost any sort. He could not go on talking of leadership without showing some. Of course, the challenge was born of other things, too—among them, surely, a conviction of the rightness of the position he took, and a belief that a national debate is not worth holding unless it deals with serious matters. (There are people as intelligent and dedicated as Stevenson who think that some problems, most emphatically including this one, should never be brought into campaigns; they believe that such questions can never be wisely settled if they are to be kicked around in the general scramble for votes. It is conceivable that the President was of this mind when he said that he wished to end all discussion of the matter.) In any case, Stevenson made his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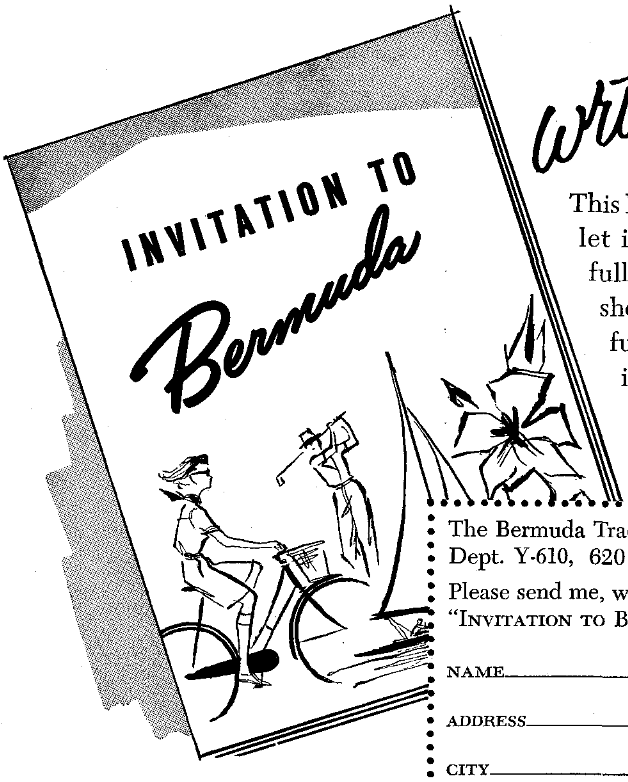

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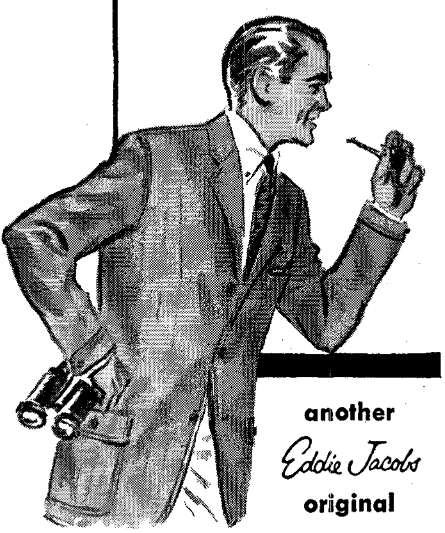

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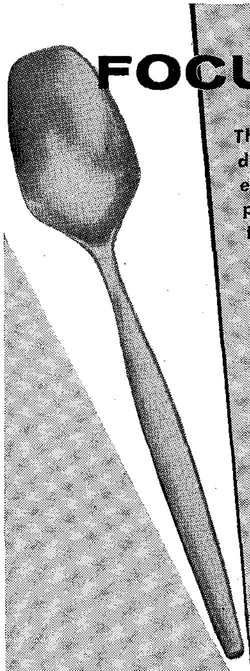

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challenge, and he made it not only in the hope that he would draw a favorable response but also in the realization that it might put an end to his chances of election. It was during the tour of the Northwest and California that he and his advisers discussed the strategy and he arrived at his final decision. How much support he had among his advisers and how much opposition no one now knows, but it is certain that he had some of each, and it is also certain that he was made well aware of the possibility that the public reaction might be most unfavorable—particularly if President Eisenhower made a vigorous defense either of the H-bomb tests or of his own superior judgment in this field. It was felt that the prime danger in bringing this matter up was that the public would think of it as essentially a military problem, and would conclude that the President spoke with a wealth of authority, while Stevenson spoke with almost none. There were many other considerations, too. Stevenson knew that the surest way to reach the voters with his point of view was by frightening them with a heavy emphasis on the possible genetic consequences of an atmosphere enriched with strontium-90—mutations in the species, congenital bone cancer, and so on. He did not enjoy the prospect of engaging the President in an argument in which he, Stevenson, would appear to be suggesting that the President was callous or indifferent to disasters that could destroy or cripple the race.

It is possible that Stevenson would have gone ahead with the challenge even if all his friends and advisers had been in opposition. His need for an audacious stand was great, and he was in any case convinced that it was not only desirable but safe to bring the H-bomb tests to an end. As it happened, though, he received a good deal of encouragement from members of his party who could claim a wider acquaintance with the facts than he could. Senator Clinton Anderson, of New Mexico, who is chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, and Senator Gore, a leading member of the committee, assured him that the technical information available to the committee was as detailed as that available to the administration, and they drew from it the same inferences that Stevenson drew from the unclassified material available to him. Senator Symington, of Missouri, former Secretary of the Air Force, weighed in with his opinion that bringing an end to the tests would not imperil the national defense,

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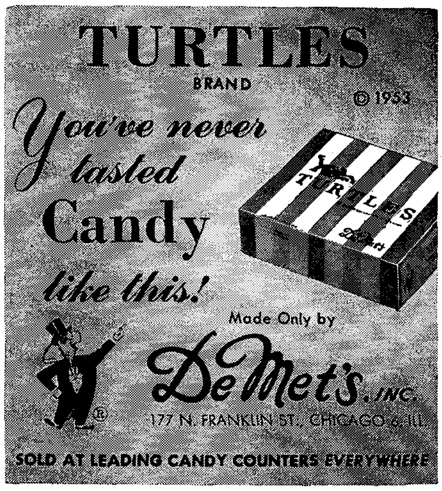

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and might even advance it by leading to a greater concern about the means of delivering the weapons we already have and the means of defending ourselves against those the Russians have. Finally, Stevenson was advised by a number of men reputed to be gifted with political dowsing rods that there was a strong current of anxiety about nuclear weapons that would run in his favor if he brought the whole matter into the open. When, in the Northwest and California, he tested the proposal he was to make to the nation on October 15th, he found very little resistance and quite a bit of support, and he was emboldened to go ahead and stake his future on it.

There is at present no way of knowing whether the gamble he took was really as large as it has seemed to many people to be. The public has a way of refusing to accept the issues urged upon it by even the most esteemed of statesmen. It may be that the H-bomb issue will affect no more than a handful of votes. But from all appearances at the moment, it promises to dominate the closing weeks of the campaign. At least, it is an issue, and at last the campaign seems to be about something.

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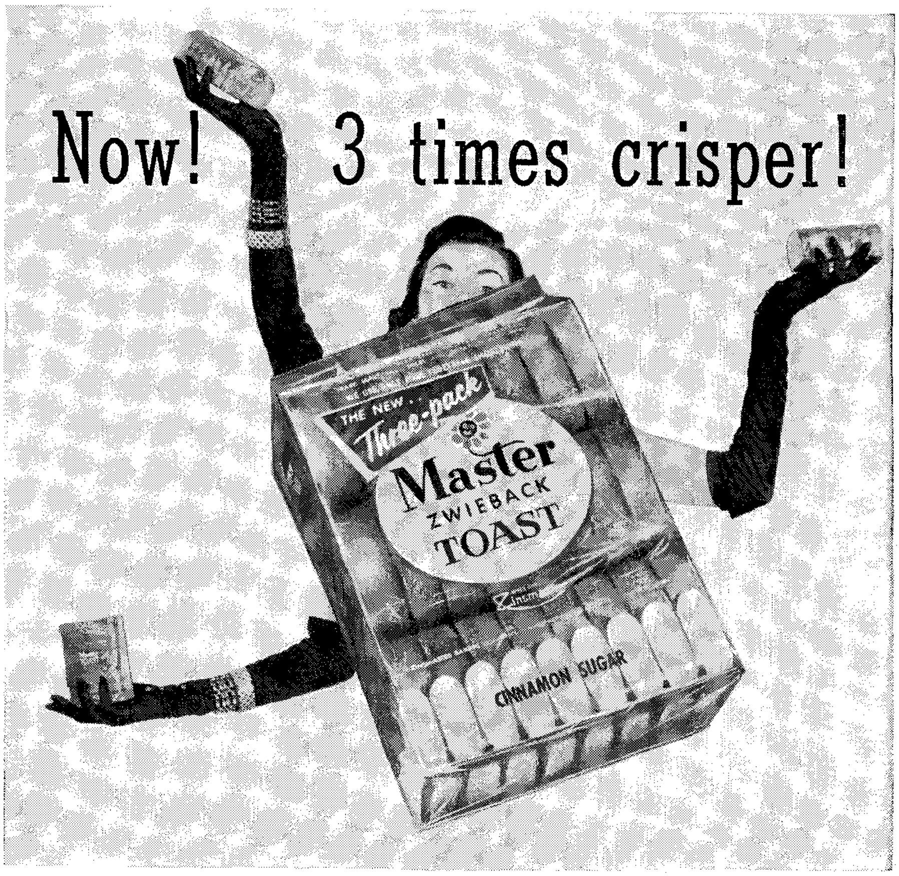

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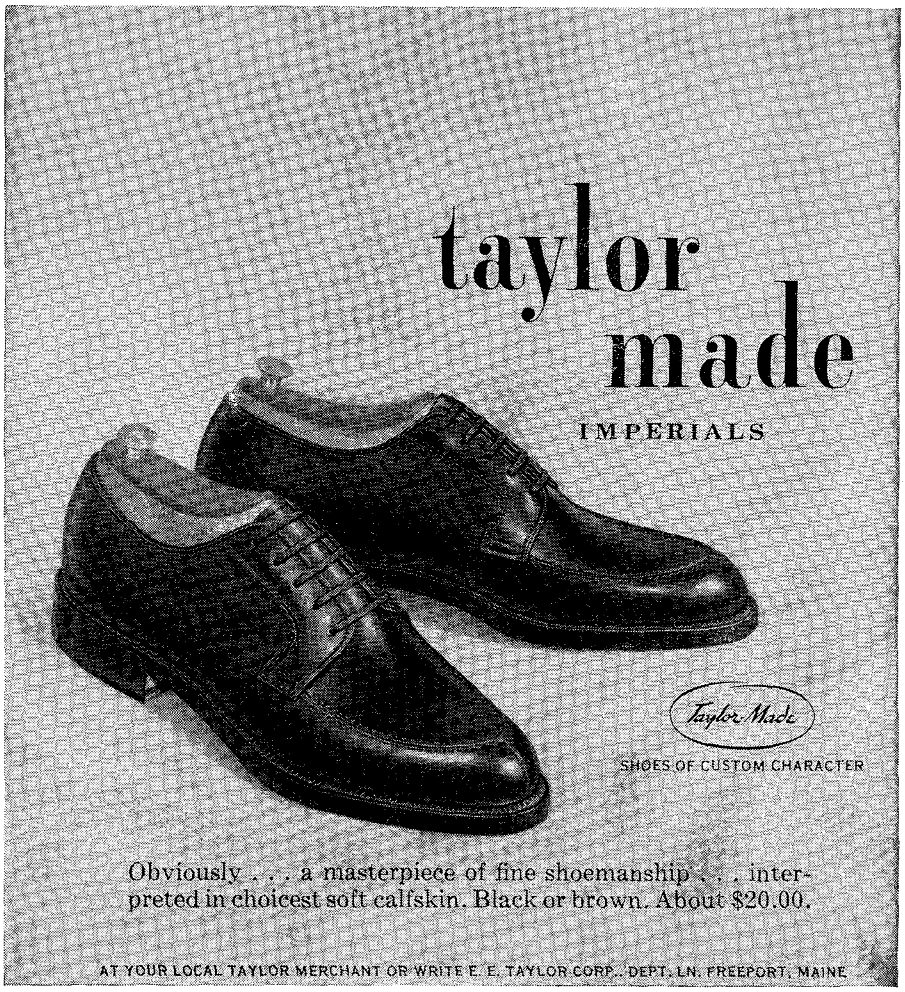

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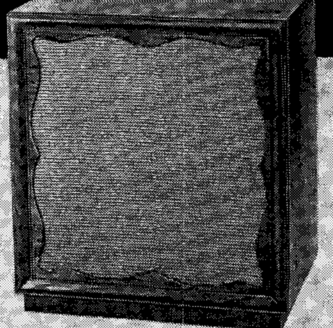

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MUSICAL EVENTS

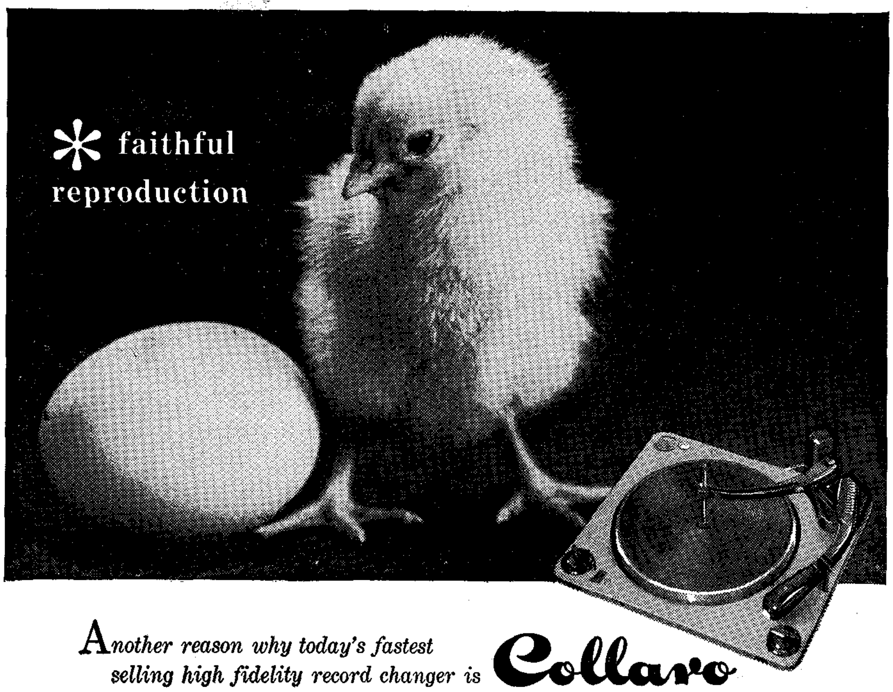
New Operas

THE only composer of the past forty years to whom I would unhesitatingly apply the adjective "daring" is Mr. Carl Orff, of Munich. His particular daring lies in the unblushing use of certain rather refreshing musical devices—the C-major chord, the oompah accompaniment, and four-four time—which have been more or less tabooed by the "advanced" composers of his generation, and which, since they are in consequence rarely encountered at today's highbrow musical gatherings, are likely to produce the sort of shock that might attend the sudden appearance of gin fizzes at a meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. It was this sort of shock, I think, that overcame the intellectually fashionable and modern-minded audience present at the American première of his opera "The Moon" at the City Center on Tuesday night of last week, and resulted in what was perhaps the greatest demonstration of booing and catcalling I have ever heard in an American musical auditorium. I was all in favor of this demonstration, because I love to see any audience vent its feelings dynamically, and wish that more musical audiences would do so. But I am afraid that I also found Mr. Orff's opera a highly engaging affair, and that the momentum of its throbbing rhythms, the simple clarity of its harmonic style, and the deftness of its choral writing kept me agreeably stimulated and entertained during most of the evening.

"The Moon" is a slight, unpretentious, and completely unconventional work. Its subject is a Grimm fairy tale about four adventurers who steal the moon from an oak tree in a neighboring town, set it up in a tree in their own community, and later, on their deathbeds, demand that it be cut in four pieces and buried with them. This flagrant misuse of a public utility disturbs St. Peter, who descends to earth and, after delivering a somewhat long-winded sermon on the human propensity to err, pleases everybody by putting the moon where it belongs—up in the sky. As you can see, this is not the stuff that operas in the grand manner are made of, and perhaps "The Moon" is not really an opera at all. But, whatever it is, it has enough quaint fantasy and rollicking music to infect any but the most doctrinaire audience. In this respect, it appeared to me to outdistance by far Igor Stravinsky's "L'Histoire du Soldat," which appeared as its companion piece on the program, and which was received with considerable reverence. For some reason, nobody ever mentions the librettist of "L'Histoire"—as I remember, he was a Swiss named Charles Ferdinand Ramuz—and to my way of thinking he deserves the lion's share of whatever credit is due this mild bit of vaudeville. Stravinsky's contribution to it is limited to five or six bits of incidental music, and I must say I thought their humor rather forced and their strictly musical content pretty stale. The New York City Opera gave both "L'Histoire" and "The Moon" performances that were exuberant enough, if not always enchanting from the visual standpoint. The chorus, rehearsed by Margaret Hillis, did nobly in "The Moon;" so did Norman Treigle, as St. Peter, and Norman Kelley, as the Narrator in that work. The cast of "L'Histoire" consisted of three Broadway actors—Christopher Plummer, James Mitchell, and Hurd Hatfield—and a very amusing dancer named Judith Coy, and their combined efforts produced some moments of memorable comedy.

HAVING been a bit late for the opening of the New York musical season, I missed the première of "Susannah," the much-talked-about opera by the young South Carolina composer Carlisle Floyd, and it was not until last Friday night that I got around to hearing it. I attended the performance at the City Center in a mood of pleasant anticipation, but what I heard exceeded even the hopes I had built up while reading the reviews that greeted its first showing. I found myself caught up in something that seemed to me a very important artistic experience. To my mind, "Susannah" is probably the most moving and impressive opera to have been written in America—or anywhere else, as far as I am aware—since Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess," and in many ways it is a more genuine opera than that justly celebrated but slightly uneven work. Lest you think that my unaccustomed enthusiasm is running away with me, I hasten to add that "Susannah" has its faults. Its orchestration is occasionally on the crude side, and Mr. Floyd has not yet mastered all the skill required to set the vowels and consonants of the English language to music with maximum effectiveness. But these flaws are insignificant in view of "Susannah's" dramatic sweep and the heartening sincerity of its musical style. This style owes a great deal to the homely idioms of rural American religious and folk music, but Mr. Floyd's work is by no means the dreary essay in musical ethnology that American "folk operas" have usually turned out to be. The language he employs in telling a story that moves forward with enthralling intensity is clearly his own, and he uses it with the intellectual control and the theatrical flair that bespeak both the serious composer and the born musical dramatist. Nowhere does he fiddle with stylistic tricks for their own sake, as does Mr. Stravinsky, and even Mr. Orff. He is too busy writing music of robust creative power and underlining the grim drama that is the subject of his piece.

"Susannah," as I suppose everybody knows by now, is about a Tennessee hillbilly girl who, because of her good looks and her innocent habit of bathing naked in a secluded creek, becomes the victim of vicious gossip. Hounded to the point of distraction by her neighbors and by a hypocritical revivalist who claims to be interested in her soul, she wearily permits this gentleman to seduce her—something he has obviously had in mind all along. In a manner slightly reminiscent of Somerset Maugham's "Rain," this incident unhinges the revivalist's mind, and ultimately brings about his death at the hands of her righteous and muddle-headed brother. The opera includes a stunning revival-meeting scene, and Mr. Floyd has written a great many hauntingly beautiful arias, among them "The Jaybird Song," in the first act, and the wistful melody "Come Back, O Summer," which Susannah croons in the lonely moments preceding the seduction scene. Altogether, "Susannah" is that rare thing, an American opera that invites no apologies or qualifications. The settings, by Leo Kerz, were extremely tasteful, the musical direction, by Erich Leinsdorf, was superb, and the work of several of the principals—notably Phyllis Curtin, as Susannah; Jon Crain, as her brother; Eb Thomas, as a dimwit; and that admirable artist Norman Treigle, as the distraught revivalist—had an air of authenticity that was quite stirring. —WINTHROP SARGEANT



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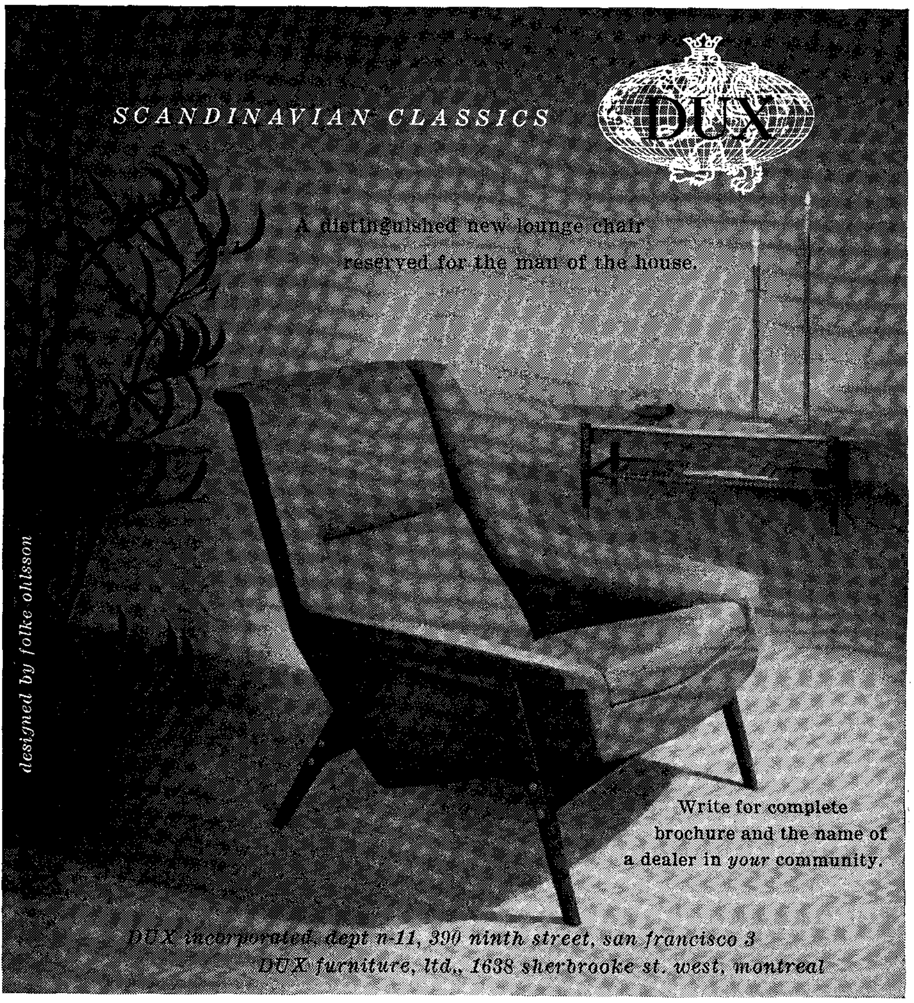

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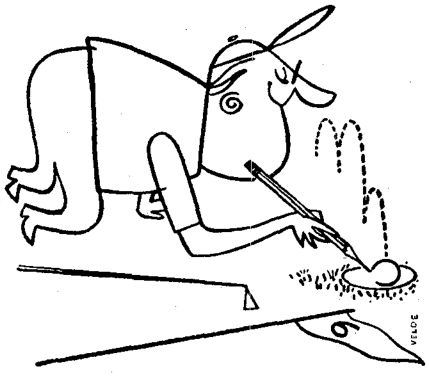

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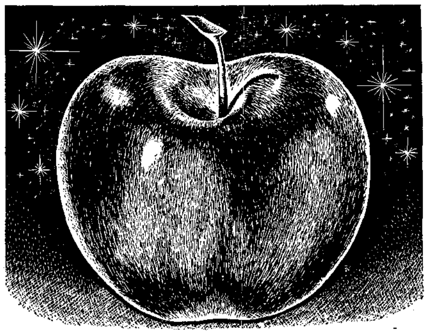

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The World as Todd's Oyster

"AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS," which was written by S. J. Perelman, directed by Michael Anderson, and produced by Michael Todd, is a large, jolly exercise in improvisation, loosely adapted from the Jules Verne novel, in the course of which we are taken on a lively tour of the globe as it was in 1872. Mr. Todd, who is not a man to scrimp, has employed almost seventy thousand people in this romp, including an army of cinema eminents, and has taken his cameras (equipped, you may be sure, with Todd-AO lenses) into thirteen widely varied countries. Starting out with a solemn prologue, delivered by the funereal Edward R. Murrow, which points out that the world is shrinking and that "the collective wisdom of the people" will determine whether we're headed for "the high horizons of hope or the depths of destruction," "Around the World in 80 Days" goes on to display some reels from an old French film called "A Trip to the Moon," which has the modest dimensions that were considered adequate in the drab old days before Todd-AO lenses and screens with three-way stretch. Then, suddenly, the French film disappears, our movie horizon is expanded monumentally, and we are in the presence of vastness.

Actually, the big-screen business is effective in a movie like this, involving all kinds of panoramic shots. You'll remember that Verne's hero, Phileas Fogg, wagers some fellow-members of his London club that he can go around the world faster than anybody else has ever done it, and that he takes as his travelling companion a valet called Passepartout. In these chief roles, David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas are admirable as they scurry along by balloon, train, rickshaw, elephant, junk, and ostrich. Maybe three hours is just a little too much of this good thing, but most of the time Mr. Perelman's inventions are diverting, whether he is showing us an irritable clubman complaining about the heavy footfalls of a cat in the reading room or having his balloon-borne travellers scoop snow off an Alp to chill a bottle of champagne. When Orson Welles was doing the Verne novel on the stage a few years ago, he made a point of introducing a kitchen sink just to prove that he'd put everything into the production. Mr. Todd has been equally lavish in his effects. To give you some idea of the scope of the thing, I might point out that one of the episodes is a practically full-length burlesque Western, and that a scene at sea is almost as expansive as "The Long Voyage Home."

As the heroine we have Shirley MacLaine, who is supposed to be an Indian princess saved from suttee by Mr. Niven somewhere along the line; the villain is the late Robert Newton, who plays an English private eye possessed of the lunatic conviction that Mr. Niven is a bank robber on the lam. Sprinkled about in small roles are Noel Coward, Sir John Gielgud, Buster Keaton, Marlene Dietrich, Frank Sinatra, César Romero, Ronald Colman, John Carradine, Reginald Denny, Peter Lorre, and thirty or forty other well-known actors, all of whom perform handsomely. It is Mr. Todd's contention that what he has created here is a show, and not a movie. But it's a movie, all right, and, except for its length, a good one.

"THE SNOW WAS BLACK," a French film based on a novel by Georges Simenon, undertakes to explain the psychological miseries of a young man who has been unnerved in childhood by the discovery that his mother is a prostitute. Feeling rejected and unwanted, he indulges in all sorts of villainy and winds up by surrendering a virtuous girl who loves him to a swinish acquaintance. In the novel, M. Simenon was able to develop the reasons behind this behavior, but in the film the hero frequently seems to be simply a horrible fellow indulging in wickedness just for the hell of it. The picture, directed in a gloomy and pompous style by Luis Saslavsky, features Daniel Gelin as the troubled young man, Marie Mansart as the girl he wrongs, and Valentine Tessier as the immoral mother. None of them is overly effective.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

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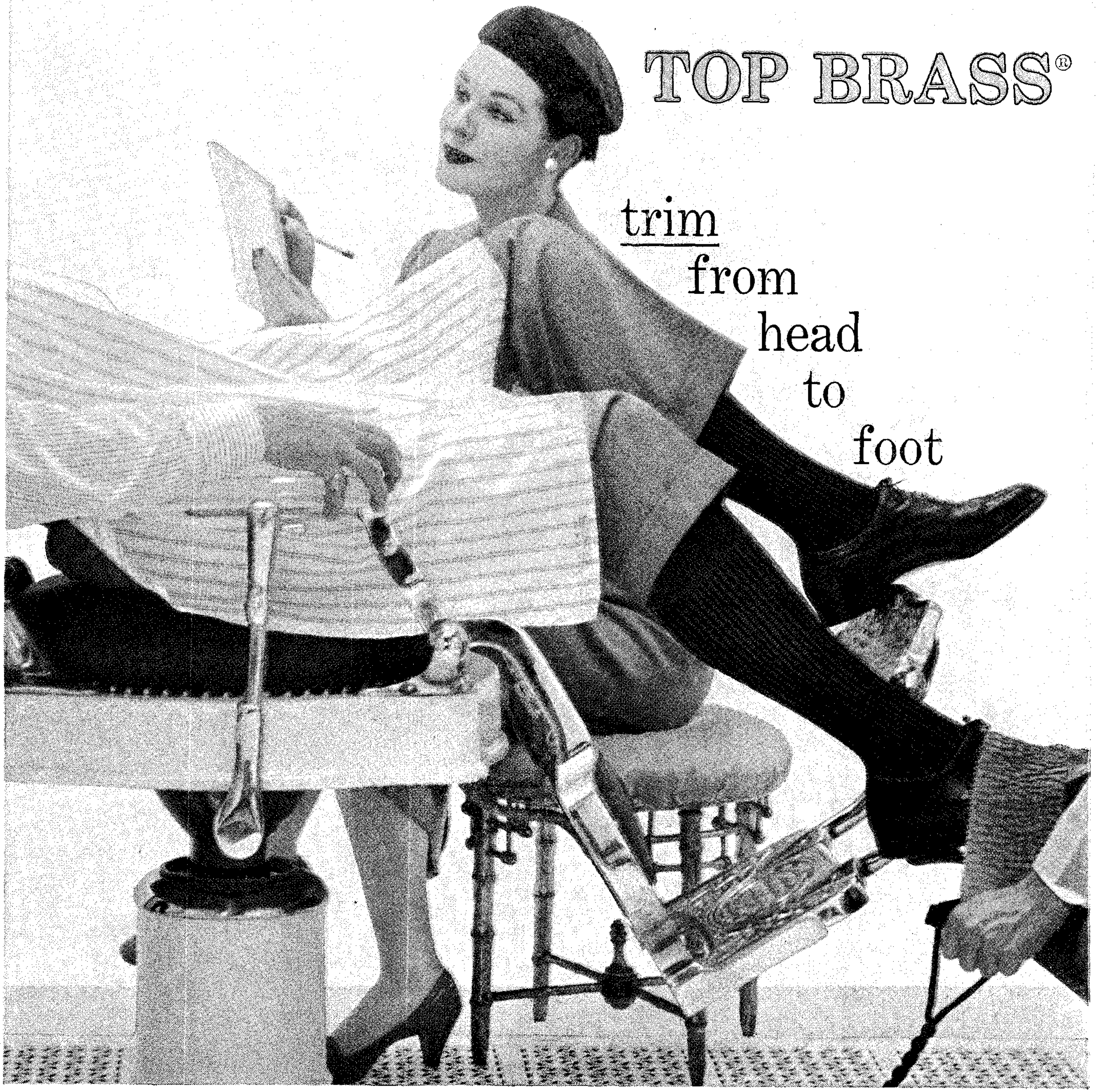

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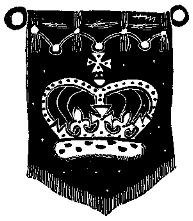
LETTER FROM LLANDUDNO

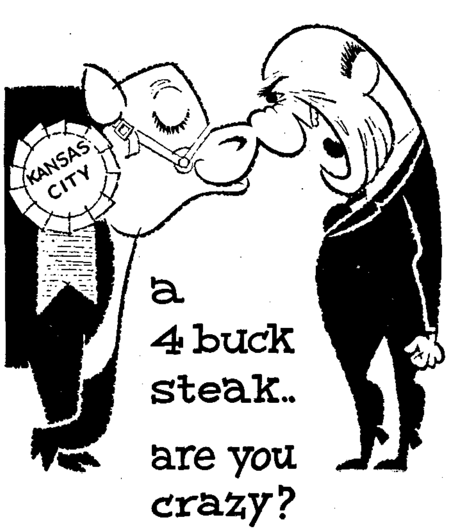
OCTOBER 15



OVER four thousand Conservative men and women—a record number, it appears—poured into this North Wales seaside town last week as delegates to the Party's annual three-day conference, and the general feeling as they poured out again on Saturday to report back to their home constituencies seemed to be that it was a remarkably successful one, which went off better than anyone had expected. It could even, in many people's opinion, turn out to be a sort of historic landmark, since it gave the first hint of policies that may move England onto the Continent of Europe and move the Conservative Party toward what some of its more thoughtful supporters have long been despairingly asking for—a clear statement of aims and ideals that cannot be mistaken in a dim light for the aims and ideals of any other party.

The mass Conservative invasion certainly brought an end-of-the-season consolation prize to Llandudno's innumerable hotels and Victorian ochre-stucco boarding houses, which had suffered from the unseasonable summer. It also bucked up the local sea gulls—enormous, rather intimidating birds, who hopped along the sea front after the Tories like purposeful hecklers demanding a new tax relief in sandwich crumbs. The weather was superbly suitable for beach picnics, but the visitors were here for no such dallying. Every morning, in their hundreds—neatly dressed, cheerful, as purposeful as the gulls, and each armed with the Tory-blue handbook of the conference agenda—they all tramped away from the glittering siren sea and into the far less alluring tobacco-smoke-filled atmosphere of the Pier Pavilion (all, that is, except eighteen hundred or so overflow delegates, who had to get along with a televised view of the proceedings shown at a neighboring cinema), and there is no doubt that they made an impressive sight. It is possible that the weather contributed quite a bit to the amiable and invariable way in which every debate ended with a tidy vote thumpingly registered on the side of the Government. According to all the forecasts before the Llandudno gathering opened, the Party Executive Committee was in for a rough time, and possibly even a kind of revolt by the rank and file—principally by the hard-pressed middle-class owners of small fixed incomes who earlier this year expressed their grievances by breaking out into an irritable rash of organizations with names like the People's League for the Defence of Freedom, the Middle Class Union, and so on. The agenda of the conference bristled with critical motions from all over the country urging the Conservative Government to quit acting like a Socialist Government; to reduce taxation, which is felt most painfully by these middle groups; to cut down on its own bureaucratic spending; to stand up to the trade-union wage claims; and, above all—and this was really the key to the whole thing—to show a brand of leadership that more than one speaker here in Llandudno designated crudely, but to his listeners' loud approval, as "guts." There were also numbers of motions put forth at Friday's debate on capital punishment, which made it seem likely that—as indeed happened at the end of the day—the conference would express very plainly its anger with the Government for having allowed a free vote to be taken on the bill abolishing the death penalty at its recent third reading in the House of Commons, with the result that the bill got home, even though the main body of Conservative opinion was known to be violently opposed to it. (It was thrown out by the House of Lords, but it will undoubtedly come up again in the next session of Parliament.) These grapes of Tory wrath turned out, in the genial October sunshine, to produce some pretty mild, thin wine, however, and altogether the mood here was one of counting blessings and closing the ranks. It may be, as some people say, that a good deal of criticism rumbled over the numberless cups of strong tea and weak coffee with which the conference delegates endlessly sweetened their labors, but on the whole the delegates were notably restrained in their public complaints, and when Sir Anthony Eden arrived on Saturday to make his big speech closing the conference, he was given a perfectly tremendous ovation, suggesting that everything was for the best in the best of all possible Tory worlds.

THE conference debate on Suez was held before the outcome of the Security Council deliberations was clear, and also before the Prime Minister's new talks with the French government and before the sudden grave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worsening of the situation between Jordan and Israel. What was as clear as crystal here was the state of the conference's mind on the Suez problem, though Mr. Anthony Nutting, who spoke in place of the absent Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, and Sir Anthony Eden, when he turned up on Saturday, left a good deal of unclarity about what was in the Government's mind if fresh negotiations with Egypt were not forthcoming. Mr. Nutting prophesied that Britain "would not flinch" should it find itself in the position of having to do its duty without the United Nations, and the Pier Pavilion thundered its approval, although (or perhaps because) the duty was not specified. One delegate said that "those of us who speak on street corners to the people of England"—presumably identifying himself with these curbstone orators—knew very well that the national mood was not one of appeasement, as some newspapers would have everybody believe (more thunderous applause). The solitary warrior who stepped up to do battle with the 4,199 delegates who subsequently voted in support of the Government policy on Suez was Mr. William Yates, Member of Parliament for The Wrekin, a rural constituency in Shropshire, where, if newspaper reports are to be credited, he has taken to addressing his political meetings in an Arab headdress he brought back from a recent fact-finding tour of the Middle East that included a conversation with Colonel Nasser. The Wrekin's reaction to such eccentric dress is not recorded, but that of the conference to Mr. Yates—a brown-eyed man of thirty-five who had come along to Llandudno in unadorned tweeds—was plain enough. He observed that the British Government's foreign policy was driving pan-Arab nationalism into the arms of Communism, and his audience, which at first seemed good-naturedly ready to hear what he had to say—eccentricity, after all, is tolerated, and even enjoyed, in England if carried off with enough style—finally lost patience and dismissed him with unmannerly boos. The references to Mr. Dulles in the debate were many and unenthusiastic—from the floor, at least. The platform studiously avoided comment, though nobody seemed to have any doubt that the Prime Minister and Mr. Butler, the Lord Privy Seal, were referring obliquely to him when they protested sharply against recent suggestions (they did not say where from, and it was left open that it could have been Moscow, since such sugges-

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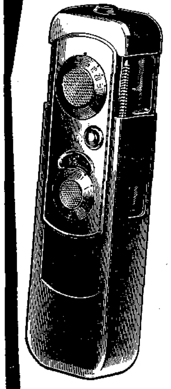

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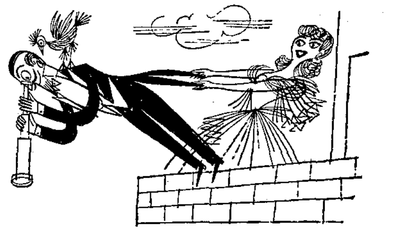

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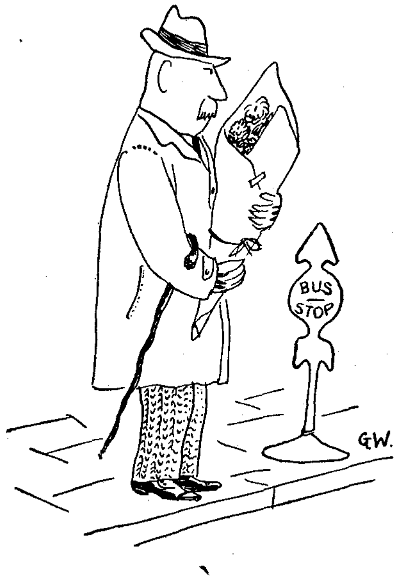
tions suit the Communist book splendidly) that the Suez dispute was a purely colonial matter. Their audience, which apparently remembered Mr. Dulles's statement about "the so-called problems of colonialism" in the Suez matter, cheered wildly, and, in fact, it is not too much to say that of all Mr. Dulles's reported remarks on the subject of Suez—many of which have caused great resentment here and given anti-American talk a worrying new lease on life—none has more thoroughly nettled the English, who feel that their record in getting out of an empire gracefully hardly deserves to have stones, let alone bricks, heaved at it from any direction. Julian Amery, a leading member of the "Suez Group" of M.P.s, who have long been predicting trouble in that area and must now be enjoying a gloomy, backhanded sort of triumph, made a speech in which he said that if the Security Council did not come up with a solution, Britain should go forward as it saw fit—with America if possible, without it if not—and he, too, drew enthusiastic applause. (It should be remembered, incidentally, that the speakers at the Labour Party conference in Blackpool two weeks ago raised the roof of their conference hall with absolutely opposite opinions.)

A NOVELTY at Llandudno—indeed, a sound that has not been heard in Britain since the war—was the round of hearty cheers that greeted every reference to France. Against the background of this sudden burst of *entente-cordiale* feeling, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Harold Macmillan, cautiously sent up the first little historic trial balloon of ideas regarding the proposed European customs union and the possibility of British participation in



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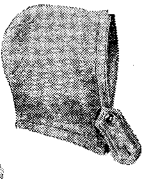

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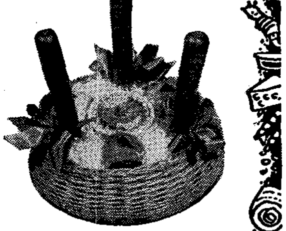

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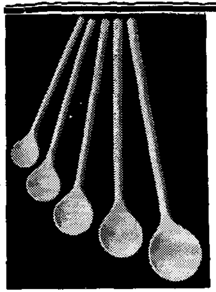

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the scheme, and if hats were not exactly thrown up in the air after it, the significant news is that it was not shot down, either. Though such a notion cuts clear through some of the most sacred tenets of Tory protectionist faith—there were one or two uneasy rank-and-file warnings about rushing into European free-trade entanglements, and loyal cheers for every mention of the present system of safeguarding the Commonwealth markets—it was actually received with a bit of applause. However limited the step toward Europe in fact turns out to be, Llandudno may be remembered as the place where it started, and it seemed to many people that this was the conference's really important moment.

The platform was not short of courageous ideas, come to that. For instance, Mr. Duncan Sandys, the Minister of Housing, boldly took a swipe at rent restriction on private houses—the artificial rent ceiling that shelters those who can pay more as well as those who cannot, and that has resulted in landlords' letting their unpaying house properties molder dismally, bit by bit, into slums. His announcement that the control would be gradually abolished has been received with loud cries of rage in the Labour press, but it went over well at Llandudno, where lots of Conservatives seemed to hold the stern, hair-shirt view that a little realism in economic matters—even if a bit of scratchy unpopularity in the country goes with it—would be a healthy corrective right now.

THE highest feeling worked up during the conference was undoubtedly the row over capital punishment, in which the abolitionists in the Party collided noisily with the majority view that the death penalty is a watchdog that they would sleep easier for feeling was still chained up in the nation's back yard. Considering the amount of sincere conviction and careful argument that both sides can produce, it seems a pity that the debate should have produced a clamor from the anti-abolitionists that did indeed sound bloodthirsty. The blood for which a great many eminently respectable Tories in the Pier Pavilion appeared to be thirsting was that of a twenty-three-year-old Manchester University student, who throughout the din gamely stuck to the rostrum and to his point that to retain capital punishment was to cling to "the outmoded, outdated Old Testament idea of an eye for an eye." To refute the abolitionists' contention

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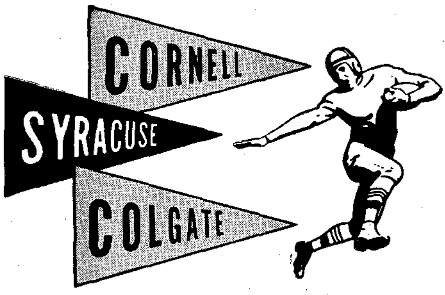

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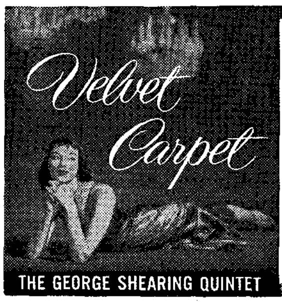

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Capitol

that most of those who want to retain hanging as part of the British judicial system are doddering old peers—or, at any rate, sadistic individuals tottering far on into their forties—the anti-abolitionists put up several speakers of indisputable youth and earnestness. The outcome will probably be a Government bill in the next session of Parliament proposing that the death penalty be kept for certain grades of murder, as the supreme deterrent—a compromise solution the delegates appeared content with.

A KEY point of this Conservative conference, to everybody's way of thinking, has been the reëmergence of Mr. R. A. Butler as the Party's No. 2 man—the undoubted candidate next in line for its top honors, once more the architect of its policy, and the man upon whom all the hopes of the intelligent younger Tories are centered. During the year or so since Mr. Butler left the Treasury, he seemed to be somewhat in the background, but at Llandudno it was extremely noticeable that he was once more on Eden's right hand, both figuratively and literally. He made a remarkable speech in Llandudno's Town Hall at an evening meeting of the Conservative Political Centre, a Party political-education organization that he helped to found in 1945 and of which he is chairman, and the audience that jammed the little hall to hear him listened with riveted attention as he told them, "I favor a merry England, but a merry England and a mindless England that could not care less are two entirely different things. I have always said that unless our movement be set deep in a living and spiritual philosophy, it will not have the inspiration to prevail." At another point, he observed that no one "must suppose that the prime task of a politician, even in a democracy, is to learn the gentle art of pleasing, as though he were a lover or an entertainer," and he warned that "without an equal growth in the character and moral stature of man, his material benefits will neither add to his happiness nor bring comfort to his soul." To judge by the extraordinary reception his words received—and they were quite extraordinary words to be heard at a political conference of any color—they were just the kind that millions of Conservatives have been despondently waiting to hear. As one Tory journalist put it, the hungry sheep looked up and for once were fed.

Llandudno, indeed, may turn out to be a memorable conference in a num-

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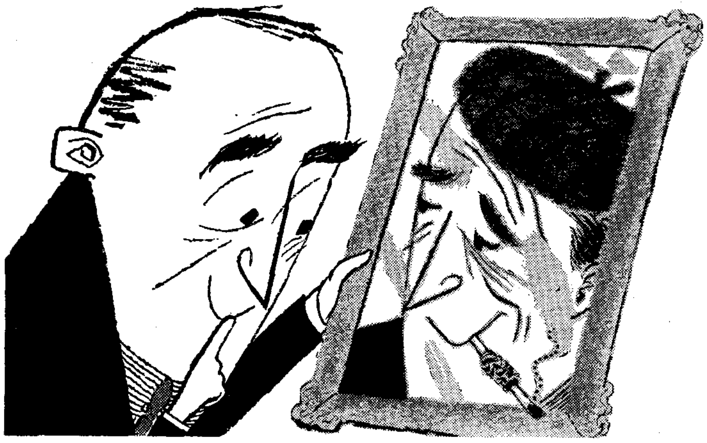

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ber of ways, some of them important far beyond the confines of this little Welsh town, which now, free of delegates, has gone back to its normal out-of-season peace of empty sands, crying gulls, and the occasional nonpolitical visitor pacing beside its lovely bay.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

POESY DEPARTMENT

[*Joan Winchell in the Los Angeles Times*]

While "East is East and West is West,"
As Kipling used to say.
The North and South Too, From a Southlander's view
Are different as night and day.

We have freeways; they have bridges
From Golden Gate to Harry.
We lounge in terry cloth; they take to topcoats
For weather quite contrary.

They treasure the old, the traditional things.
We thrive on anything new.
They revel in restaurants found in dark alleys
And rave of their Mark-top view.

Cable cars clank and foghorns bleat
And Market Street is dizzy.
With seersuckered tourists out on the loose
In this cosmopolitan city.

We have smog; they have fog.
And neither one would trade.
But there is fun in discovering
Our northern neighbors' ways.

Burlingame and Belvedere
Are the Smart Set's rural retreats.
The Plaid Set is found at Pebble Beach
And the Suit Set on every street.

But where is their sunshine? Their Sunset Strip?
And where are the colorful clothes?
Where are the movie stars? Where are the pools?
The sprawling Bel-Air homes?

Farmer's Market? Hollywood Bowl?
A theater called "Greek"?
It's downright silly, you tell yourself
What you miss in one short week.

No, enough's enough; we're glad we strayed
For this ole holiday.
But it's great to head back down 101
To the town we love, L.A.

•

The *sulu* is probably the coolest and simplest hot-weather garment ever devised and various versions of it are worn by island men and women from Tahiti to Singapore. In its most primitive form it is a simple square of flowered cotton, no hem, no buttons, no zippers, held in place by your own physical knack for intense relaxation.—*Holiday.*

Oop, there it goes!

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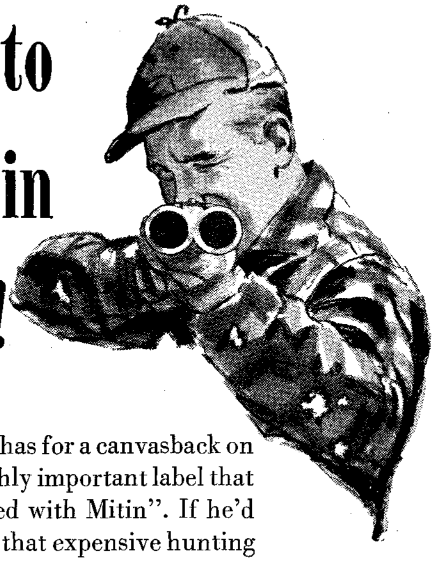
THE RACE TRACK

Bumpety Bump

THIS department had a busy time last week, winding up things at Belmont Park, opening Jamaica for the final frolic of the season on Long Island, and catching items farther afield on television. Belmont's regular meeting ended with Nearque II, an English-bred seven-year-old, beating Prince Morvi, an Australian racer, and seven others in the New York Handicap, at a mile and three furlongs over the turf course. (I venture to say that Le Beau Prince, who won a minor race earlier that afternoon, could have beaten both, but we won't go into that.) Then the United Hunts came to Belmont and had two days of glorious Indian-summer weather, lively racing, and first-rate crowds, which were in a betting mood. I'm afraid the sessions weren't especially rewarding for those who back favorites, though, because only four out of sixteen won. The big surprise, of course, was Ancestor's defeat of Shipboard, who is rated the best jumper we have, in the Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase. There were twelve starters, the most ever, and Ancestor, who belongs to Mrs. Ogden Phipps and had won the Harbor Hill Steeplechase last month, took the lead quickly, held it easily, and scored by eighteen or twenty lengths. Shipboard, who gave a lot of weight to everything, never got into his best stride and was able to finish second only because he outlasted some very tired horses. It was the second Gwathmey for Mrs. Phipps (last year, she won it with Neji), and it was farewell to steeplechasing both for Pete Bostwick, who developed Ancestor for his sister, and for Dooley Adams, who rode him. Bostwick, in my book the finest amateur rider since Johnny Tucker, whom I suppose only we old-timers remember, intends to give up training and devote himself to business. Adams, who has headed the small group of professional steeplechase riders for seven years, hopes to become a racing official, and, with this in view, has entered the Jockey Club's school, which is conducted by Marshall Cassidy. As for the Gwathmey, despite its gross value of $58,025, it was just another jumping race, and, barring Shipboard, Ancestor, and a cou-

Dead-eye forgot to hunt for the Mitin mothproofed tag!



Strange . . . 20-20 vision he has for a canvasback on the wing—but not for a highly important label that says "Durably Mothproofed with Mitin". If he'd looked for it before buying that expensive hunting shirt, he wouldn't be so well ventilated now.

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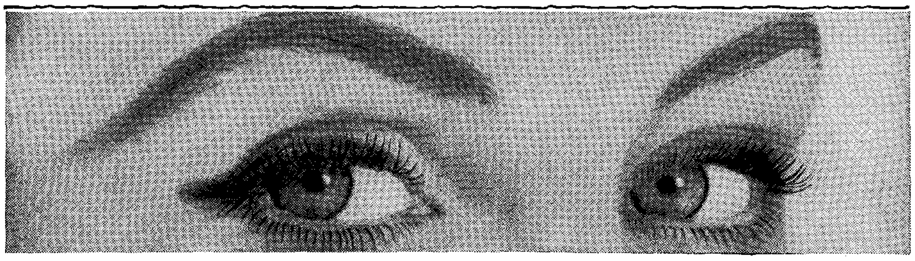

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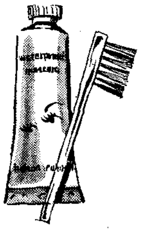

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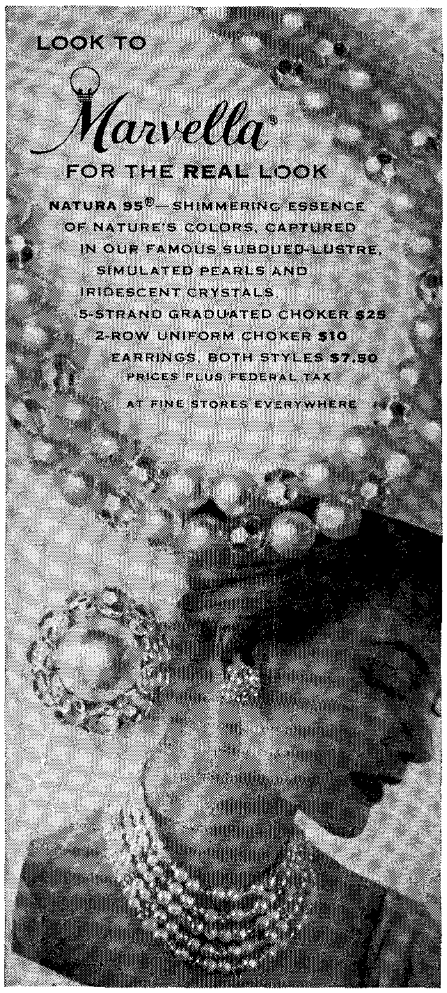
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ple of others, you could have bought any animal in the lot for $5,000, and he would have been dear at the price.

JUST when I was thinking that Jamaica was going to be dull, along came Joe Jones on Thursday with a most extraordinary performance in the Sport Page Handicap, at six furlongs. He was away slowly, and was thirteenth, about thirteen lengths behind Decathlon, the leader, when McCreary, who rode him, began a perfectly amazing run along the rails. It didn't seem possible that he had racing room, but he came through beautifully to win by nearly a length from Decathlon. Joe Jones wasn't so lucky in the Queens County Handicap two days later; the best he could do was finish third to Blessbull and Midafternoon. McCreary tried the same tactics again, but he was blocked several times for his pains, and, to cap it all, Joe Jones, Midafternoon, and Artismo got into a merry bumping match in the last furlong, which was all to the good for Blessbull.

AS it came over the air waves from Jersey last Saturday, the Gardenia Stakes, Garden State Park's big plum for two-year-old fillies, was a mixed-up, helter-skelter affair, in which Romanita, who finished first, could be seen zigzagging a bit in the stretch. Whether it's a habit she has (some horses slow down and swerve once they get in front) or whether she was tiring (it was her first race at more than a mile) doesn't matter. The stewards ordered her number taken down and placed her third, behind Magic Forest and Light 'n Lovely, the runners she interfered with. If you care, the winner's share of the purse, which went to C. V. Whitney, was $93,550, Light 'n Lovely got $20,000, and Romanita $12,000.

Horsemen returning from Kentucky say that the Spinster Stakes, won by Doubledogdare at Keeneland earlier in the week, was a real rough-and-tumble. The officials decided that Arcaro caused the biggest jam when he sent Nimble Doll into the pack at the first turn, and they set him down for ten days. Now Mr. Fitz will have to get another rider for Bold Ruler, the favorite for the Garden State Stakes this weekend, but I don't suppose he'll have too much trouble.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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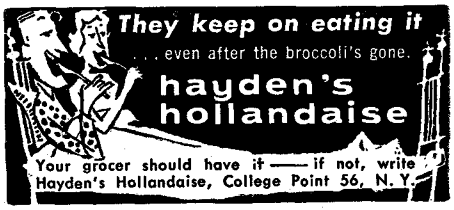
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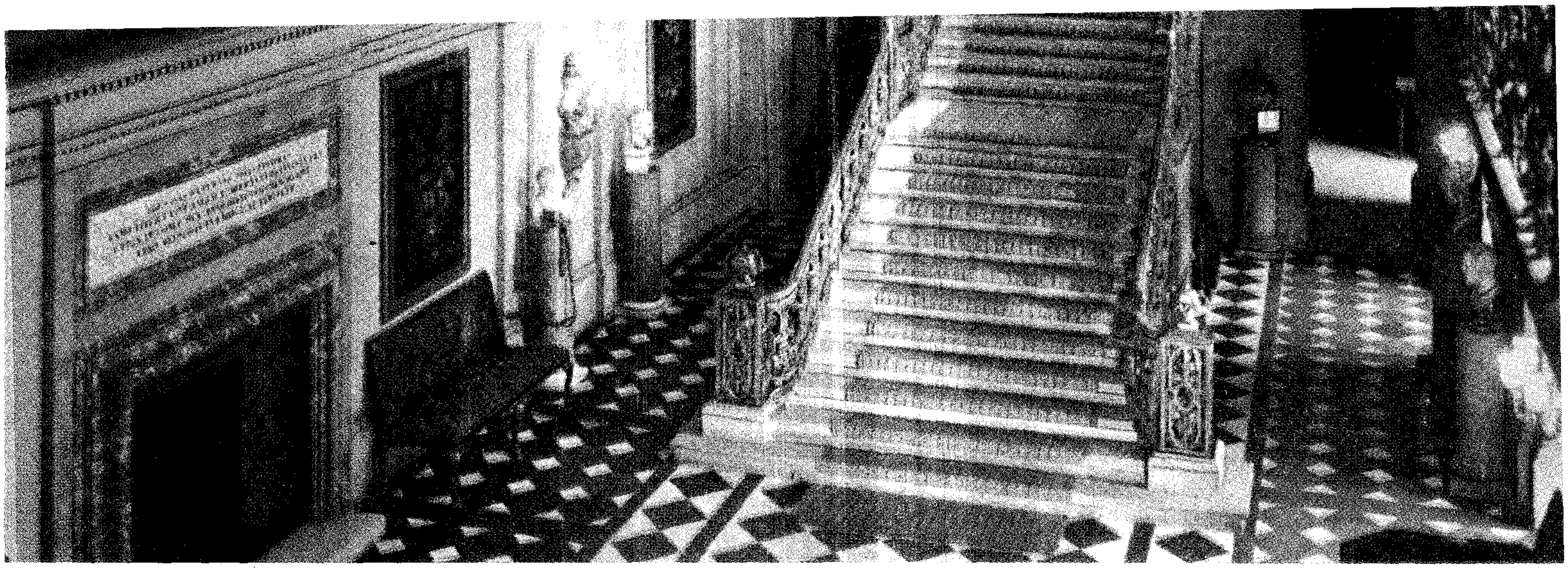

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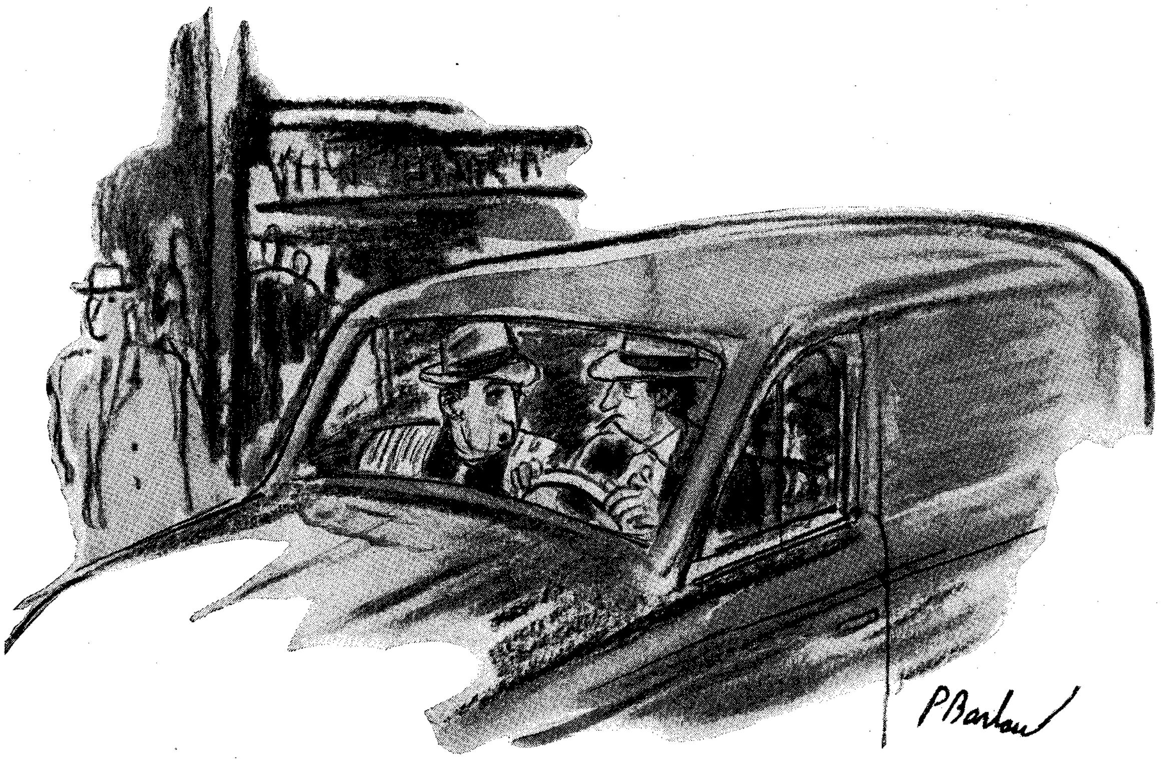
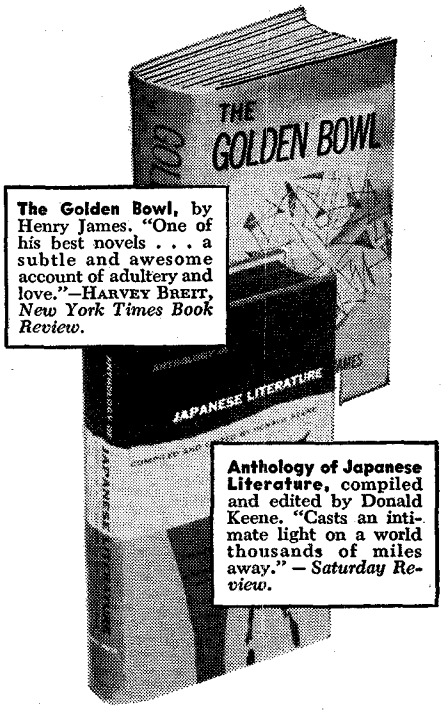
BOOKS

The Man Inside

"THE CROSSING" (Pantheon) is the brilliant first novel of Jean Reverzy, a forty-two-year-old French doctor, ably translated by Edward Hyams into a prose that preserves all the tensions and the laconic grace of the original. The story is quite simple; it describes the experiences of a French colonial in Polynesia who learns that he has a fatal illness and returns home, accompanied by his native mistress, to die in the French town where he was born. But as this man, Palabaud, moves from consulting room to consulting room, and at last onto a mortuary table for an autopsy, he comes into singularly full existence as a human being, and as a good one. Palabaud, when the narrator, a doctor himself, first meets him, is immersed in life in one of the dream landscapes that figure in the wish-fulfillment reveries of the vulgar throughout the Western world—that complex of island paradises loosely called the South Seas, where the women are easy, the weather is kind, the sea warm, and the earth generous, so no serious effort is required to satisfy all the needs of the body. M. Reverzy, looking at this setting with his cold, medical eye, describes its reality. It is beautiful, but something has gone terribly wrong. Contact with European ways has destroyed the Polynesian ethos, and a people who were once great navigators, artists, and warriors have sunk into idle futility. The Europeans decay, too, because there is nothing for the restless Western will to bite on when all physical wants are satisfied almost as soon as they are felt. With a startling breach of literary convention, M. Reverzy introduces into his tale a real person, the late Alain Gerbault, whose books on his solitary voyages under sail were popular in this country some years ago, and makes him an acquaintance of the fictional Palabaud. The portrait of Gerbault is a merciless one, for it shows a man crossing this Pacific threshold of the dream world in pursuit of an intellectual ideal and abandoning it altogether for the simplest physical pleasures. The story of Gerbault states the theme of Palabaud's experience at the articulate level; Palabaud would never be able to put into words the desire for a tranquil, balanced life, full of beauty, that brought him out to Oceania, and he would barely be able to recognize his ideal in these terms. But it is his search for this ideal that takes him there to become enmeshed in an automatic sensualism and in a web of meaningless relationships. M. Reverzy describes the more squalid physical aspects of Palabaud's life in terms that would be altogether acceptable to M. Mauriac or Graham Greene, and as his life is the epitome of that trap of sensual appetites and attachments in which we have lately so often been told that the soul must die, the danger that he will presently start talking hoo-hah about Evil seems to be imminent. But when Palabaud makes the discovery that his vital organs have, so to speak, joined in a conspiracy to kill him, he behaves with dignity and courage and embarks bravely on the moral journey, The Crossing of the title, through fear and resistance to acceptance and a good death. The book is about virtue, and it is written by a man who believes in it as an integral part of human nature, and one that requires no superstition to account for it. It is not willfulness that makes M. Reverzy pick an apparently mediocre hero; his Palabaud is by design essentially that ordinary, average man whose lack of spiritual life and resource Mr. Eliot and his followers among the new obscurantists have been urging us to despise. Nor is it a nose for the nasty and a desire to shock that make M. Reverzy urge the clinical aspect of his hero's affairs so forcefully upon the attention; the point he is making is that when the worst that there is to say about man's animality has been said, man remains a noble animal. When his doctor-narrator attends the autopsy that takes place after Palabaud has reached the end of his lonely journey into extinction, and sees his dismantled apparatus for living spread out on the dissection table as the subject of a medical lecture, he realizes with something like despair how far he is from understanding what the dead man was, but he also realizes that the crude mechanism laid



"How about letting me drive and you *going 'Psst, Buddy' for a while?"*



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out before him generated all of it, as such mechanisms have, indeed, produced all that man has ever thought, felt, and done.

THIS question of coming to terms with man's physical being is also the subject of Jean Dutourd's short novel "Five A.M." (Simon & Schuster). The book is more properly a meditation than a novel, being the reverie of a man—Dutourd calls him Doucin—who wakes at five every morning and is tormented by thought for an hour before he drops off to sleep again. It is a black time in which he appears naked before himself, in his smallness and his meanness, and his greeds, his weaknesses, and the pettiness of his desires present themselves to him with devastating clarity. Time flows over him, eroding his flesh and carrying him swiftly toward death. He is unsuccessful. He is inconstant. He is not quite well. He may lose his job. One recognizes in all this the texture of traditional prayer, and one begins to fear that the savage and resolute satirist who wrote "A Dog's Head" and "The Best Butter" is on the verge of permitting his hero to collapse into an appeal for help to a supernatural being, to beg for courage to live as a beggar begs for pennies. But before that treason can be committed, Doucin becomes aware that he is describing the human condition to himself, and that this existence in the flesh is no more than the price that has to be paid for life and the chance to use his imagination. He comes to terms with his limitations and, realizing that they cannot be disposed of without disposing of his qualities, drops quietly off to sleep. Asleep, he dreams a complicated allegorical dream, and wakes with a suspicion that he has achieved a state of grace.

"A Dog's Head" and "The Best Butter" were exceedingly funny books, and the word has got round that M. Dutourd is an amusing man. In consequence, Doucin is liable to be taken as a satirical treatment of the inner life of the average man and an attack on his ordinariness. But the situation is not quite as simple as that, and it is to be suspected that "Five A.M.," significantly dedicated to Jean Giono, is in fact a parody of the intellectually fashionable Kierkegaard's "Journals," to which it closely, and unkindly, corresponds in point of style.

The relief and even joy which accompanied these fleeting returns to God added to my remorse when, the danger past, I fell back into unbelief. Wasn't it a proof of

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God's existence, the "proof through joy"? Wasn't it madness on my part to refuse to admit it? No, no, the waking state, the rational state and, finally, too many considerations prevented me from subscribing to the passionate impulses of my blind soul.

Now it is otherwise. How did that happen? Quite simply, but little by little. Little by little, I noticed increasingly that all those whom God really loved, the examples, etc., had all had to suffer in this world. Furthermore, that that is the teaching of Christianity: to be loved by God and to love God is to suffer.

On the other hand, to pray directly for suffering appeared to me too exalted, and it also seemed to me that it might easily be presumptuous, and that God might grow angry at my perhaps wishing to defy him.

To get this father back, I should have to give certain pledges, make certain efforts. I tried to put myself on an equal footing with him; in so doing I lost a great deal. The true believer is the child of God; he asks for everything, he obtains all; he offers nothing in exchange except his love.

Two of these paragraphs are from Kierkegaard and two from Dutourd, and it is content, rather than any difference in tone, that enables one to recognize that the second and third are from the Danish writer. Dutourd's target is the bourgeois egotism of which Kierkegaard is the supreme example. Kierkegaard attacks what he calls the aesthetical, and says that people who live on its level have no inner integrity, that they are observers, spectators, tasters on the surface of life who live for enjoyment and have no real existence. What he describes as the lost soul, the person who has lost his true individuality, is in actuality one who has some consideration for others, particularly for their happiness. Salvation—or, as it is now modishly called, "authentic personal existence"—comes with moving up to a level on which one thinks entirely of oneself, and of other people entirely in relationship to one's own plump inner being; they are important only as they further or hinder the progress toward complete self-satisfaction and self-absorption, a state described by Kierkegaard with unusual honesty as "freedom." Thought and reason (because they make one aware of things outside oneself) are forms of sin, and they are especially dangerous because they may turn personal experience into knowledge that can be shared with other people. Kierkegaard furiously attacked Hegel and the established church because both attempted to communicate knowledge. Becoming thoughtlessly absorbed in the instant of existence in a state of complete isolation, a condition that has been given the high-flown

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description of Infinite Resignation, is the real goal. M. Dutourd parodies this goal by equating it with Doucin's slumber, pointing out that the only time the mind is free from thought about things and people, the past and the future, is when it is asleep. And Doucin's complete self-absorption in his reverie parodies the double-talk in the "Journals" that enables Kierkegaard to devote his whole intellectual life to self-examination under color of conducting a search for selflessness. For Kierkegaard, the considerable rewards of relentless self-absorption are received in prayer, and true prayer is not at all what one might suppose:

> The immediate person [that is, the person who is still on the aesthetic level] thinks and imagines that when he prays, the important thing, the thing he must concentrate upon, is that *God should hear* what *he is praying for*. And yet in the true, eternal sense it is just the reverse: true relation in prayer is not when God hears what is prayed for, but when *the person praying* continues to pray until he is *the one who hears*, who hears what God wills.... the true man of prayer only *attends*.

This is the summit of egotism—don't go to God; empty your mind and let him come to you. Dr. Perry D. LeFevre, who has collected over a hundred prayers of Kierkegaard's in an interesting volume published by the University of Chicago Press, summarizes his attitude by saying that "to learn how to pray is to learn how to keep silence before him (God)." M. Dutourd brilliantly brings out the essential vulgarity of the idea by stripping it of its theological language:

> It seems to me that there is a hidden door in me, like the door in novels about musketeers, concealed in the paneling, opened by pressing an invisible button, and leading to secret apartments. Obviously I don't know where the button is and my fingers will never light on it; the door must be opened *for* me before I can have access to this astonishing house of mine, filled with treasures which I never weary of listing and admiring.

In the dream that comes to him when he has at last achieved a state of selflessness and fallen asleep, Doucin wrestles with the Devil, who transforms himself into a manuscript written in a fascinating, unknown, but easily comprehensible language. "I was devoured with curiosity, but a voice inside me cried that I must on no account read this story, that it would bewitch me and root me to the spot." I suspect that this manuscript is the literature of the new obscurantism, which so desperately tries to persuade man that he is capable of a

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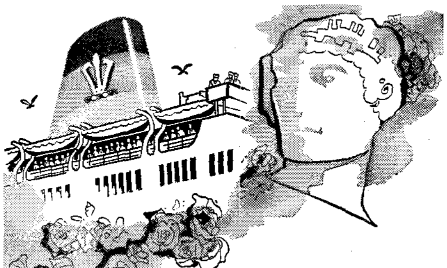

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mysterious ideal life divorced from his physical being and which exploits his minor discontents in order to make him wretched in the only existence he can know. At any rate, when Doucin wakes from his dream, in which not only the Devil and his pernicious document have disappeared but also another figure, who is an embodiment of his soul, he has returned to the aesthetic level:

> In the street a lovely spring sun was shining. A breeze rustled the chestnut trees. I met many people out taking the air. I was free. The pleasure of being alive swept over me, together with a sense of the goodness and the fecundity of the earth. I realized that my eyes were open.

Reverzy and Dutourd, the writers of these two remarkably good and courageous books, have both, like Pierre Gascar, the author of "Beasts and Men," known the worst that life has to offer, in the horrible prison camps of the late war; their willingness to accept the human situation is not the callousness of the fortunate or privileged, and there is nothing fraudulent in their stout-hearted rejection of the opiates of superstition and mysticism. This new French literature of strength, with its solid basis in valid experience, is as exciting as it is stimulating. —ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WRECK OF THE MARY DEARE, by Hammond Innes (Knopf). The Mary Deare, a six-thousand-ton freighter, is first sighted sailing into the English Channel, and going at full speed, in spite of the fact that she has apparently been abandoned. From this first glimpse—caught through a thick evening mist—we are drawn at once into an enthralling tale of mystery, duplicity, betrayal, and heroism. The excitement stays at a high pitch from the beginning to the entirely satisfactory ending, and the characterization of Patch, master of the Mary Deare, is expertly done. A Literary Guild selection.

GO IN BEAUTY, by William Eastlake (Harper). This story of two brothers wanders through Europe and Mexico but hovers always in the shadow of the New Mexico ranch where it starts and finishes. George Bowman, who loves his ranch and his trading post and his life among the Indians, lives with his restless wife, Perrette, and his restless older brother, Alexander. Alexander and Perrette run away together and never come back. George remains at home

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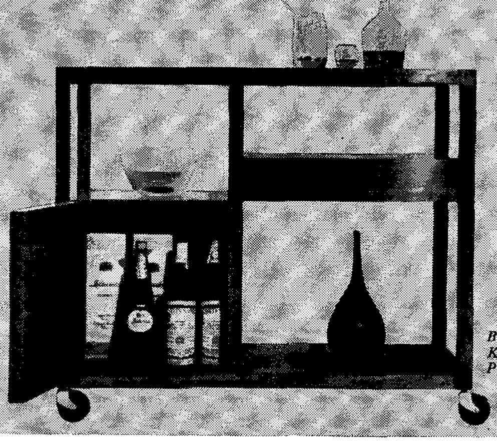

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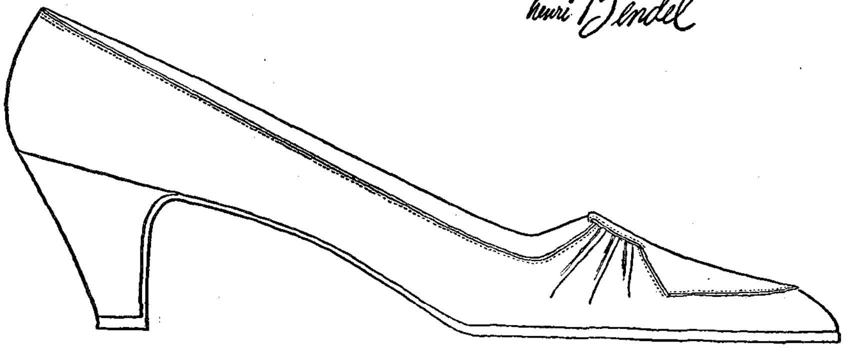

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alone. The brothers do not meet again, but their rivalry remains alive, binding them until a secret is at last revealed that kills one of them, leaving the other bereft and free. Mr. Eastlake is a talented writer with a very individual style. His language is direct and simple, and the effect he creates is one of urgency, as though time were running out. A thoughtful, well-written, entertaining book.

Able Company, by D. J. Hollands (Houghton Mifflin). This honest and highly ambitious first novel deals with a small group of British infantrymen in the last year of the Korean War. The story revolves around Peter Blake, a rawboned, moderately intelligent English officer who, at the age of nineteen, is shipped straight from training school to the front. Mr. Hollands shows Blake and his companions in fear, courage, exhaustion, love, and stupidity, but somehow he is never able to tot up these basic experiences into whole human beings. As a result, the dozens of jagged, curiously inert fragments of personality strewn throughout the book are more like the parts on a watchmaker's table than men at the limits of endurance. The battle scenes, however, are just about perfect.

King of Paris, by Guy Endore (Simon & Schuster). A big, hearty, informative, long-winded novel about the life and times of Alexander Dumas. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

GENERAL

Russia Without Stalin: The Emerging Pattern, by Edward Crankshaw (Viking). An important new study of the Soviet Union by the author of "Cracks in the Kremlin Wall." Mr. Crankshaw revisited Russia in 1955, after an absence of eight years, and in this book he concentrates on the domestic scene there today, dealing with such matters as the relaxed political atmosphere; the new middle class; the contrast between the rich and the poor (which, he says, is as marked in Russia as it is anywhere in the world); the ubiquity of *blat*, or graft; and the problems of juvenile delinquency, hooliganism, and drunkenness. (The book contains an amusing portrait of the *stilyagi*, or stylish ones—Russia's idle, privileged adolescents, who pass much of their time in dance halls and cocktail lounges, drop English words into their elegantly bored conversa-

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tion, and give their dogs such names as Bobby, Tommy, and Joan.) Mr. Crankshaw believes that the Soviet Union has made great strides industrially—surpassing even the ambitious goals set by Stalin—and that the morale and physical well-being of the people will continue to improve. He notes that while there is widespread grumbling, it is not against the system itself but against how it works, and his final prediction is that Russia will remain Socialist, if not necessarily Communist, for a good long time.

Easter in Sicily, by Herbert Kubly (Simon & Schuster). The easy manner, the admirable intelligence, and the uncommon sensibility that so distinguished Mr. Kubly's "American in Italy" are still vigorously in evidence in this second product of his recent Italian visits, but the result is a far less engaging book. It is, for one thing, very slight and largely uneventful; we prowl through squalid villages, we take in all the celebrated views, we observe the ruins of antiquity, we pay a noncommittal visit to the plaster doll that has been transfigured into the Madonna of the Tears, we make a pointless call on the mother of the departed bandit Salvatore Giuliano, we eat any number of curious meals, and, to justify the title, we attend Holy Week services at Trapani, at Taormina, and at Piana degli Albanesi. It is also at times ("Sicily is the Easter island not in the limited Christian sense . . . but in the sense of a reawakening of life") rather foolishly pretentious. But the chief fault is more serious. Mr. Kubly himself has subtly and unpleasantly changed. Where once he displayed no more than an understandable impatience with the lotus-eaters among his fellow-tourists, he is now disposed to judge all foreigners in Italy—English spinsters, American businessmen, Belgian engineers, Canadian dentists, Swiss hotelkeepers—by his own high standard of ambassadorship and proprietarily banish them all.

For Love of a King, by Alexandra, Queen of Yugoslavia (Doubleday). Another cheerfully disconsolate royal autobiography. Here, Queen Alexandra, who is thirty-five, recounts her cushy, Odyssean upbringing as the only child of a deposed Greek princess (her father, King Alexander of Greece, died of a monkey bite before she was born),

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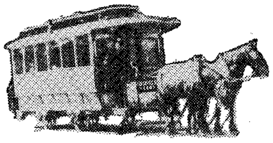

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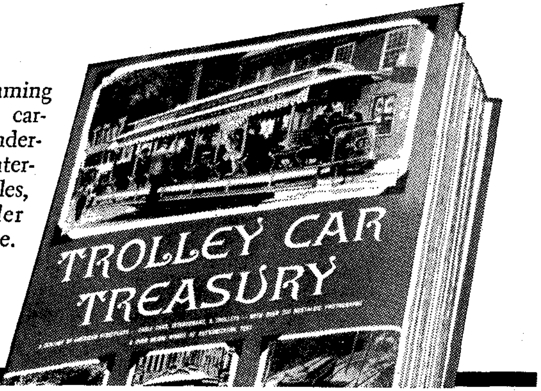

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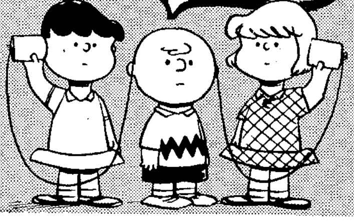

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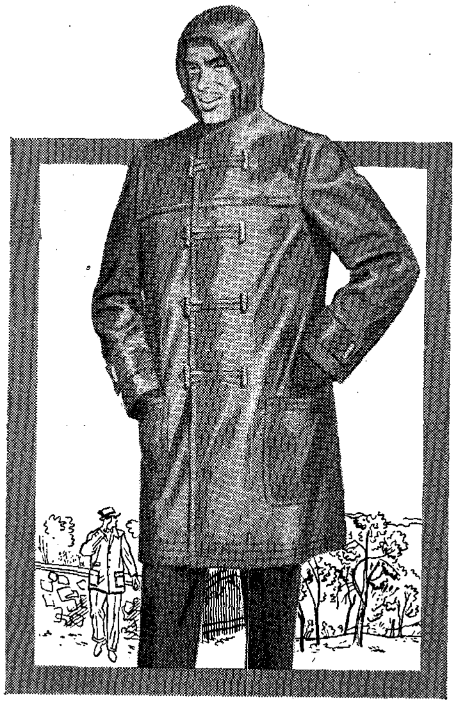

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her coming out in Paris, her marriage in London in 1944 to twenty-year-old King Peter of Yugoslavia, and the aimless, floating-cork life she has since lived, in Europe and America, as an exiled and—much of the time—penniless Queen. Although the materials and manner of her book (chatty, waddling prose, and breathless peeks at royalty in its slippers) are familiar, the author's frequent attempts to plumb her own failings as well as chronicle her repeated hard knocks are both honest and touching. Photographs, and a genealogy of the royal family of Yugoslavia.

Our Literary Heritage, by Van Wyck Brooks and Otto L. Bettmann (Dutton). This easygoing and thoroughly enjoyable book consists of roughly a sixth of the text of Mr. Brooks' recently completed five-volume work "Makers and Finders: A History of the Writer in America, 1800-1915," as well as more than five hundred pertinent reproductions of paintings, drawings, engravings, lithographs, cartoons, and photographs. Mr. Bettmann has both abridged the text and collected the illustrations, and he has done a tidy and imaginative job all around. Much of Mr. Brooks' sturdy, bright impressionism is here, and the pictures—particularly the photographs—are full of fresh revelations, such as Francis Parkman, in an enormous hat, seated in Henry Adams' garden; Walt Whitman, in profile, gazing at a flower; Henry James and J. M. Barrie strolling through a London street; and Ellen Glasgow with Joseph Conrad, who, in contrast to his companion, resembles a kind of weary and benign sack of potatoes.

•

Sam H. Harris, the beloved Broadway producer, lived in a five-story townhouse. One night he entertained a guest on the fourth floor. The visitor collapsed and almost fractured his skull. Harris tried in vain to revive the man—then ran down to the second floor, where the telephone was, and called for an ambulance. Then, overexcited, Harris fainted . . . The interne found Harris, assumed he was the patient and took him to the hospital. Not until Harris told them, later, did they return to get the fifth floor patient.—*Leonard Lyons in the Post.*

How's old No. 4 doing, by the way?

•

The hostility chairman, Mrs. Albert P. Poirier, will be in charge of the Founders Day tea that will bring the afternoon to a close.—*Cincinnati Post.*

On the proper note.

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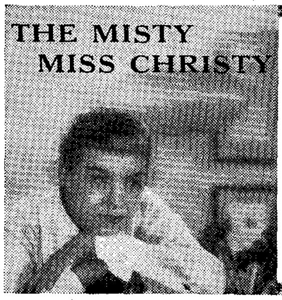

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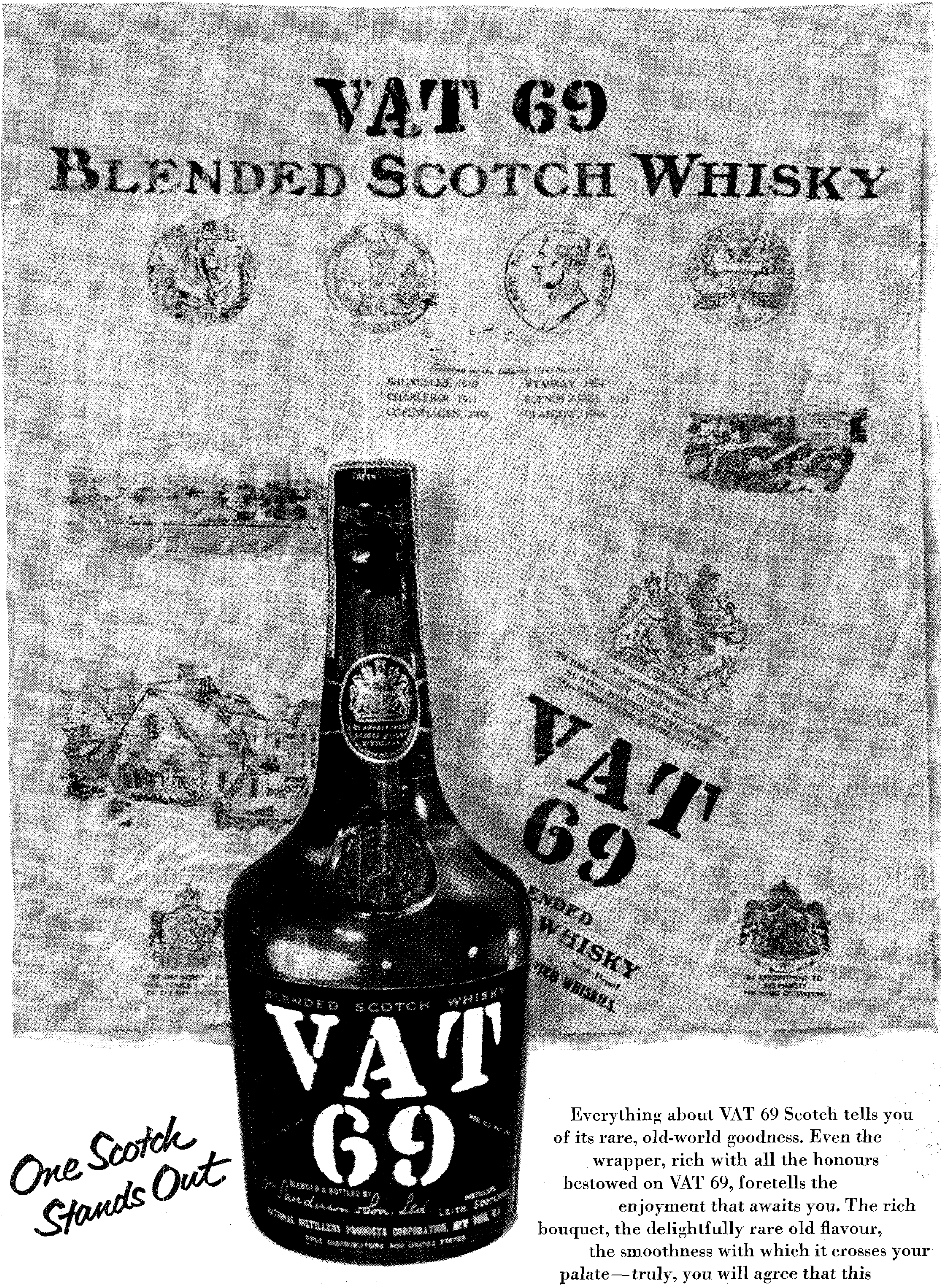
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